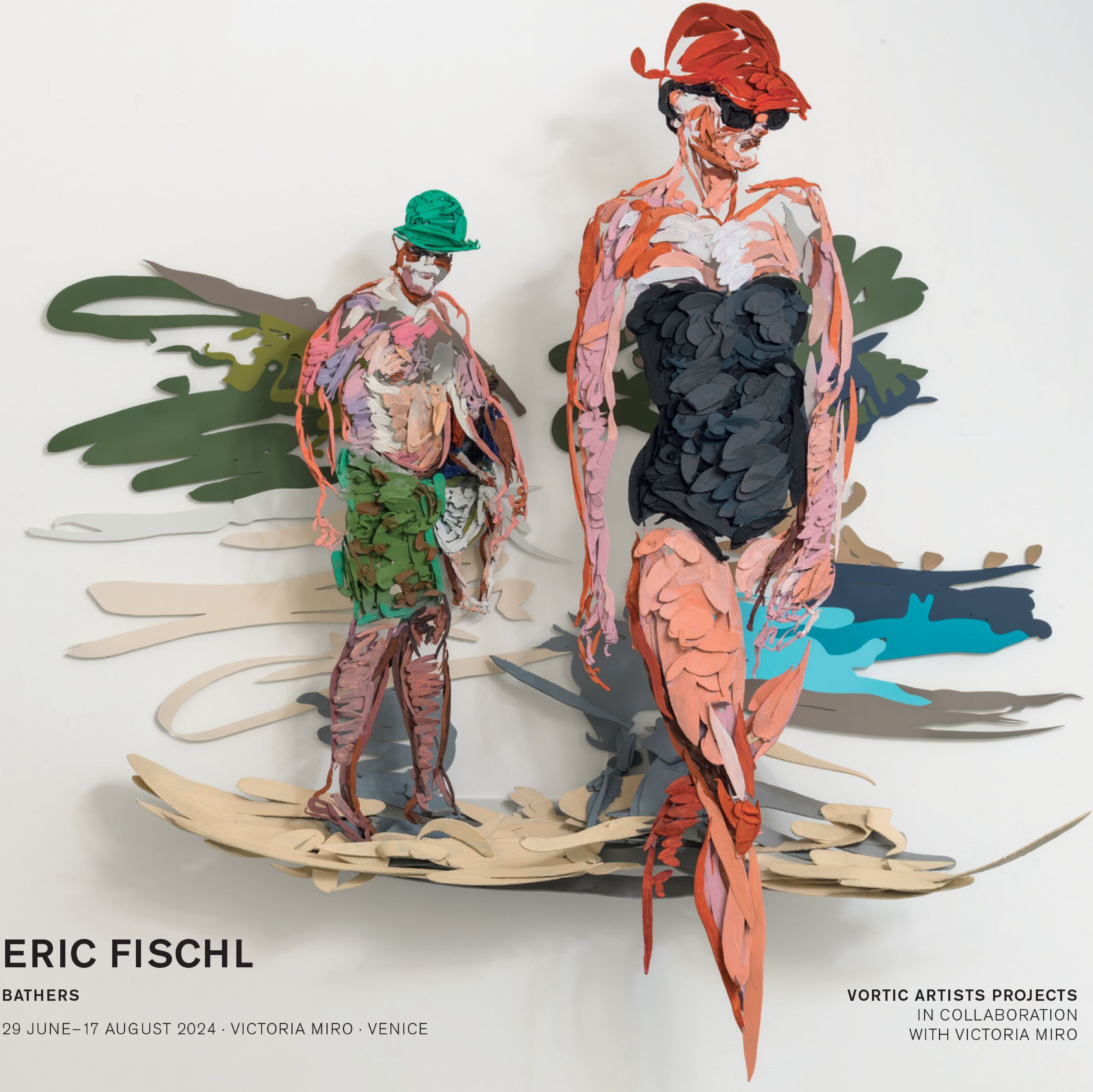
ARTFORUM

SUMMER 2024

INTERNATIONAL

JORDAN NASSAR
WHITNEY BIENNIAL
MARTHA JUNGWIRTH
SAJ ISSA



ERIC FISCHL

BATHERS

29 JUNE–17 AUGUST 2024 · VICTORIA MIRO · VENICE

VORTIC ARTISTS PROJECTS
IN COLLABORATION
WITH VICTORIA MIRO

Eric Fischl, *Lady with Red Hat*, 2023
Painted bronze relief, 169 x 182 x 59 cm
© Eric Fischl. Courtesy the artist and Vortic

Victoria Miro

TABULA RASA

MAY 30TH – JULY 12TH

MICHELE ABELES
SARAH CHARLESWORTH
LUCY CHARLESWORTH FREEMAN
TALIA CHETRIT
ARIA DEAN
LIZ DESCHENES
SAM DURANT
FELIX GONZALEZ-TORRES
DOUGLAS HUEBLER
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MIKE KELLEY
JOSEPH KOSUTH
DEANA LAWSON
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Sarah Charlesworth, *Empire Light (Negative)* (detail), 1981, black and white mural print, mounted with lacquered wood frame, 84 x 48 in. (213.4 x 121.9 cm) © The Estate of Sarah Charlesworth. Courtesy Paula Cooper Gallery, New York.

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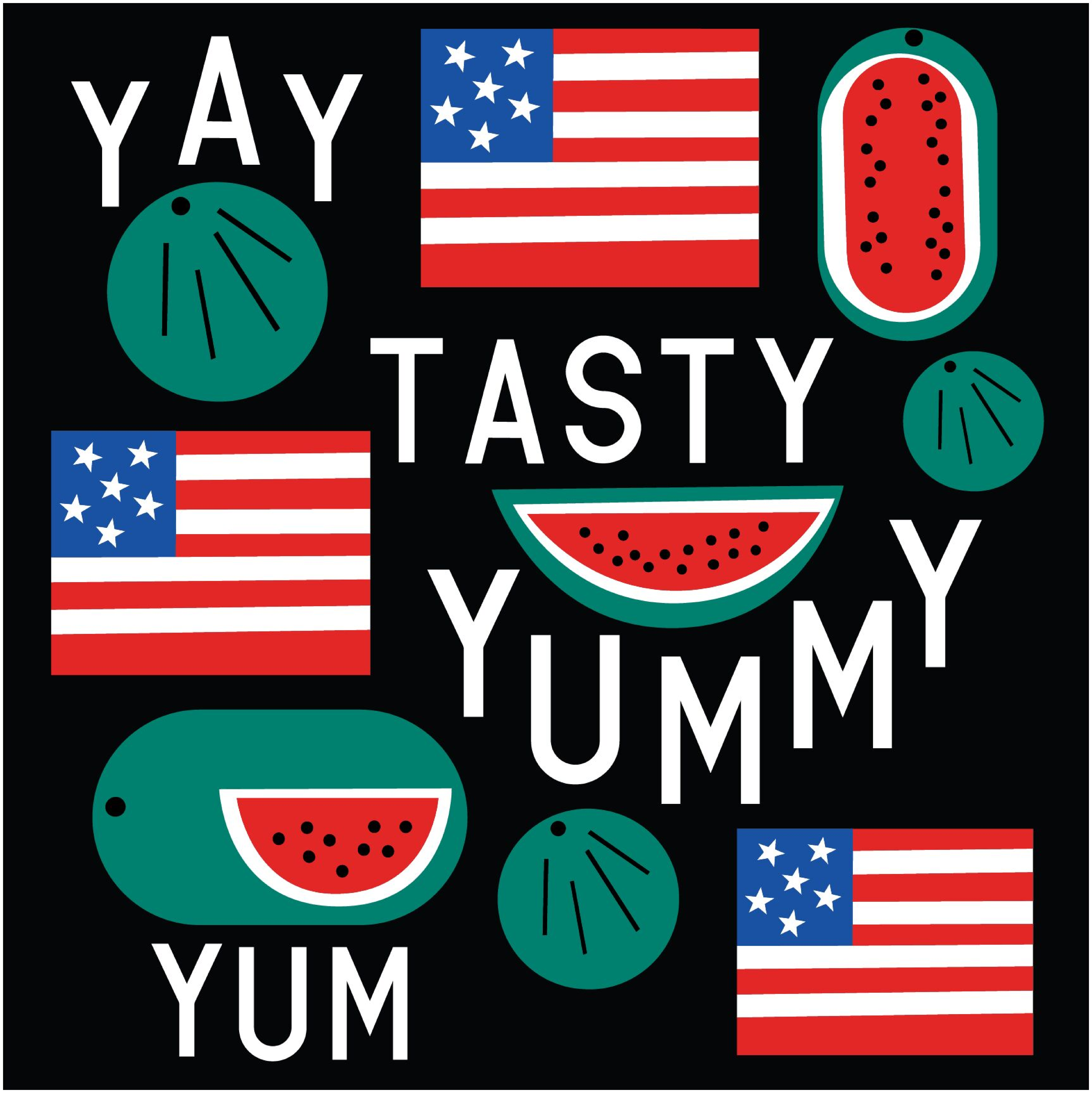
YAY
TASTY
YUMMY
YUM

NINA CHANEL ABNEY
LIE DOGGO

MAY 18 – OCTOBER 5
SATURDAYS 11–6

ARTFORUM

SUMMER 2024

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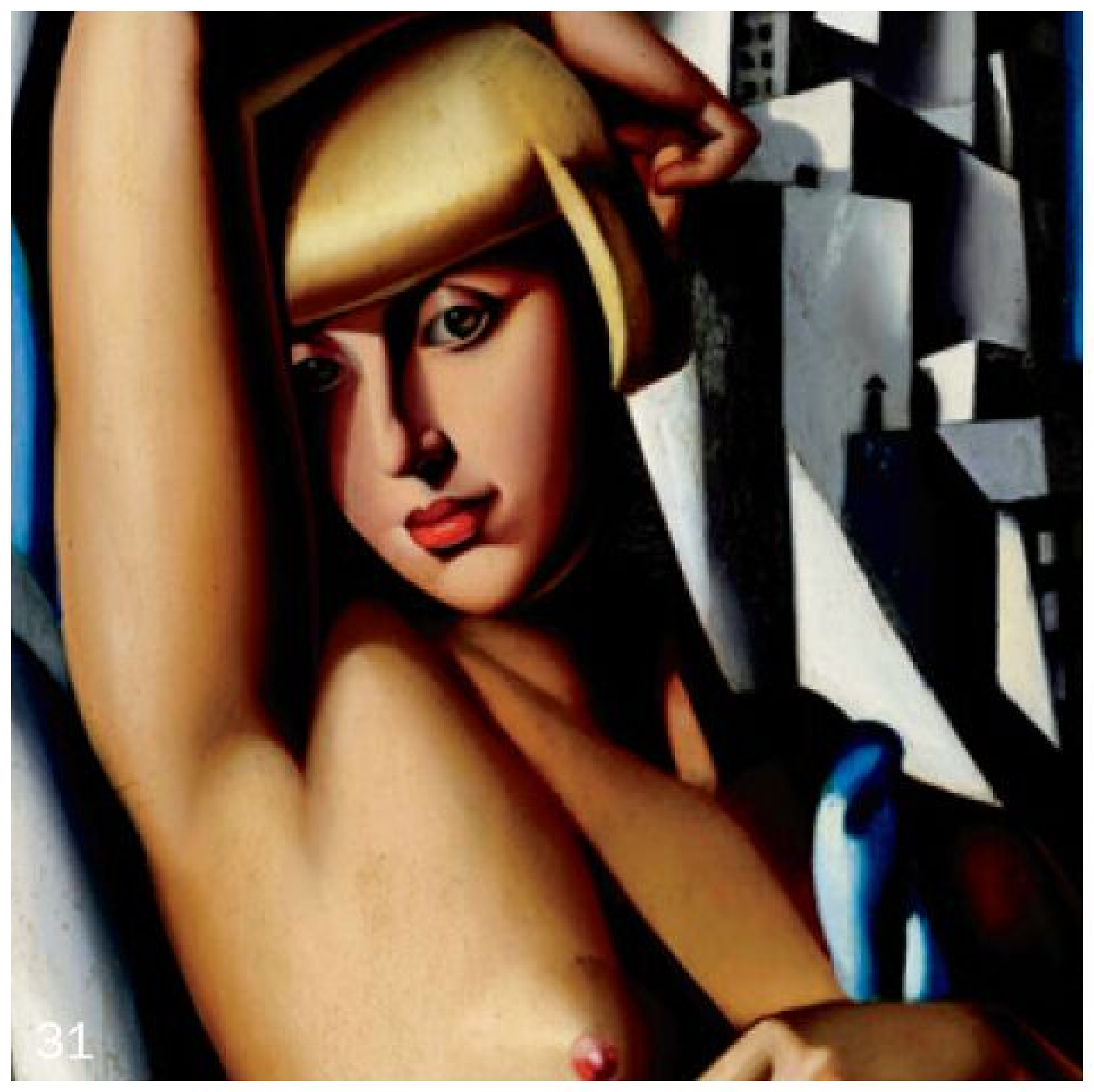
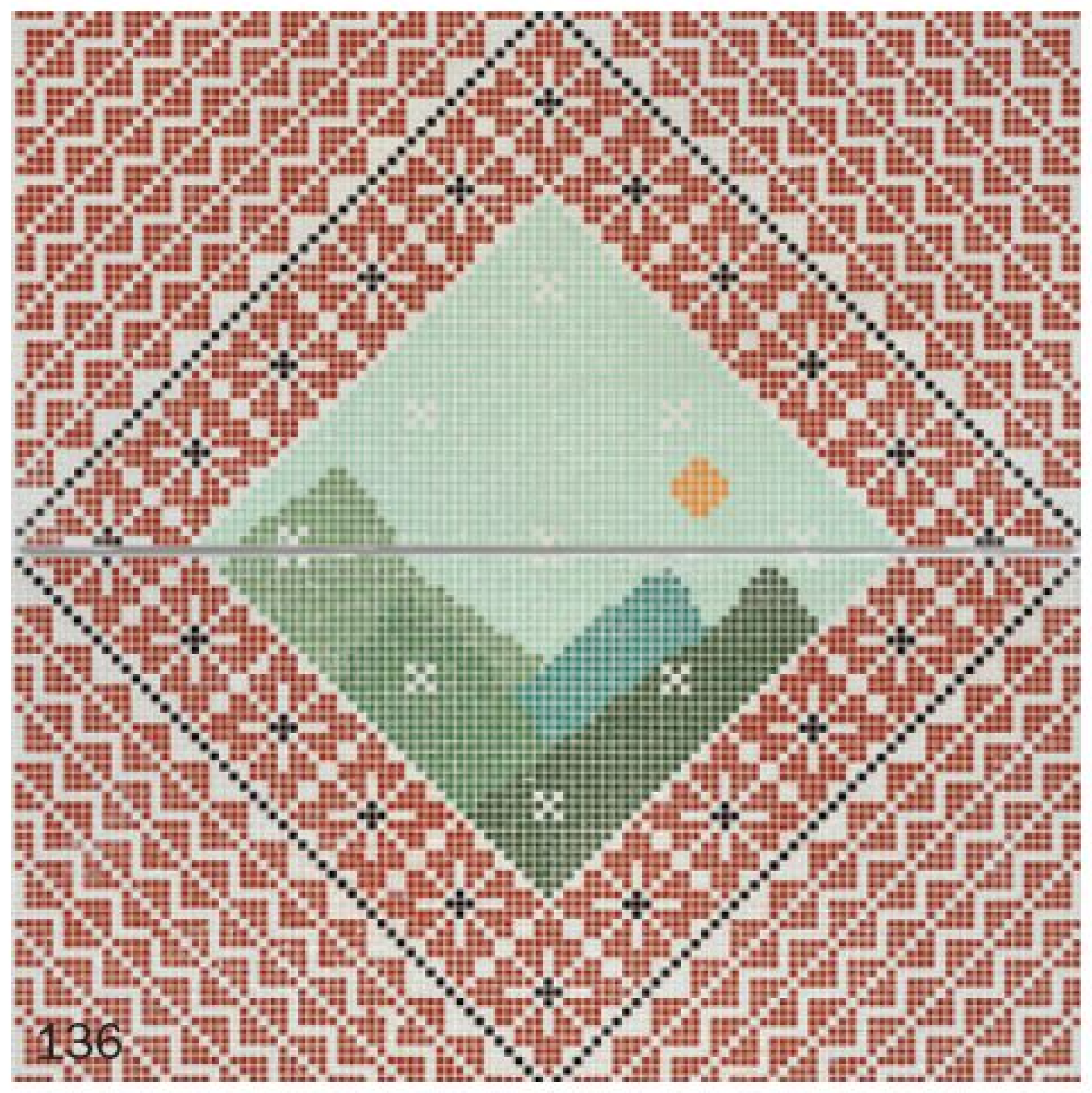
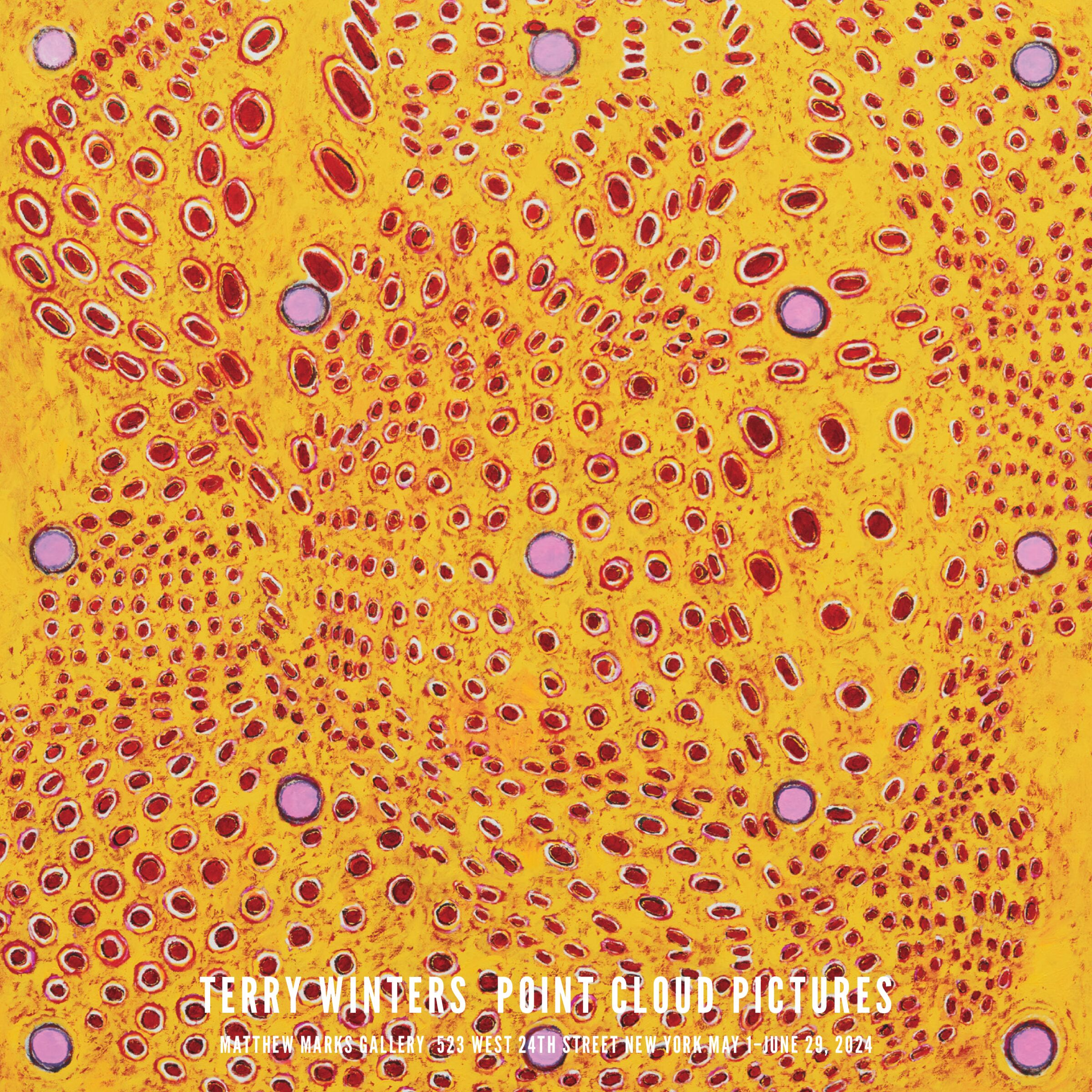




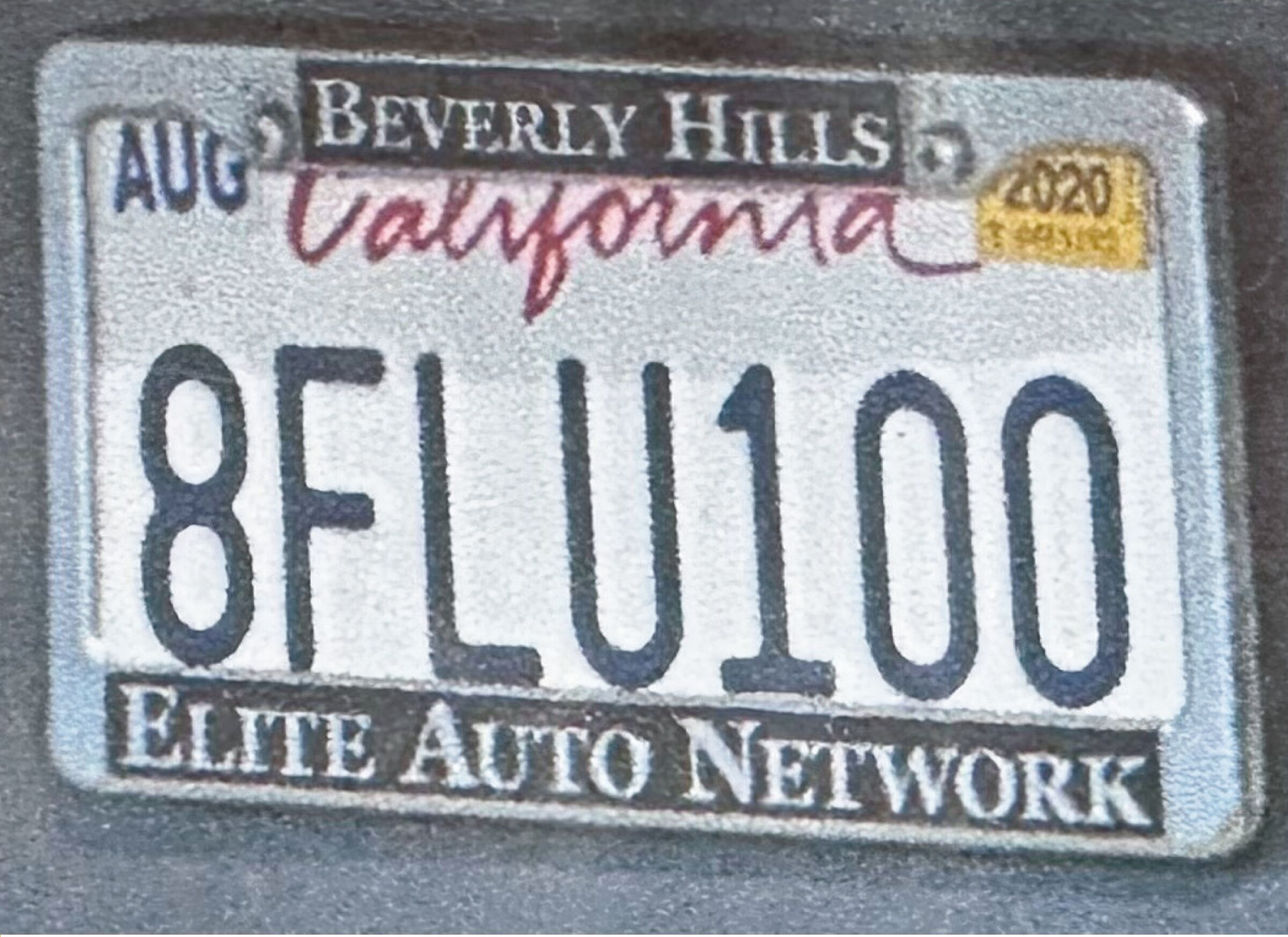
Cover: **Saj Issa, *Plein Air Performance*, 2024,** HD video, color, sound, 4 minutes 35 seconds. (See page 128.)

From top: **Tamara de Lempicka, *Portrait of Suzy Solidor* (detail), 1933,** oil on wood panel, 18⅛ × 14¾". **Jordan Nassar, *Amal Hayati* (Hope of My Life) (detail), 2024,** glass tile and cement grout on waterproof foam board, 60 × 48". **Hélène Fauquet, *Ether* (detail), 2024,** ink-jet prints, frames, table, 41 × 63 × 24". **Ligia Lewis, *A Plot, A Scandal*, 2023,** HD video, color, sound, 20 minutes.



TERRY WINTERS POINT CLOUD PICTURES

MATTHEW MARKS GALLERY 523 WEST 24TH STREET NEW YORK MAY 1–JUNE 29, 2024



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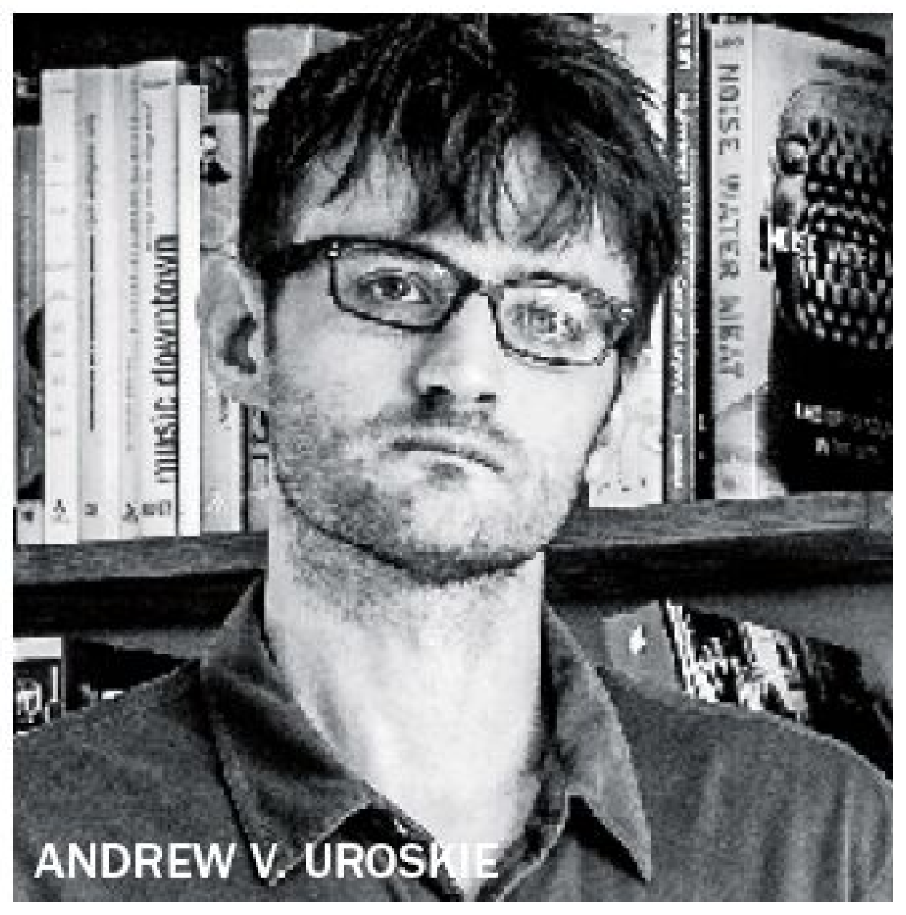
CHARLES RAY Matthew Marks Gallery 522 West 22nd Street New York May 1 - June 29

BISA BUTLER

CHARLOTTE KENT

JORDAN NASSAR



Through her dynamic, celebratory quilted portraits of people of African descent, **BISA BUTLER** investigates the purposes and potential of portraiture within the Black historical narrative. Her influences range from personal family scrapbooks to American folk traditions and AfriCOBRA philosophies. Butler earned her BFA from Howard University in 1995 and holds MA in arts education from Montclair State University. Her work has been exhibited widely, both domestically and internationally, and can be found in the permanent collections of the Art Institute of Chicago (AIC); the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston; and Pérez Art Museum, Miami. In 2020, Butler had her first institutional solo exhibition, at the AIC. Her most recent one-person show, "The World Is Yours," was held at Jeffrey Deitch, New York, in 2023. This month, Butler remembers the life and legacy of Faith Ringgold. PHOTO: PAUL CHINNERY

HUNG DUONG is an independent writer and translator whose criticism on Southeast Asian contemporary art spans a diverse spectrum of forms and themes. Their practice weaves textual intricacy with visual subtlety to deliver responses and raise questions about art and society. Their writing has appeared in *Artforum*, *Art Asia Pacific*, Art & Market, and *Mekong Review*. Duong is currently building their website sea-through.net, which will serve as a digital platform featuring artists and art events across Southeast Asia, along with their personal projects. Duong reflects in these pages on the life and legacy of the pioneering Vietnamese American artist Dinh Q. Lê. PHOTO: VEERAPORN NITIPRAPHA

CHARLOTTE KENT is a writer and visual culture scholar based in New York. She is coeditor of *Contemporary Absurdities, Existential Crises, and Visual Art* (forthcoming from Intellect Books) and an editor at large for the *Brooklyn Rail*, for which she writes a monthly column on art and technology, addressing the ways in which art crafts ways of seeing social formations, political structures, and ecological contexts. She is the recipient of grants from the Dangers & Opportunities of Technology: Perspectives from the Humanities program, run by the National Endowment of the Arts, and Google's Artist + Machine Intelligence program. Kent cocurated "Lilypads: Mediating Exponential Systems" as the inaugural scholar in residence at NXT Museum, Amsterdam. In this issue, she considers the contradictions of conceptualizing museums as a kind of public sphere. PHOTO: DANIELLE EZZO

SAJ ISSA is a Palestinian American artist born in Saint Louis and raised between the Midwest and West Bank, Palestine. She received her BFA from Webster University and her MFA from the University of California, Los Angeles. Issa was one of three artists selected for the 2024 Great Rivers Biennial, which will open at the Contemporary Art Museum St. Louis in September and will include the artist's "Poppy Paintings," and is a current artist contributor to PSA STL. She has held residencies at the Belger Crane Yard Studios in Kansas City, MO, and Craft Alliance Art + Design in Saint Louis. Issa was a recipient of a 2022 NCECA Graduate Student Fellowship. She has been featured in interviews with Hyperallergic, *Juxtapoz*, *Khamsa*, *New American Paintings*, the *New Yorker*, and *Office Magazine*. Issa's work has recently been exhibited at Felix Art Fair in Los Angeles, Material Art Fair in Mexico City, and the group show "Many" at the Craft Contemporary Museum, Los Angeles. In these pages, Issa presents a portfolio of three bodies of recent work, narrating their origins and relating them to her thoughts on Palestinian liberation.

JORDAN NASSAR is a Palestinian American artist who lives and works in New York. Through hand-embroidery, wood inlay, glass, and expansive installations, he examines issues of identity, diaspora, and cultural participation. His work has appeared at the Institute of Contemporary Art, Boston; the Brooklyn Museum and the Whitney Museum of American Art, both in New York; and the Esker Foundation in Calgary, Canada, among other institutions. Among the public collections in which his work is held are the Museum of Contemporary Art, Los Angeles; the Des Moines Art Center; Buffalo AKG Art Museum; the Alfond Collection of Contemporary Art at Rollins College, Winter Park, FL. In 2021 he was awarded the United States Artists' Unbound Fellowship. Nassar's writing is included in *A Greater Beauty: The Drawings of Kahlil Gibran* (Drawing Center, 2023). This month, Nassar contributes an artist's portfolio focusing on the inspiration behind four new works made over the past six months, which are on view through July 3 in his show "SURGE" at Anat Egbi, Los Angeles. PHOTO: TIMOTHY O'CONNELL

ANDREW V. UROSKIE is an art historian focusing on experimental film and video, sound, installation, and performance, whose writing explores how durational media have helped to reframe models of aesthetic production, exhibition, spectatorship, and objecthood. The author of *Between the Black Box and the White Cube: Expanded Cinema and Postwar Art* (University of Chicago Press, 2014), Uroskie has published in Animation, *Grey Room*, the *Journal for Visual Culture*, *Millennium Film Journal*, *October*, and Organized Sound, as well as in numerous anthologies—most recently, *Jonas Mekas: The Camera Was Always Running* (Yale University Press, 2022) and *Expanding Cinema: Theorizing Film Through Contemporary Art* (Amsterdam University Press, 2020). His forthcoming book *The Kinetic Imaginary—a study of the emergence of temporality and movement across postwar art*, was supported by the Creative Capital/Andy Warhol Foundation Arts Writers Grant. A new project, *Remaking Reality*, focuses on video artists confronting issues of narrativity, affect, documentary, and spectatorship in the era of social media. In this issue, Uroskie examines the moving-image installations on view in this year's Whitney Biennial.

Art Basel 2024

June 13 – June 16

Kabinett
Spencer Finch
Parcours
Lap-See Lam

Iñaki Bonillas
Sarah Crowner
Elena Damiani
Ann Edholm
Ayan Farah
Paul Fägerskiöld
Minjung Kim
Meuser
Hendl Helen Mirra
Ryan Mrozowski
Sirous Namazi
Frida Orupabo
Naufus Ramírez-Figueroa
Sophie Reinhold
Jerónimo Rüedi
Patricia Treib
Stanley Whitney
Rémy Zaugg
John Zurier

GALERIE NORDENHAKE
berlin stockholm mexico city

Spencer Finch, Ice Drawing (Fox Glacier, NZ), 2008,
dyed ice on paper, 55.9 x 76.2 cm, 22 x 30 in, detail

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JUNE - OCTOBER 2024

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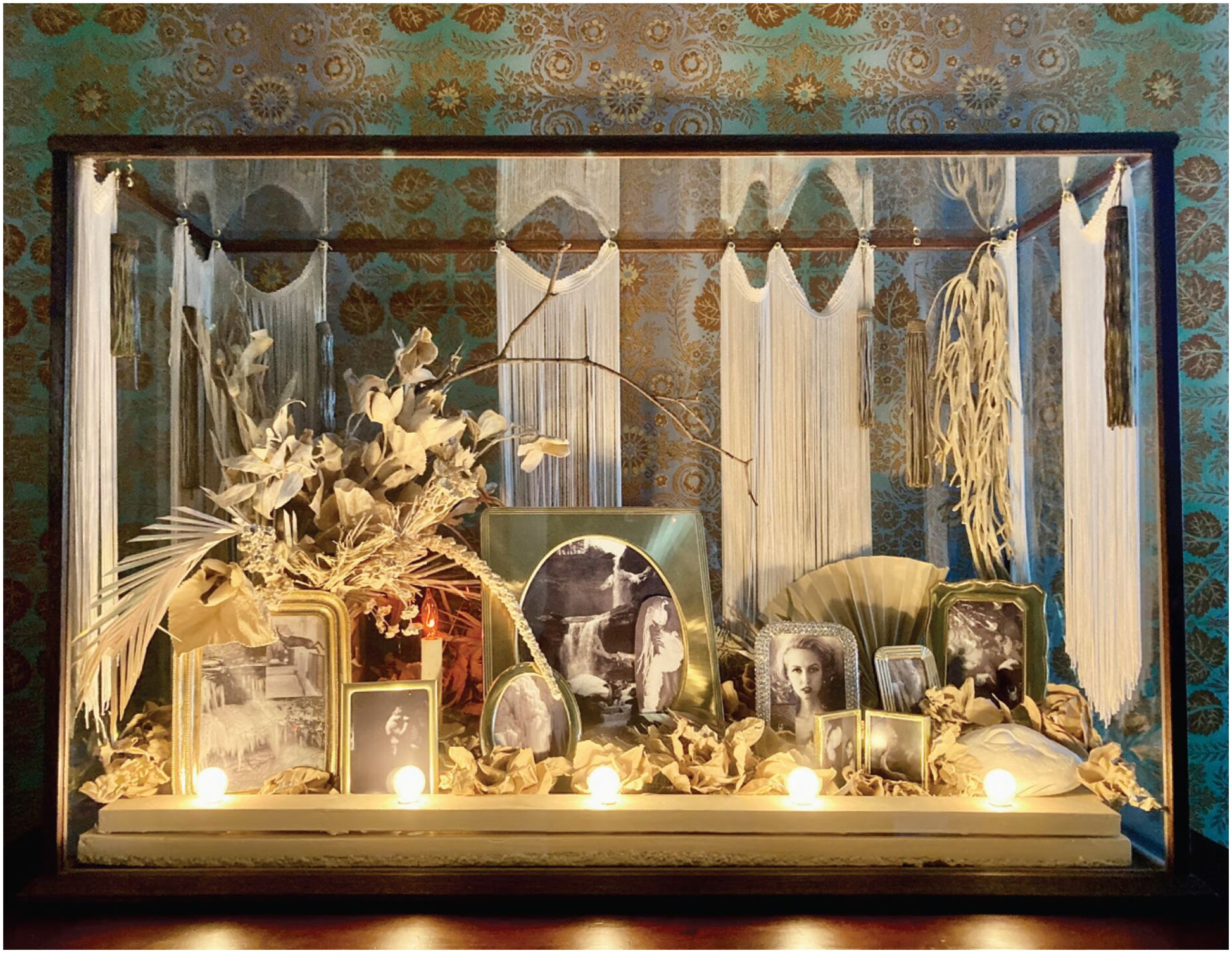
Luciano Fabro with M.me Stein, galleria Christian Stein, Turin, 1988. Photo: Giovanni Ricci

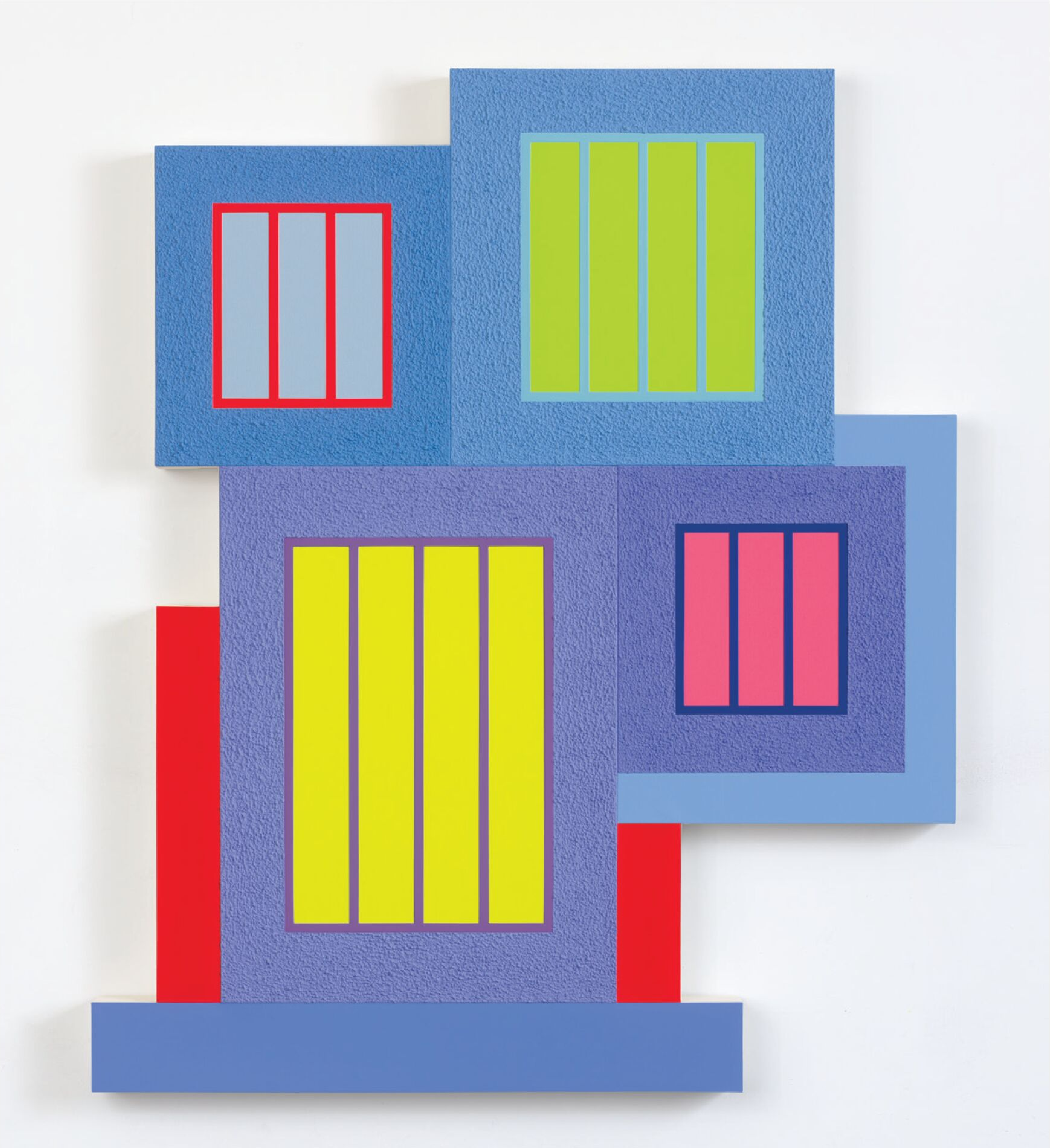


Memento Mori, 2022.Vintage display case, artificial flowers, slip, vintage frames, fan, fringe, inkjet prints, lights and lightbulbs, vintage tassels, upholstery tacks, 38 × 28 × 13 inches

Marc Swanson *Like a Leaf Shadow*

20 June – 21 July

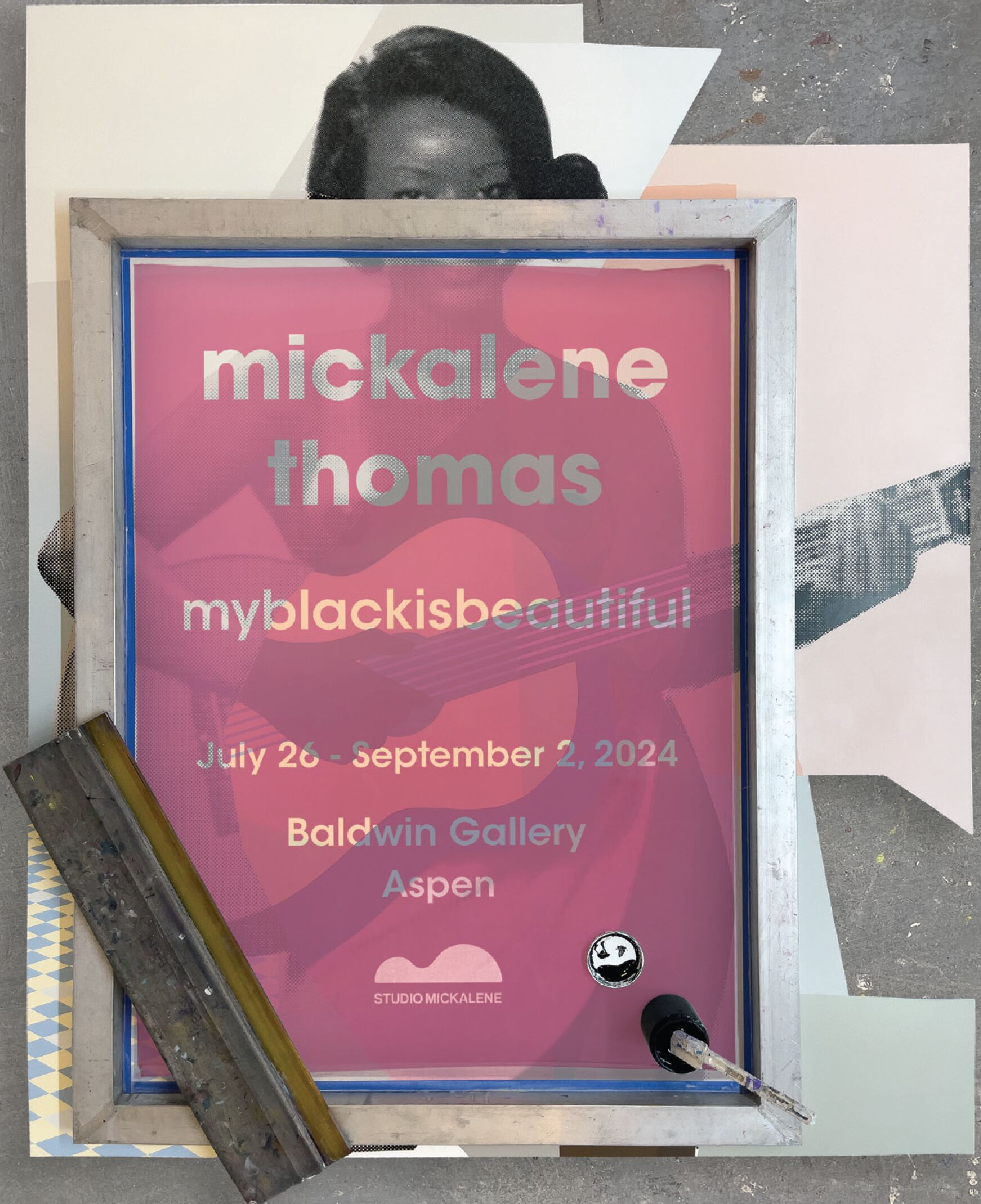
Baldwin Gallery 209 S Galena St Aspen CO 81611 Tel 970.920.9797



Locked In, 2023. Acrylic, fluorescent acrylic, Flashe, and Roll-a-Tex on canvas, 80 × 67½ inches

Peter Halley *Paintings*

20 June – 21 July | BaldwinGallery.com | publication available



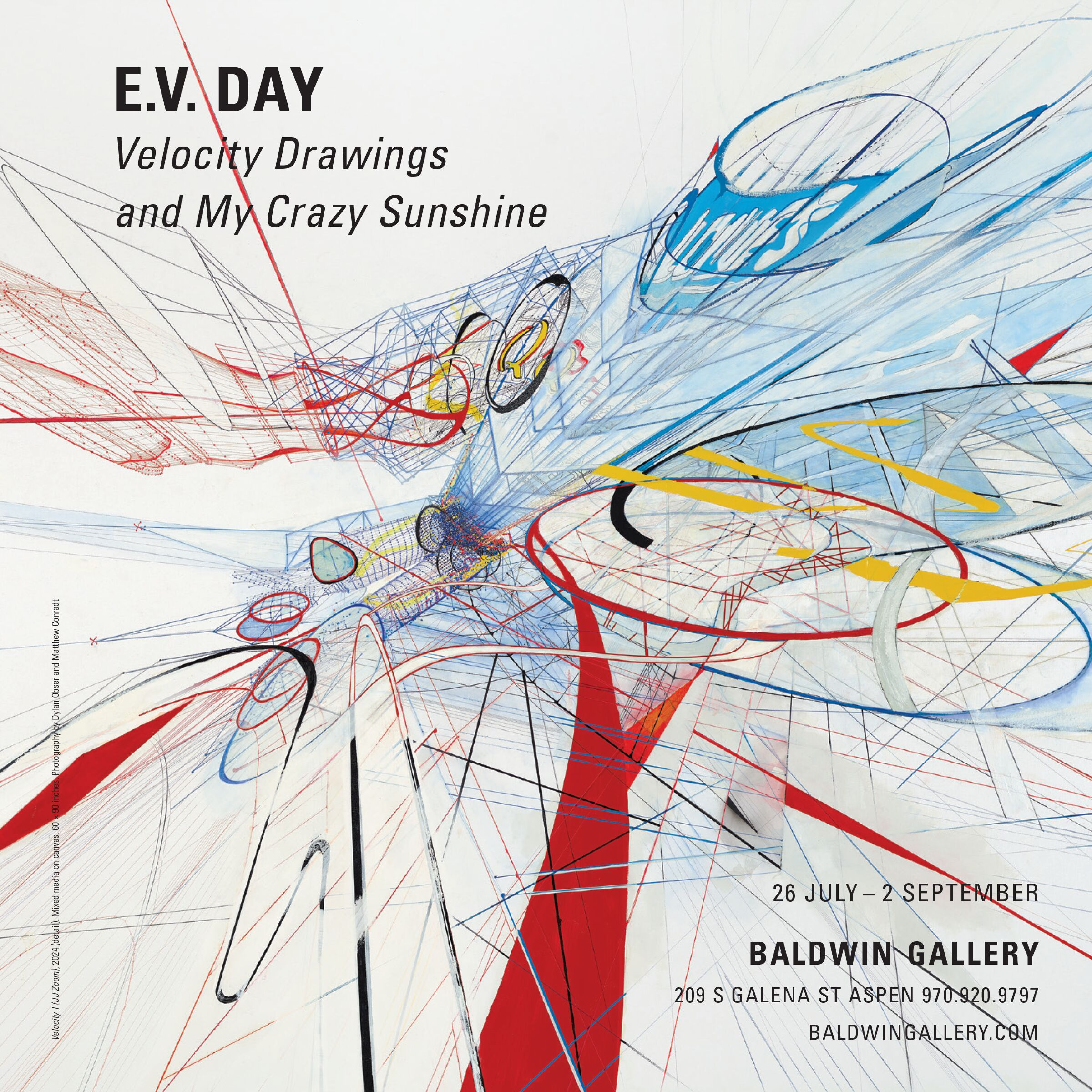
mickalene thomas

myblackisbeautiful

July 26 - September 2, 2024

Baldwin Gallery
Aspen

STUDIO MICKALENE



E.V. DAY

Velocity Drawings and My Crazy Sunshine

Velocity I (JJ Zoom), 2024 (detail). Mixed media on canvas, 60 × 90 inches. Photography by Dylan Obser and Matthew Conradt

26 JULY – 2 SEPTEMBER

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EDITOR'S LETTER

HORIZON LINES

ON JANUARY 17 of this year, the Palestinian American artist Saj Issa set up an easel on a grassy hill outside Beitin, in the West Bank, where she spent much of her time growing up and now maintains a studio. The resulting painting, which she titled *Land Grab 1.17.24*, reflects Issa's attempt to decolonize the Palestinian landscape by framing it through her own perspective. As she recounts in her artist's portfolio in these pages, after about an hour of painting, she realized that she had drawn the attention of Israelis; fearing for her safety, she quickly packed up and left. The footage of this aborted painting session that she captured on her iPhone became a work called *Plein Air Performance*, 2024. In the still from the video that appears on the cover of this issue, we see Issa from behind, bundled up against the cold, palette in one hand and paintbrush in the other. A road below leads to the outskirts of Ramallah, which appear hazy in the distant background.

From its position on the cover, this image asks: What role can—or should—art play in the intense public debates that have unfolded in the wake of Hamas's brutal attacks on October 7 and Netanyahu's subsequent genocidal retaliation? What would it accomplish, if anything, to put art and artists at their center? Though priority must be given to ending the ongoing assault on innocent lives, we might also consider the role of artists in focusing our attention on and shaping our understanding of the conflict. As Issa's performance suggests, artists frame our vision, establishing a perspective that situates us in relation to the world. They thereby articulate a horizon that is both literal and metaphorical: They push against the limits of what is perceivable, or imaginable, across space and over time, in the present and into the future.

It is not the role of *Artforum*, as a magazine devoted to art and artists, to provide the kind of insight into geopolitical situations that one might expect from a news or foreign affairs publication. But it *is* our role to provide the kind of insight that they cannot, emerging from a humanistic inquiry based on the distinctive ways that artists—and those who write about them—think with and through form and matter, which is always a matter of both aesthetics and ethics. In moments of crisis, the political stakes of our work may become more explicit, as certain perennial questions gain renewed relevance: How can artists express (or even redress) the generational and immediate traumas of displacement and disenfranchisement? How has visual culture contributed to our political imaginary, and especially to the formation of national identities? What are the paths for conserving a culture's heritage when the memories stored in its archives and institutions are censored, edited, or annihilated? And what are the frameworks through which we can make sense of images that document apartheid, war, and genocide?[1]

My vision for how we might go about answering these questions is not particularly radical: I only hope to continue the magazine's long-standing commitment to rigorous approaches to art—whether developed through images or words—that emphasize deep research, thinking, or feeling. My idea of what that looks like in practice is *both/and*, as indicated by the writing that appears in this issue. I want *Artforum* to expand its coverage both globally (as in the case of Percy Zvomya's history of Sylvester Mubayi's permanent installation in Zimbabwe) and regionally (as in the case of our reviews from Buffalo and Susch). I want it to spend more time looking to and learning from the art of the past (as demonstrated by Bryan Barcena's report from an exhibition restaging a seventeenth-century *Wunderkammer*), even as it continues to document the emergence of the contemporary (as performed by Jenny Wu's profile of artist Hélène Fauquet). I want it to maintain its relationship to theory (as signaled by Charlotte Kent's analysis of the public sphere), and also to be more responsive, accessible, and relevant to communities outside the academy or even the art world more broadly (as suggested by the attention Leslie Camhi gives to the Broadway production *Lempicka*). I want it to engage more closely with singular objects (as represented by Eugenio Viola's reading of Tania Candiani's *Desminar* [Demining], 2024), and also to offer more of the indispensable "big picture" analyses that define movements and trends (as appears in Andrew V. Uroskie's assessment, in relation to this year's Whitney Biennial, of the role of moving-image art in our larger media ecology). I want it to more consistently highlight the voices of artists, whether they are talking about themselves, other artists, or how they see the world (as Martha Jungwirth, Bisa Butler, and Clarity Haynes do in this issue, respectively), and also to pay more attention to the practices of critics, curators, and other arts workers (as former *Artforum* editor Max Kozloff does in his remembrance). I want it to focus on both social *and* artistic concerns—or even better, to think these terms *together*. I want it to be more provisional *and* more definitive; more direct *and* more nuanced; more technical *and* more poetic; more timeless *and* more timely.

Above all, I want *Artforum International* to model productive critical engagement by living up to its name as a *forum* about *art* on an *international* scale. This means it must play host to contentious ideas that are articulated by and through art by diverse contributors. In this particular moment, our public discourse is focused on Israel/Palestine, and is defined by both polarization and false equivalences. I condemn anti-Semitism. I also acknowledge that over the past seven months, artists and cultural workers who have expressed their criticisms of Israel and support for Palestine have had their exhibitions and talks canceled, been dropped from their galleries, had collectors sell their works or withdraw their loans, seen patrons step down from their boards, or joined demonstrations met with the brutality of militarized police forces. Especially in light of these recent events, we are honored to highlight in this issue the art of both Saj Issa and another Palestinian American artist, Jordan Nassar, alongside their writing about the relationship between their lived experiences and their creative practices. Needless to say, they are not representatives of an entire community: They speak for themselves, movingly, about their own positions in the world. We hope that sharing their perspectives is a step between the work we have done in the past and the work we hope to do in the future.

As a leading publication in the arts, *Artforum* enjoys the privilege and bears the responsibility of helping to define the "Overton Window" for our community—the spectrum of sociopolitical ideas that members of a given population might consider reasonable. Shifting this window is in our DNA: For example, in September 1970, at the height of the tensions over the Vietnam War, then editor in chief Philip Leider published the answers to the question "What is your position regarding the kinds of political action that should be taken by artists?" The answers vary widely, despite the respondents being almost exclusively white men. Then as now, some argue that art must not be instrumentalized and cannot effect meaningful change, while others argue that *all* art is political. There is no clear consensus on whether the priority should be to vote, to protest, to organize within one's communities, or to make or view art. I myself am inspired by the throw-everything-at-the wall attitude of artist Rosemarie Castoro: "I have been involved and will still be involved in: peace benefit shows, weekly group encounter Art Workers Coalition meetings, my own studio, and wherever I happen to be."[2]

It is also in *Artforum*'s DNA to confront its own role in these debates. As Max Kozloff—editor from 1975 to 1976—recalls in this issue, "[Editor John] Coplans and I were seen by some of the magazine's writers as wanting *Artforum* to be more explicitly concerned with art's social context, and that was contentious." The pair's departure led to an open letter lambasting "the influence of political and commercial pressures" on the magazine.[3] If *Artforum* has remained relevant through such crises, it is because it has a long history of learning from them. It does so by remaining aware that it is answerable to a larger community that will help determine its future. As the new editor, I look forward to finding ways to grow the dialogue between us, even as I recognize the challenges we face. Institutions are not neutral, yet they aim to play neutral host to a pluralist public sphere, as Charlotte Kent points out in her essay on museum protests in this issue. As a result, they are now struggling to reconcile competing demands for partisanship by their diverse constituencies. The stakes are particularly high when it comes to public discourses that can bear the urgency of life and death. I began my tenure here by having conversations with artists and writers about *Artforum*'s value to them, and also our obligations; I hope that this issue evidences that we are listening.

Ultimately, these conversations have clarified for me *Artforum*'s role within the larger arts ecosystem. Like any institution, it necessarily operates under a series of constraints, whether financial, legal, political, or cultural. On the one hand, the staff remains dedicated to preserving the integrity of the magazine by ensuring that these do not unduly influence the work that we publish. On the other, however, *Artforum* is part of a larger ecology of institutions—including other publications, galleries, auction houses, museums, nonprofit groups, governmental offices, and schools and universities—*all* of which operate under various constraints, including some that do not apply to *Artforum*. In other words, *Artforum* belongs to a robust ecosystem in which different institutional models (which is to say, different business models, governance models, etc.) coexist and complement one another. In the current climate in which we find ourselves here in the United States—one that is deeply anti-intellectual, hostile to progressive values, and skeptical of the arts—I support any institutions that advocate for art, artists, and marginalized people, now more than ever.

That said, I do understand why many are skeptical of institutions. Regardless of our individual principles—and sometimes because of them—we all must make moral compromises with the systems in which we find ourselves embedded (even as some of us fight to make new ones, or to improve the ones we have). The challenge is to find the line between betraying those principles and not letting the perfect be the enemy of the good. When do the ends not justify the means? I respect the decisions that others make, as I do not believe that the line is the same for everyone: We each must figure out how to make our own way through the world, determining our own priorities and strategies according to our own abilities and liabilities, even as we endeavor to work with others in common cause. As the poet June Jordan noted, "It's hard to keep a clean shirt clean." I appreciate everyone willing to do the messy work with us, and I promise to continue dedicating our platforms and resources to working with artists, writers, and art workers—especially the most vulnerable ones—in good faith.

Finally, I would like to acknowledge the *Artforum* staff who have kept this magazine operating in the absence of an editor in chief over the past six issues. When we speak of *Artforum* as an institution, we inevitably obscure the agency of the employees who have dedicated themselves to sustaining it. I have witnessed—first as a freelance writer, and now as a colleague—not only their unparalleled professionalism, but also their unflinching personal commitment to art, artists, and justice. Since last fall, they have worked tirelessly and against difficult headwinds to carry the magazine for the sake of not only the organization, but also the artistic communities to which they belong and for which they have long advocated. The evidence of their values is in the work that we are doing together to stand up for endangered voices, hold ourselves to account, and enact the highest editorial standards. I am honored to labor alongside them to earn both the respect and the trust of our contributors and our readers, with this and every future issue. □

—Tina Rivers Ryan

NOTES

[1] For examples of answers to this series of questions, see the scholarship of Alessandra Amin on the role of imagination and landscape in Palestinian art from the 1960s to the 1980s; Chelsea Haines on the ideological work of the Israeli Pavilion at the Venice Biennale; and Nadia Yaqub and Helga Tawil-Souri on the circulation of images of Gaza through film and television.

[2] "The Artist and Politics: A Symposium," *Artforum*, September 1970, 36.

[3] The open letter was dated January 16, 1977, and directed readers to ask for more information by writing to "Statement," 97 Wooster Street, New York, NY, 10012. Although the author is uncredited, it bears more than seventy-five signatures.

Candida Höfer

Renascence

23 May — 28 Jul 2024

KUKJE GALLERY

PASSAGES

FAITH RINGGOLD ▪ 1930–2024

Faith Ringgold,
New York, 1990.
Photo: Grace Matthews.

BISA BUTLER

HER NAME WAS FAITH, and, true to her appellation, she inspired me and many other artists to believe in our right to self-determination. To quote the lyrics of a song she wrote, "Anyone can fly . . . all you got to do is try." I am writing this for Mrs. Faith Ringgold with hopes that I am not interrupting her celestial explorations.

I and so many other Black artists, women artists, and artists who do not fit society's conventions owe Mrs. Ringgold an incredible debt of gratitude. I want to say thank you: I am profoundly grateful for the hard-earned path that you cleared, because it is no exaggeration to say that I would not be where I am today if not for you.

A prolific artist, Faith Ringgold was an American painter, sculptor, author, performer, educator, feminist, and activist. Her quilted work *Woman on a Bridge #1: Tar Beach*, 1988—a Harlem rooftop landscape with a group of cardplayers at a table, and a young girl, Cassie Louise Lightfoot, soaring through the starry sky—is one of her best-known pieces. In 1991, Mrs. Ringgold adapted *Tar Beach* into an award-winning children's book, which is how I became aware of her art. In 2006, I was a middle school art teacher in Plainfield, New Jersey, and Mrs. Ringgold visited our school. Meeting her and learning that she was a mother, a former teacher, and an artist who created quilted works changed my perspective. I saw a Black woman just like me who made brilliant work that hung in galleries and museums. Seeing Mrs. Ringgold's art made me believe that my aspirations were not just dreams—that they could be and were already being achieved.

Faith Ringgold was one of the preeminent Black feminist visual artists of our time, leading the charge as the first person to organize a demonstration for Black artists against a major museum in the United States. In 1968, she and other activists were outraged when New York's Whitney Museum of American Art opened a major exhibition called "The 1930s: Painting and Sculpture in America" and it did not include any Black artists. Legendary Black artists such as Lois Jones, Jacob Lawrence, Norman Lewis, and Augusta Savage were all excluded. Mrs. Ringgold spoke out, demonstrated, and was even arrested protesting for equal representation of Black people and women in museums and institutions.

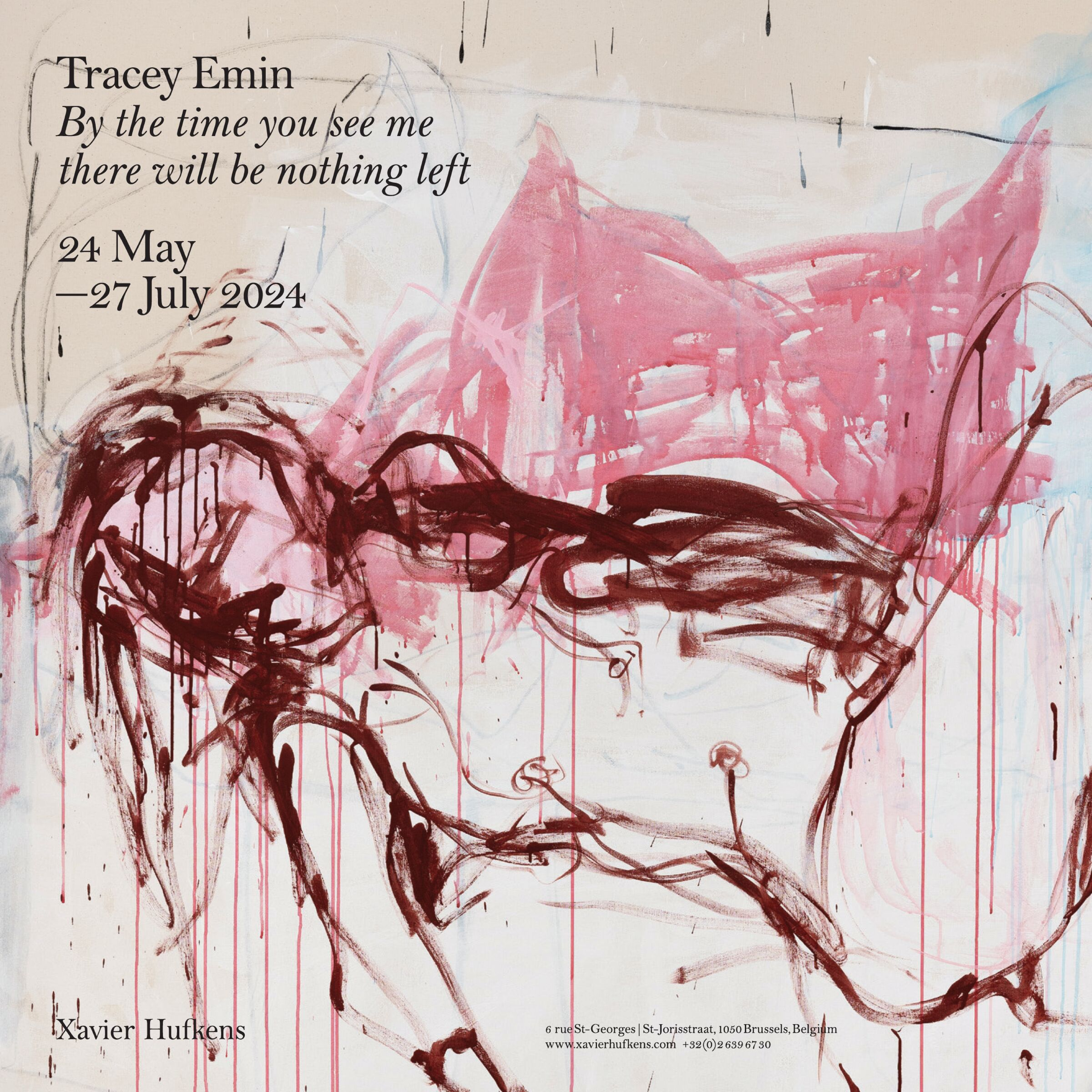
"I became a feminist because I wanted to help my daughters, other women, and myself aspire to something more than a place behind a good man," Mrs. Ringgold once said. The problem persists even to this day: The Burns Halperin report recently found that works by female-identifying artists made up only 11 percent of acquisitions and were included in less than 15 percent of exhibitions at thirty-one US museums between 2008 and 2020. Furthermore, work by Black American women constituted a mere 0.5 percent of acquisitions at these institutions. These numbers and my very real firsthand experiences let me know that our work is not yet done, not by a long shot.

As fiber artists, we look to Faith Ringgold as our art godmother. I am inspired every day to push the boundaries of my artistic expression because of the legacy she left behind. Her technical mastery is evident in works such as *American People Series #20: Die*, 1967, and her "Woman on a Bridge" series, 1988. The twelve-foot-long *Die* depicts the violent and terrifying effects of racial hatred. It was created at the height of the civil rights era and features multiple Black and white adults engaged in a confrontation, all knives, guns, and blood. Amid this chaos are two children clinging together—one Black and one white—both terrified. Mrs. Ringgold designed the scene on a grid, flattening perspective in the style of the Cubists. She rendered the figures with exaggerated diagonal shapes that lead your eyes quickly across the scene. The vibrant colors read as a pattern rather than as a narrative. Mrs. Ringgold seduces the viewer, holding you transfixed before complex and traumatic ideas with light and color. In the "Woman on a Bridge" works, she adapted her mastery of color and pattern to actual textiles, building her compositions from brightly colored fabrics with quilted borders. Her message is socially conscious, explorative in materials and concepts, and beautifully executed.

Faith Ringgold wrote about being inspired by foremothers such as Harriet Tubman and Sojourner Truth, and now she has taken her place among the ancestors who fought to make a place for us. I am thankful that Mrs. Ringgold had the courage to demand change in the art world. I am thankful for her setting the bar so high with her artistic genius. I am thankful she was accessible and able to offer help to her fellow artists and human beings. Now, as she soars beyond our reach, we can all wish her well and remember her words: "All you got to do is try." ☐

Seeing Mrs. Ringgold's art made me believe that my aspirations were not just dreams.

BISA BUTLER IS AN ARTIST BASED IN WEST ORANGE, NEW JERSEY. (SEE CONTRIBUTORS.)



Tracey Emin

By the time you see me
there will be nothing left

24 May
—27 July 2024

Xavier Hufkens

6 rue St-Georges | St-Jorisstraat, 1050 Brussels, Belgium
www.xavierhufkens.com +32(0)2 639 67 30

DINH Q. LÊ ▪ 1968–2024

HUNG DUONG

MY FIRST AND, SADLY, last interview with Dinh Q. Lê transpired in his studio in 2022, though we had known each other for years. The summer humidity was welling against the windowpanes as Dinh reclined in his wooden chair, enjoying a rare moment of respite in his creative domain. With his distinctive voice—slightly high-pitched, like a scratchy record—he told me about his childhood in Kiên Giang, Vietnam, his fateful voyage to American shores in 1978, his tumultuous education in California, and then his homecoming to Saigon in 1997. Gradually, his life unfurled in front of me, chapter by chapter, pixel by pixel, a photographic tapestry of memory, dedication, faith, and vision.

Dinh's early life was colored by history. He recounted to me his experiences in the refugee camps in Thailand as a young teenage boy, how each family was allotted only a tiny square mat on which they ate, slept, quarreled, and made love. During those sweltering, sleepless nights, pressed tightly against other heaving bodies, Dinh would stare at the mosquito net above his head and let his imaginings of America run wild. Despite being an unwilling participant in the catastrophic theater of the Vietnam War, he was excluded from the discourse around it upon landing in America, as the US scrambled to salvage its postwar reputation with biased narratives. As a student in Walter Capps's popular course at the University of California, Santa Barbara, "The Vietnam War and American Religion," Dinh openly complained that the course curriculum was prejudiced against the Vietnamese experience in its emphasis on the testimonies and experiences of US veterans. In 1989, he directed his frustration into an early series of posters that he plastered across the university campus. In these mostly black-and-white broadsides, journalistic American images of the war appear alongside statistics about casualties on the Vietnam side.

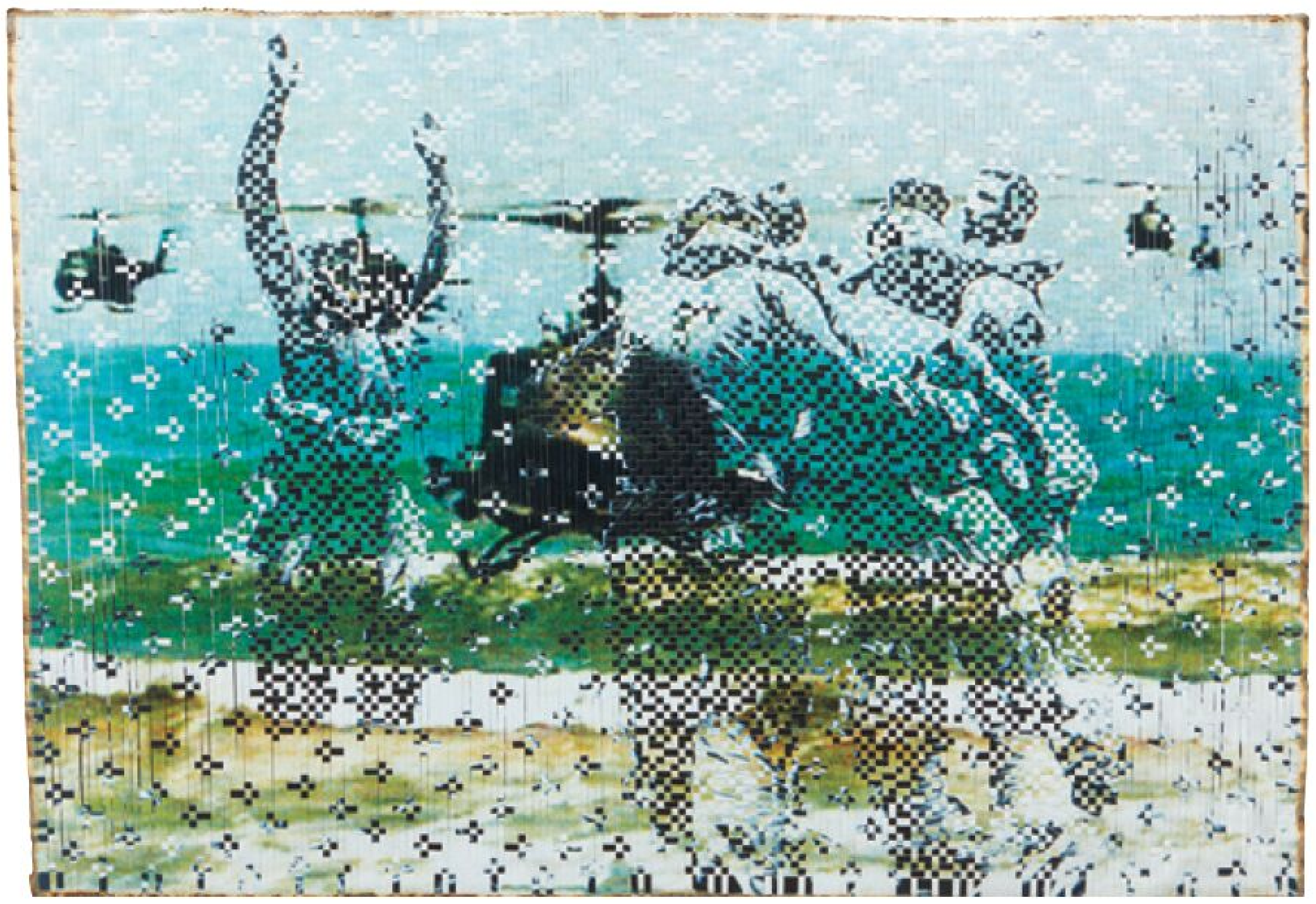
Dinh's storytelling was political but not politicized: He interspersed harsh realities with a generous dose of poetics and sensitivity toward marginalized communities.

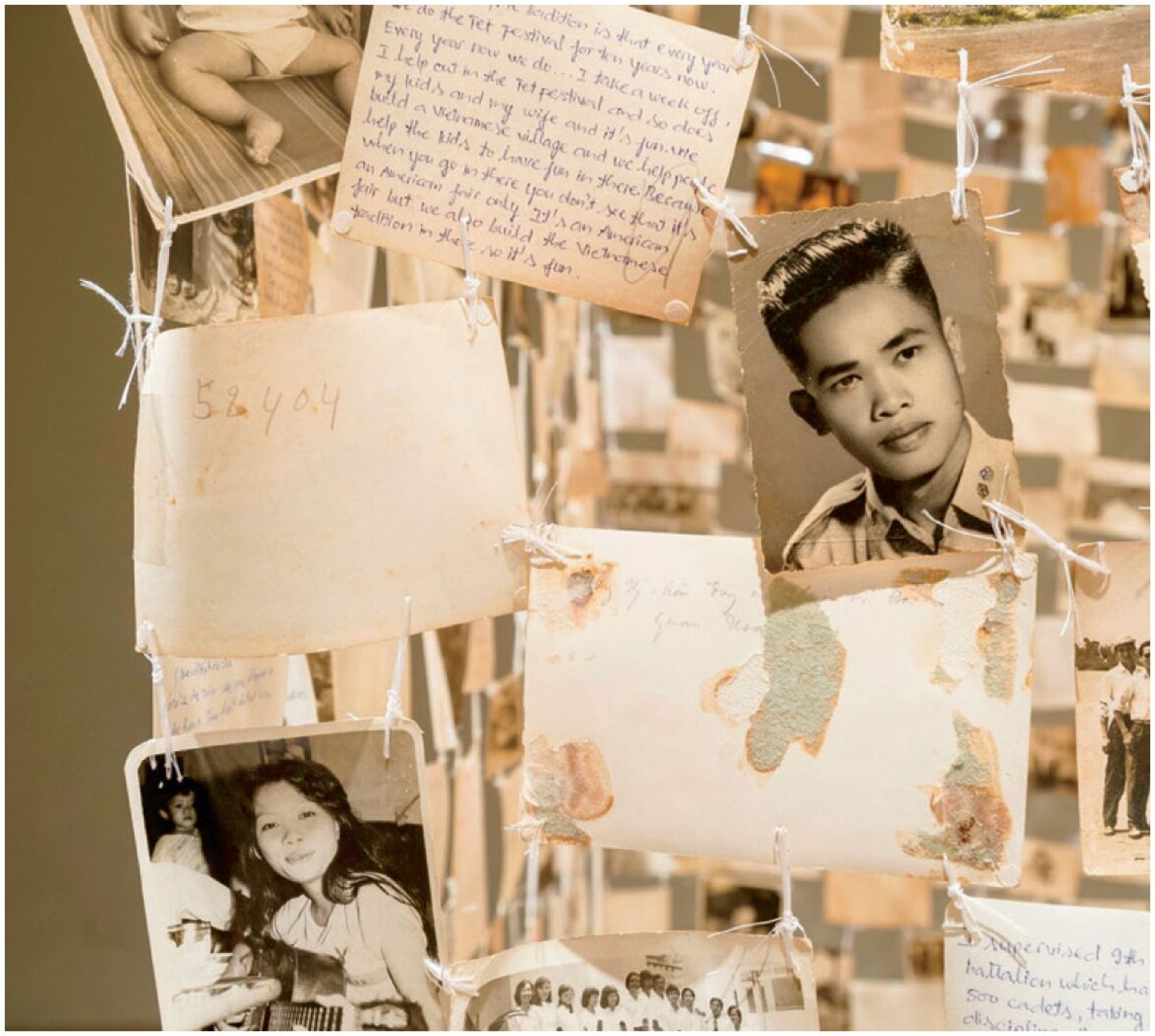
Dinh Q. Lê at STPI Creative Workshop & Gallery, Singapore, 2018. Photo: Toni Cuhadi.

Dinh was determined to stake a claim to the histories of the Vietnam War through his art. Uninterested in picking ideological sides, he was solely invested in unpacking the complex experiences of unnamed people who suffered through the war. This desire propelled him to return to Saigon in the late '90s, to retrace his roots and uncover accounts that had been buried by Vietnam and overlooked in the US. This homecoming resulted in a number of storytelling projects, beginning with *Damaged Gene*, 1998, in which Dinh transformed his research on the horrendous repercussions of Agent Orange in Vietnam into a cabinet of grotesqueries, from cheerful figurines of conjoined twins to double-collared student uniforms and other articles of children's clothing printed with logos of corporations that would eventually be sued by the Vietnamese government for their involvement in chemical warfare.

I can still vividly recall the experience of installing an iteration of this series for the 2022 exhibition "Illuminated Curiosities" at the Nguyen Art Foundation in Ho Chi Minh City. As I unpacked each doll, ironed each uniform, and cradled each pacifier in my palms before placing them behind Plexiglas, I was on the verge of tears. My mind became flustered with questions about the fates of Agent Orange survivors and how they would describe their experiences of the war. Such was the power of Dinh's haunting works: The objects' combination of innocence and eeriness introduced me to another perspective on a community that I'd grown up hearing about constantly, yet that remained on the periphery of my historical consciousness. Dinh's storytelling was political but not politicized: He interspersed harsh realities with a generous dose of poetics and sensitivity toward marginalized communities—people whose lives were quickly swept under the rug after the war ended.

At the core of Dinh's work was photography and its shape-shifting magic. Dinh was widely known for his practice of photo-weaving, inspired by Vietnamese grass mats, for which he cut found and archival images into strips and wove them into larger compositions. In the early series "Persistence of Memory," 2000–2001, he combined scenes from Hollywood films depicting the war, such as *Apocalypse Now* (1979), with documentary images, while the recent "Cambodia Reamker" series, 2021–24, interweaves images of murals from the Cambodian Royal Palace in Phnom Penh with portraits of people imprisoned by the Khmer Rouge. However, Dinh's multimedia assemblages were also heavily influenced by his profound understanding and intricate use of photography as a material and medium. For the installation *Crossing the Farther Shore*, 2014, Dinh sewed together hundreds of found photographs depicting life in South Vietnam before the war that had been abandoned by families when they migrated after 1975. The result—a group of lacy, fabric-like sheets that he suspended in the gallery to form monumental cubes—recreated the mosquito nets from his refugee-camp mem-

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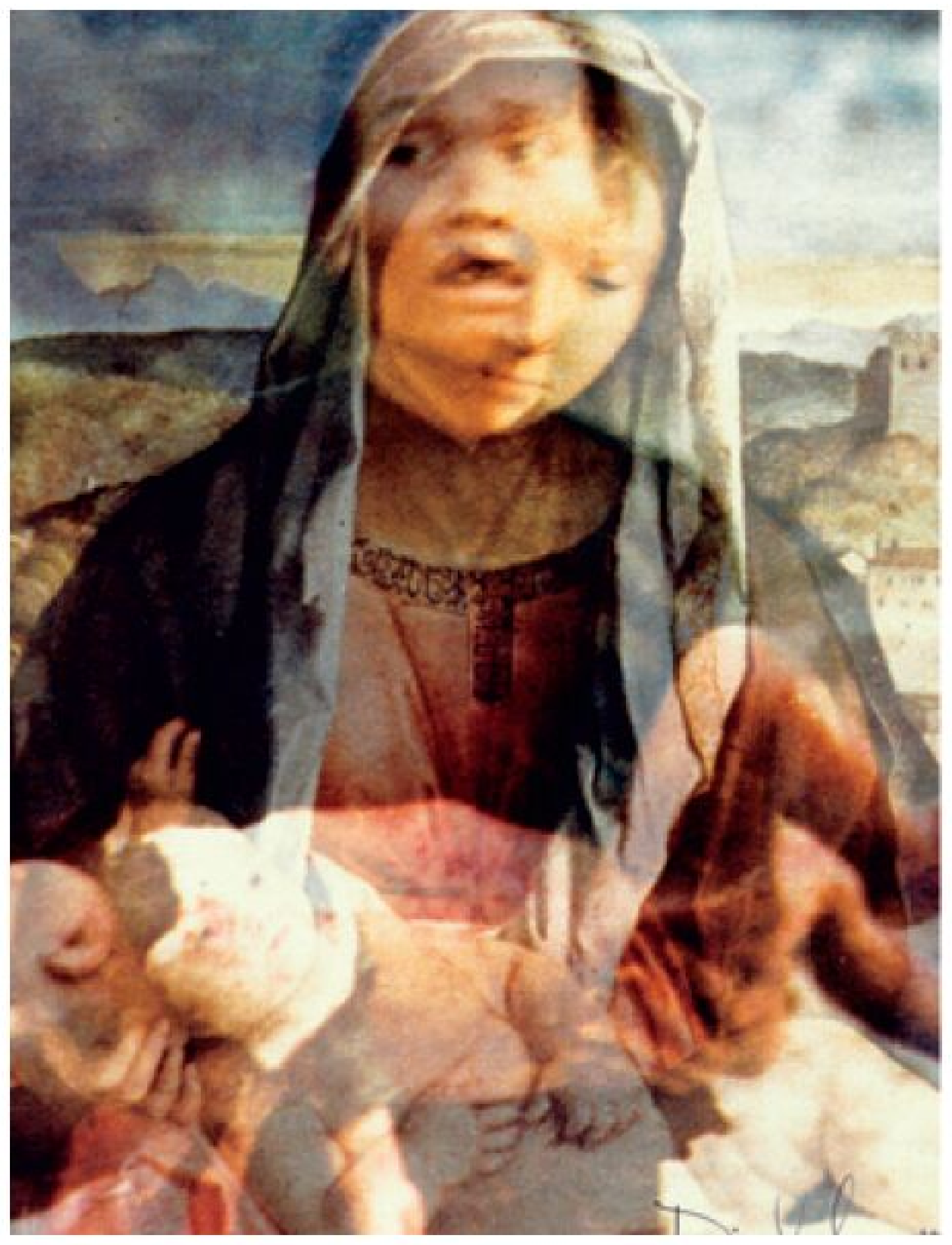
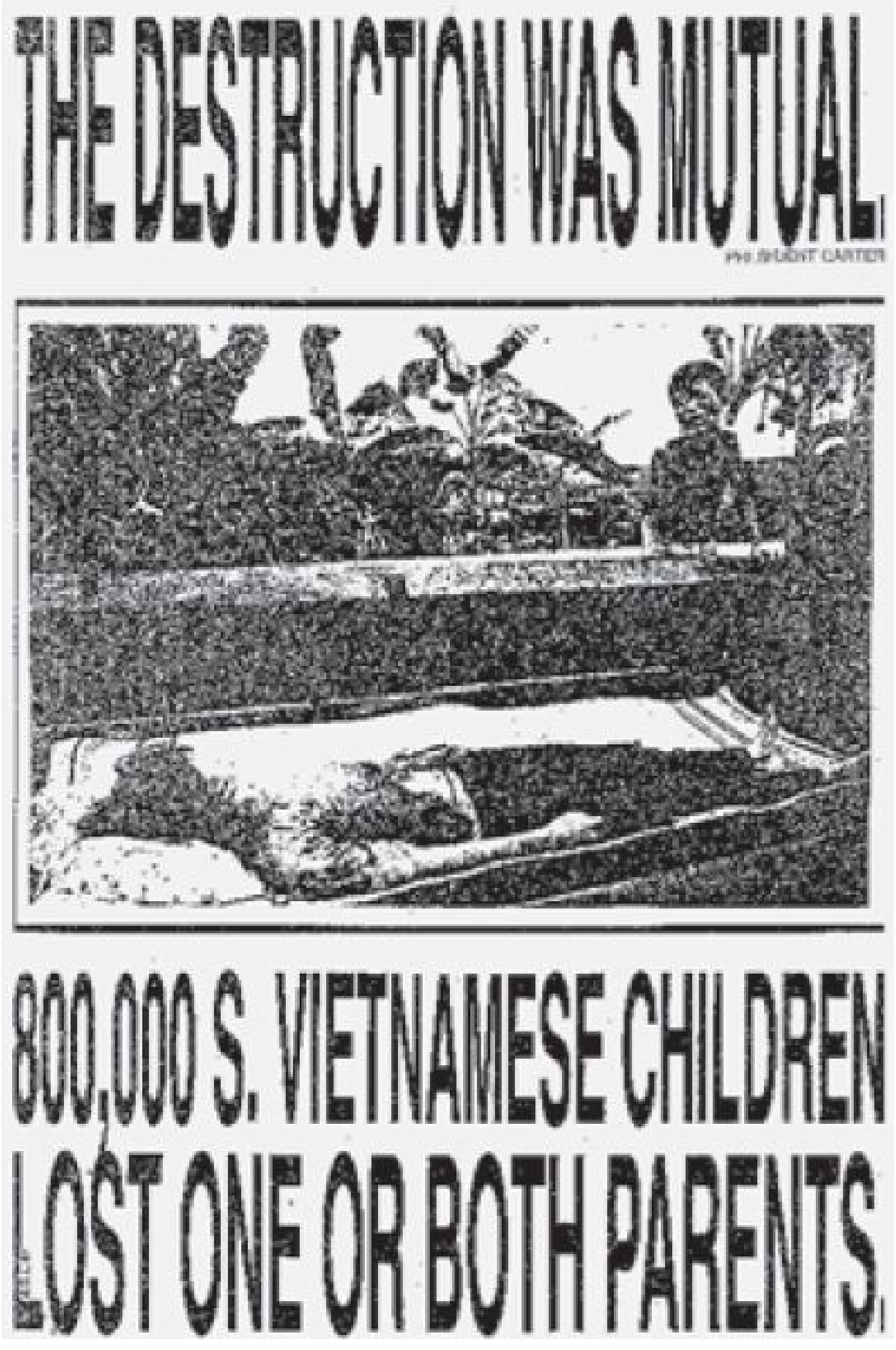
Every year now we do the Tet festival for ten years now. The tradition is that every year I help out in the Tet festival and so does my kids and my wife and it's fun. I take a week off. We build a Vietnamese village and we help people help the kids to have fun in there. Because when you go in there you don't see that it's an American fair only gg's an American fair but we also build the Vietnamese tradition in there so it's fun.
Supervised 9th battalion which ha 500 cadets, taking




THE DESTRUCTION WAS MUTUAL.
800,000 S. VIETNAMESE CHILDREN LOST ONE OR BOTH PARENTS.

Clockwise, from top left: **Dinh Q. Lê,** ***Persistence of Memory #10*****,** **2000–2001,** C-print, linen tape, 45 × 63". From the series "Persistence of Memory," 2000–2001. **Dinh Q. Lê,** ***Crossing the Farther Shore*** **(detail), 2014,** seven parts, found photographs, thread, linen tape, dimensions variable. **Two Xerox posters by Dinh Q. Lê, 1989.**

ories while simultaneously lampooning the Minimalist movement, which he deemed an escapist reaction by American artists during the height of the conflict. Floating like pixelated specters, these quilted objects reminded us not only of the untold stories of Vietnamese boat people but also of the fictionalizing capacity of the photographs.

When I delivered a talk about this series at the National Gallery Singapore in 2023, I was also tasked with giving a brief tour of the works, which were then on display as part of the survey exhibition "Living Pictures: Photography in Southeast Asia." As the guests navigated around the cubes, leaning in closer to observe the faces and decipher the scribbled notes behind the photographs, I snapped a photo and sent it to Dinh. "I am initiating people into your temple, *anh oi*," I joked, using the Vietnamese term for older brother. He laughed, commenting that I was his high priestess. We continued chatting as the works murmured their tales into the guests' attentive ears.

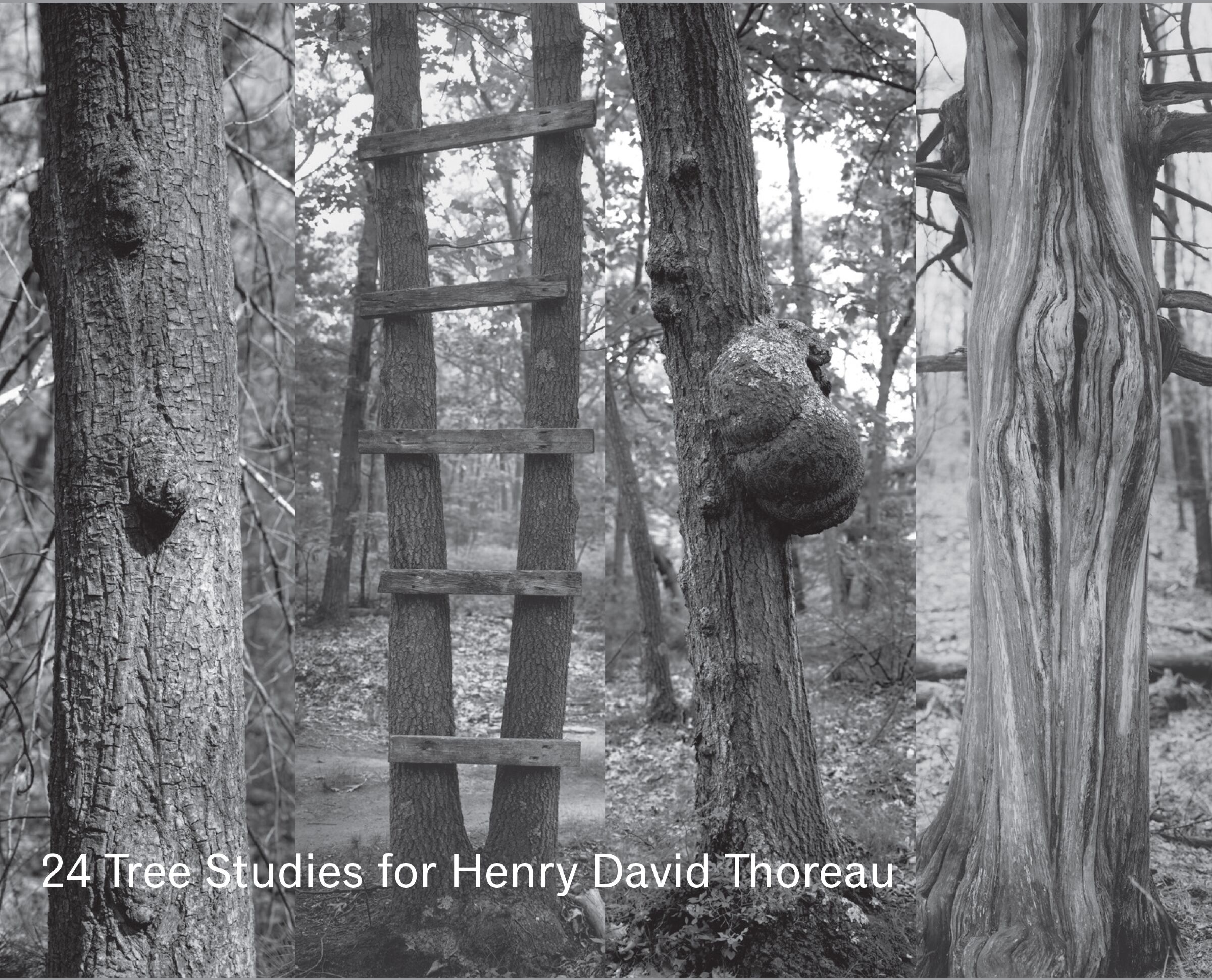
To many outside Vietnam, Dinh Q. Lê was simply a magnificent artist whose works struck a critical chord amid the narratives of the Vietnam War. But to us in Saigon, particularly the artists, writers, and art workers who became aware of unresolved political conflict in Vietnam thanks to his art, Dinh was a mentor, a trailblazer, a visionary, and a great friend. As a cofounder of Sàn Art, a platform that has invigorated contemporary art in Vietnam and Southeast Asia since 2007, Dinh remained steadfast in his commitment to nurturing young Vietnamese artists through exhibitions, residencies, and educational workshops. His wish was for Sàn Art to become not only a reflective space for local artists but a bridge connecting them to the arena of global art. "The world needs to know about them," he exclaimed. Ever generous with his time and rigorous in his feedback, Dinh has paved the way for many now-famous Vietnamese artists. Words cannot describe our collective gratitude.

In my last memory of Dinh, some three months before his untimely passing, he appears not as an artist but as a makeshift dealer—Sàn Art had a booth at the art fair S.E.A. Focus 2024, in Singapore, and was presenting a group of novice artists from Vietnam. Watching Dinh excitedly explain these previously unknown artists and their works to collectors, curators, and institution directors—even though he complained later to me that his voice was gone after the vernissage!—I could not help but feel an affectionate well of admiration for this dedicated man. One of my greatest regrets in life was that we did not have lunch in Singapore. Alas, "what if" questions are cheap.

When he came back to Vietnam more than twenty years ago, Dinh made a promise to uplift Vietnam and its artists, and he was faithful to that promise until the end. The last image that he posted on his Facebook profile was of his barely finished studio, looking out to the ocean in his hometown in the Mekong Delta. The sky was vast and the water an unblemished navy blue. The ocean, which brought him to foreign shores decades ago, now carries him to his final station. Wherever you are, Anh Dinh, may peace be with you. Here is to your next adventure! ☐

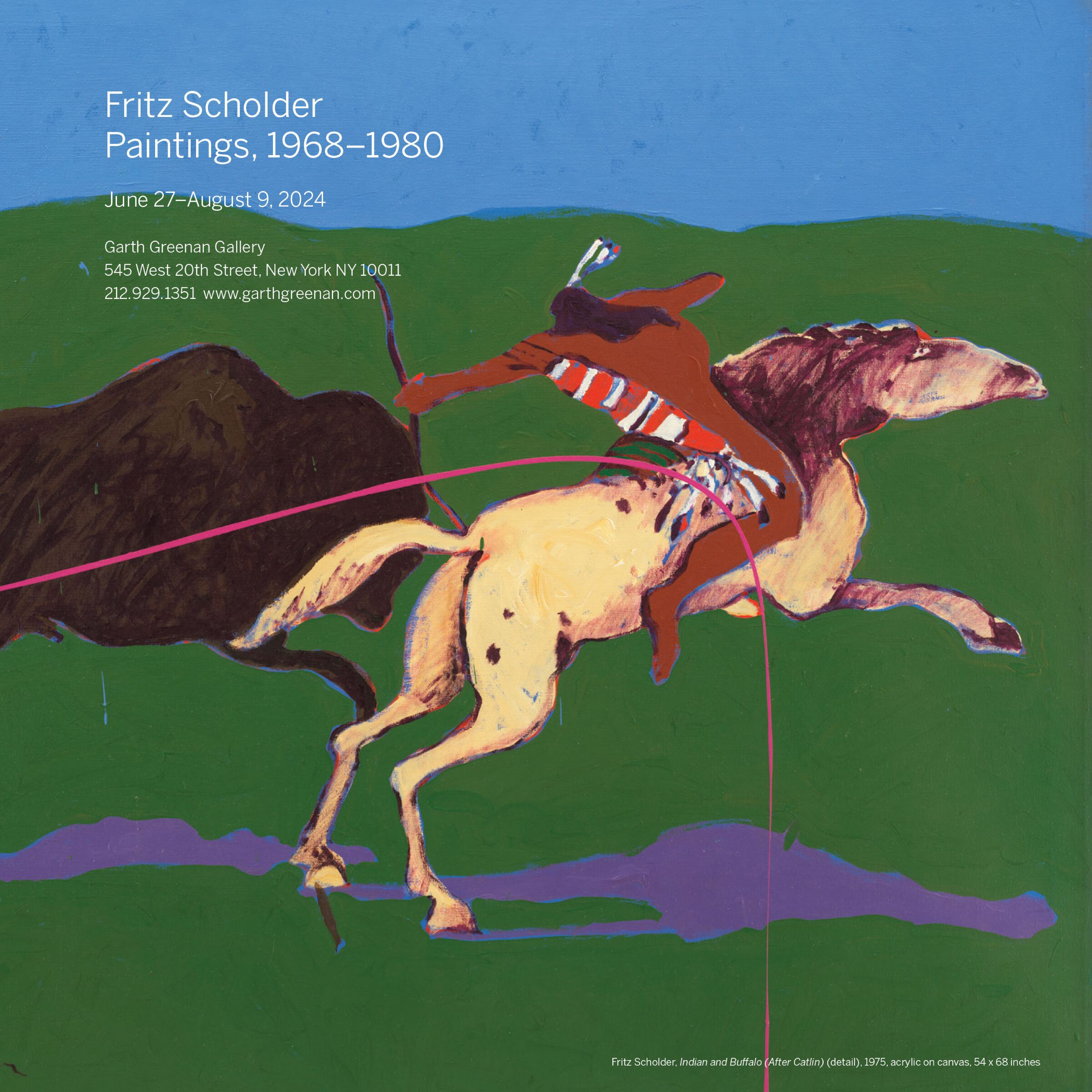
HUNG DUONG IS A WRITER AND TRANSLATOR BASED IN VIETNAM. (SEE CONTRIBUTORS.)

THADDEUS HOLOWNIA



24 Tree Studies for Henry David Thoreau

CORKIN GALLERY

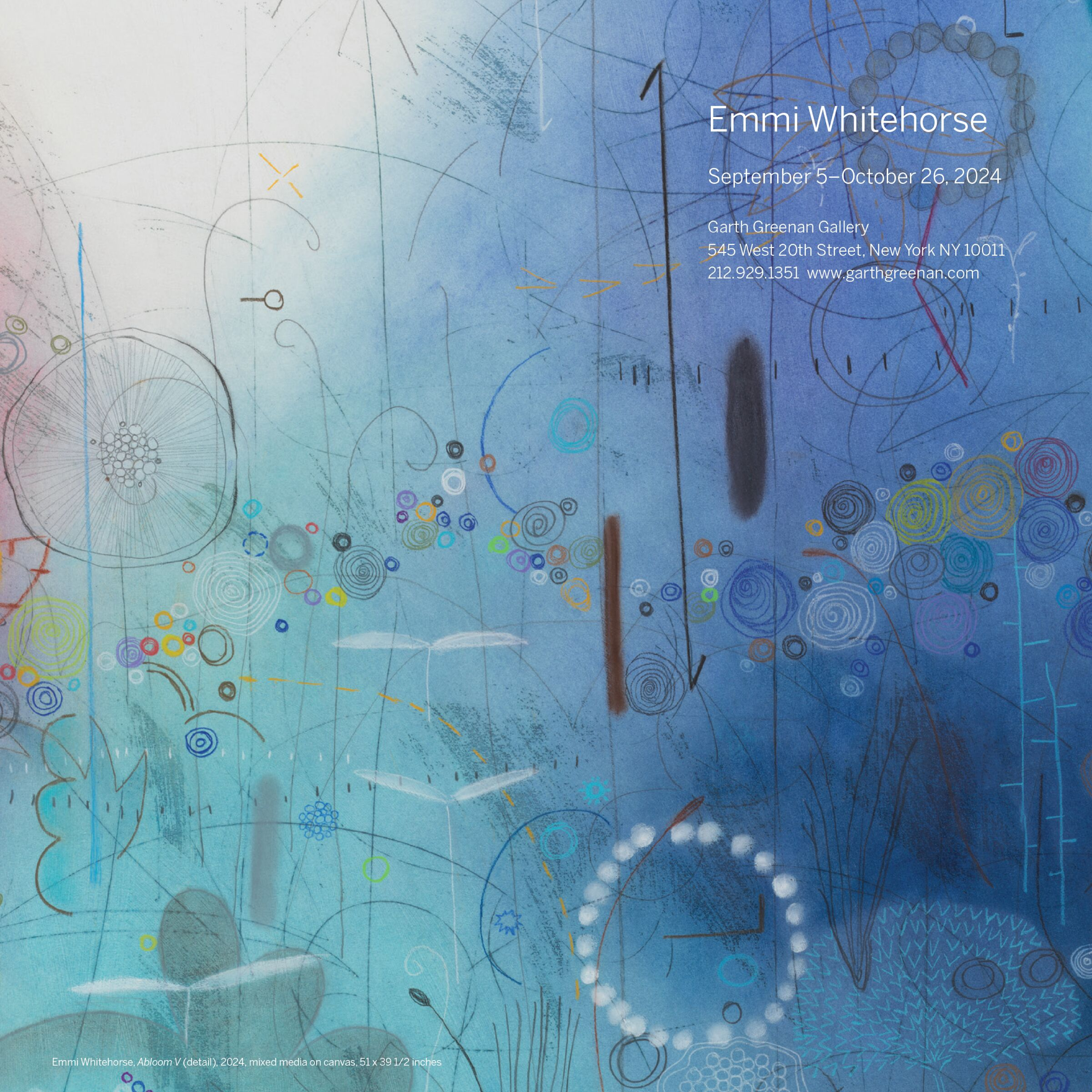


Fritz Scholder
Paintings, 1968–1980

June 27–August 9, 2024

Garth Greenan Gallery
545 West 20th Street, New York NY 10011
212.929.1351 www.garthgreenan.com

Fritz Scholder, *Indian and Buffalo (After Catlin)* (detail), 1975, acrylic on canvas, 54 x 68 inches

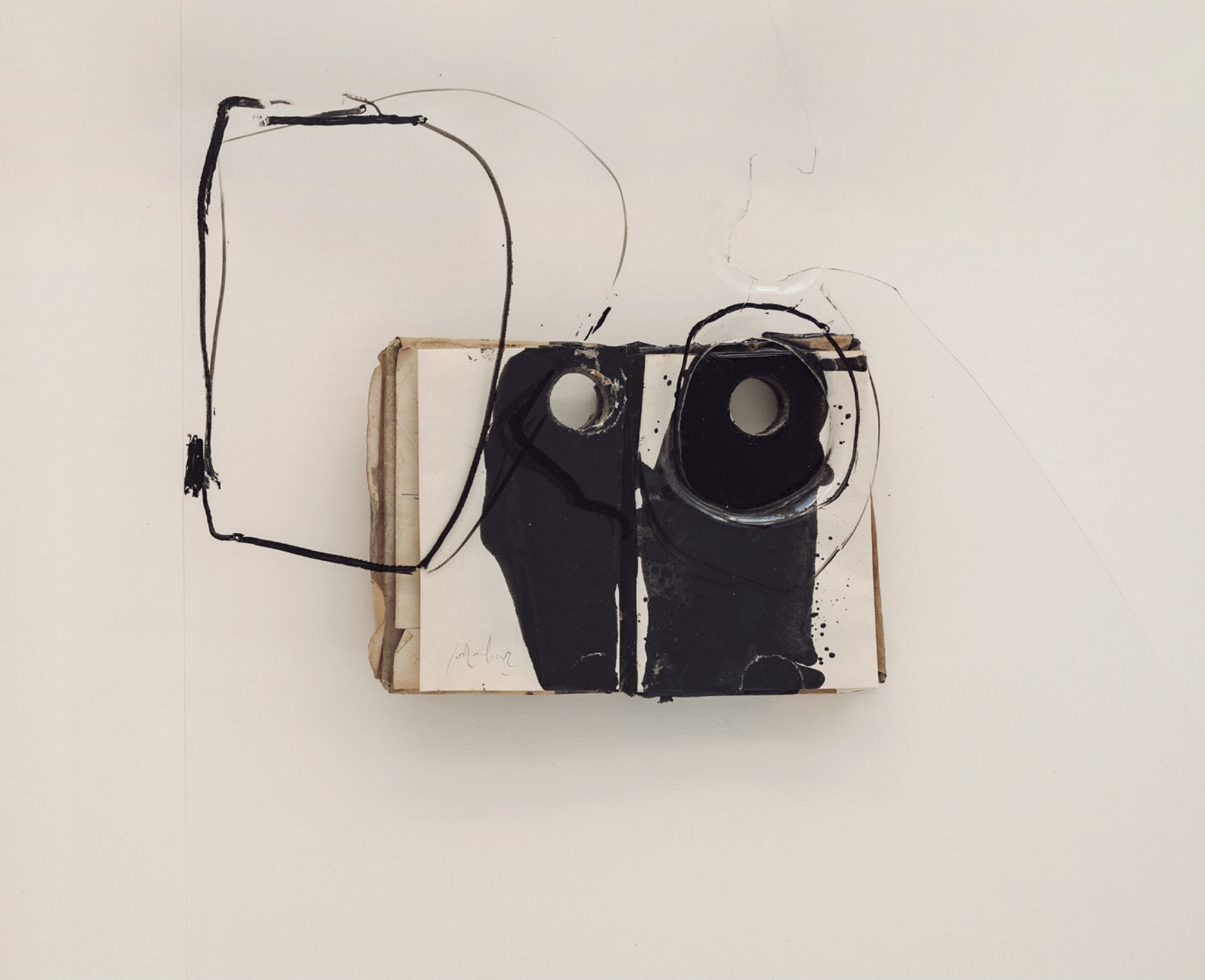


Emmi Whitehorse

September 5–October 26, 2024

Garth Greenan Gallery
545 West 20th Street, New York NY 10011
212.929.1351 www.garthgreenan.com

Emmi Whitehorse, *Abloom V* (detail), 2024, mixed media on canvas, 51 x 39 1/2 inches



JORDI ALCARAZ

ALZUETA_GALLERY
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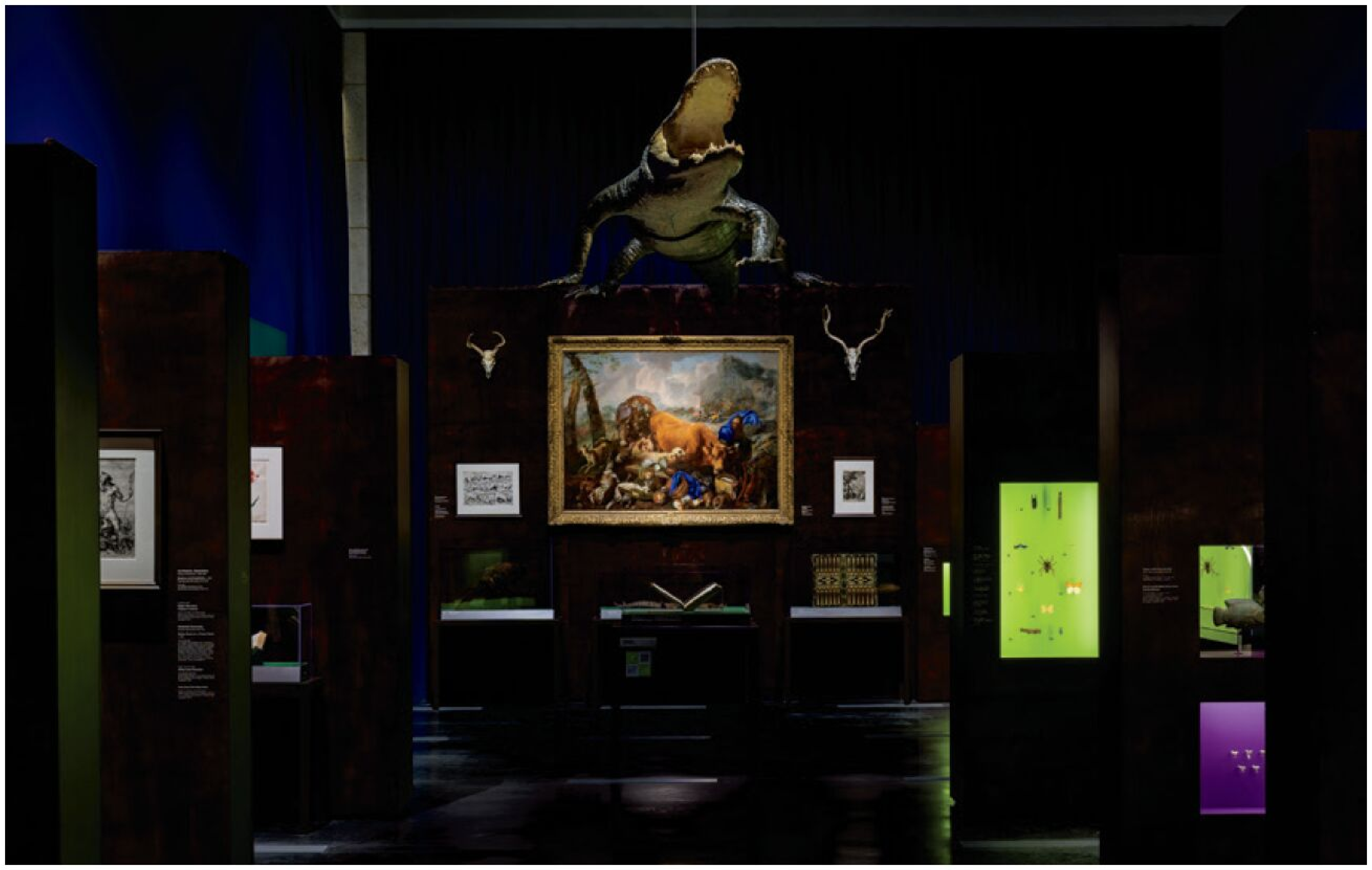
GUILTY PLEASURES

Bryan Barcena on “The World Made Wondrous”



View of “The World Made Wondrous: The Dutch Collector’s Cabinet and the Politics of Possession,” 2023–24, Los Angeles County Museum of Art. Center: Giovanni Benedetto Castiglione, *Noah’s Sacrifice After the Deluge*, 1650–55.

“THE WORLD MADE WONDROUS: The Dutch Collector’s Cabinet and the Politics of Possession” presented a luscious contrast to the austere exhibition design typically seen at LACMA’s Stuart and Linda Resnick Pavilion, a Renzo Piano building whose gallery spaces conform to the modernist preference for neutrality over ambience. Here, these nondescript galleries were fashioned into a re-creation of a seventeenth-century wunderkammer: Faux-mahogany panels replaced white walls, theatrical lighting guided visitors to illuminated niches painted in jewel tones, and sturdy iron pedestals elevated a menagerie of curiosities.

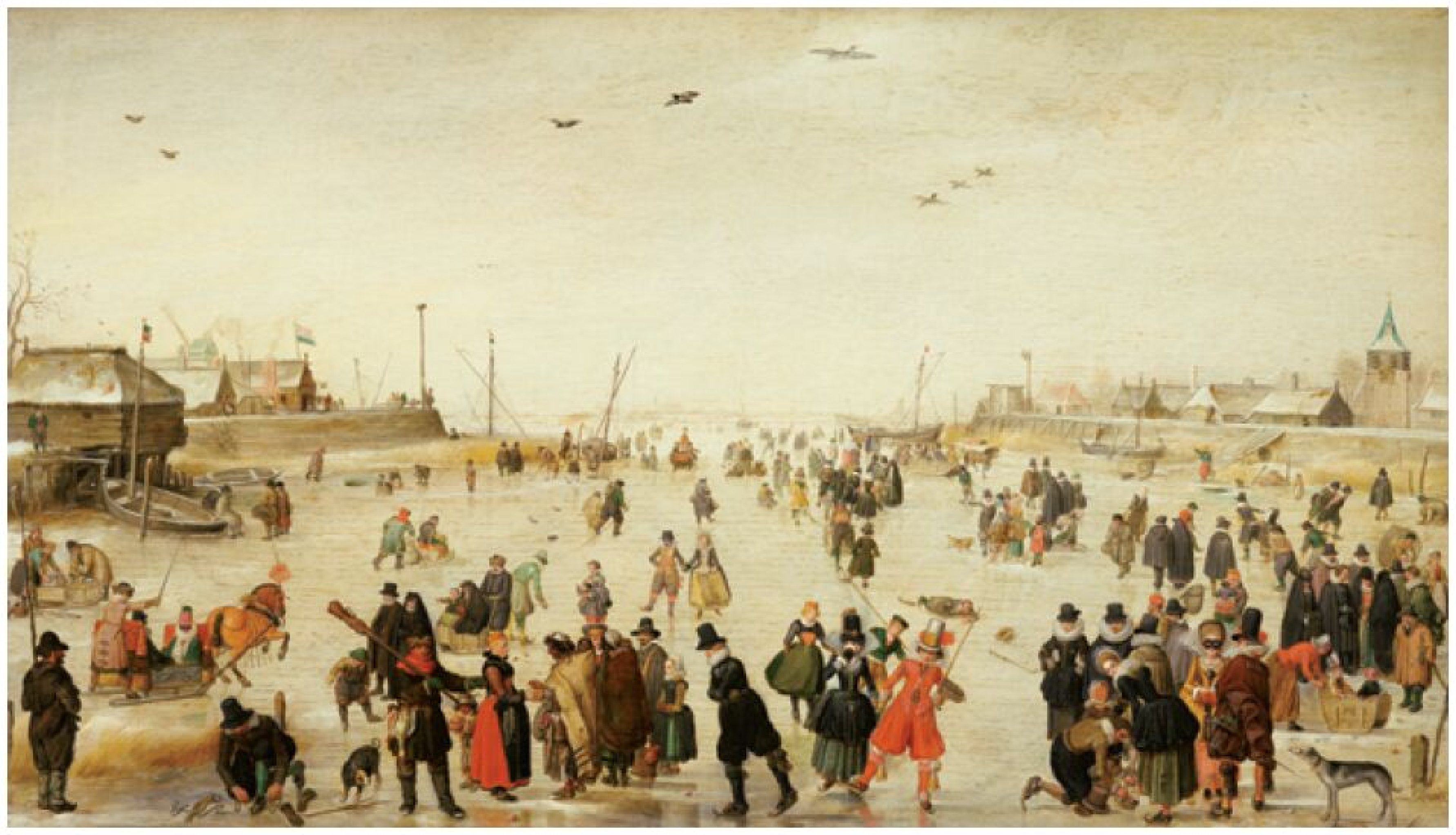
On display within this lavish environment was a wide-ranging and far-reaching collection of art objects, natural specimens, manuscripts, maps, furniture, and gems drawn from LACMA’s permanent collection, as well as from the Natural History Museum of Los Angeles; the rare-book collection of the Getty Research Institute; the Louise M. Darling Biomedical Library at the University of California, Los Angeles; the Huntington Library, Art Museum, and Botanical Gardens; and Chicago’s Adler Planetarium. Visitors gazed upon medieval stained-glass panels, Renaissance etchings, a fifteenth-century Bohemian bejeweled crown, Ming-dynasty cups carved from rhinoceros horn, Greek amphorae, portraits by Rembrandt, and even a full-size taxidermic alligator suspended from the ceiling, which presided over hundreds of other similarly awe-inducing treasures. Juxtapositions of objects that would never be neighbors in more conventional collection exhibitions abounded: On one wall, crimson nooks showcasing stalks of pink coral surrounded Dutch painter Hendrick Avercamp’s *Winter Scene on a Frozen Canal*, ca. 1620; on another, Il Grechetto’s painting *Noah’s Sacrifice After the Deluge*, 1650–55, depicting the biblical figure surrounded by different species of animals and eclectic objects after returning to dry land, hung between two deer skulls and above three vitrines respectively containing a taxidermy spider monkey, pangolin skin, and a Turkish backgammon board. Collected and displayed with thoughtfulness and care by their curator, and at obvious great expense, the assembled objects and their settings conveyed capital, privilege, and taste—and, ultimately, gave the impression that the entire world could be contained within one room.

The conceit of the exhibition, organized by LACMA’s assistant curator of European painting, Diva Zumaya, was that the collection on view belonged to a fictional seventeenth-century Dutch merchant, implicitly positioned as the embodiment of colonial ills. The show’s premise suggested that what visitors were encountering was a re-creation of the origins of museum culture writ large, and in turn the legacies of human abuse, capitalist greed, and the ravaging of the natural world. Zumaya’s aim here was clearly not to reify the taste and savvy of this unnamed collector and the history of museum policy he represented, but rather to undercut it by highlighting the relationship between colonial enterprises and museums, with modern-day institutions as “heirs of this tradition,” as stated by the introductory text.

The curator articulated her analysis of vexed provenance, human rights abuses, and extractive processes exclusively through didactic material, the vast majority of which was presented to viewers by way of an audio guide. Available by scanning a QR code adjacent to the displays, or as printed handouts found throughout the exhibition, these texts called on a variety of voices (of academics, artists, Indigenous leaders, scientists) to address “environmental conservation, colonial history, and Indigenous worldviews,” according to the museum. In the audio commentary accompanying the painting *The Nieuwezijds Voorburgwal with the Flower and Tree Market in Amsterdam*, ca. 1675, for instance, Netherlands-based Zimbabwean artist and curator Sithabile Mlotshwa remarked that the cityscape “celebrates and glorifies empire and is a symbol of the might and Golden Age of the Netherlands, and is at the same time an erasure of the colonial atrocities that include slavery, genocide and the oppression of peoples that were colonized by the Dutch.” In a voice-over accompanying a large vitrine of impeccably mounted, sparkling gemstones, sociologist Hannah Holleman remarked, “As dazzling as precious metals, minerals, and gems may look when used to construct expensive treasures, mining is notorious for the awful scars it leaves on the earth and for the corrupting influence it has on people and governments.”

The exhibition purposefully created an uneasy tension between awe and shame, tacitly activating the viewer’s sense of guilt in admiring these relics of colonial plunder. Leaving the material that carries all the weight of reframing this display behind awkward QR codes and tinny smartphone speakers—or to be navigated through clumsy printouts under dim lighting—was an ineffective way of getting viewers to complicate their understandings of the sumptuous displays of curiosities before them.

The issue arose as a result of the richness of the re-created Dutch *Wunderkammer*, which weakened the curator’s attempt to provide a decolonized version of a permanent-collection exhibition. In reconstructing a seventeenth-century setting, the exhibition was in fact doubling down on the museological precedents, visual language, and interpretive strategies of the colonial



Above: **Hendrick Avercamp, *Winter Scene on a Frozen Canal*, ca. 1620**, oil on wood panel, 14½ × 25¾".
Right: **Uýra, *Elementar (A última floresta)*** (Elemental [The Last Forest]), **2019**, ink-jet print, 23⅝ × 35½".

enterprise. Even the exhibition's title signaled this dichotomy, implying that the objects of the world are made wondrous once gathered and presented in this way; the more pressing "politics of possession" was left to ancillary material. In the end, wonder superseded doubt.

I don't mean to suggest that we should bury this kind of decolonial reframing. We have to reckon with these histories. And to be fair to LACMA, the contradictions brought to light by this exhibition are ones that are shared by collecting institutions across the globe. But *how* visitors are retrained to see beyond what is immediately in front of them and consider the means by which it arrived there is of equal importance to *what* is on display. "The World Made Wondrous" unfortunately had the opposite effect: The display and didactic strategies reinforced the methods that got us here in the first place. At the end of the day, the presentation made the history of the enterprise look wondrous; the injustices that brought the artworks there were too easy to ignore. Ultimately, the two opposing veins of wonder and lament telegraphed by the exhibition's subheading found themselves at odds and unresolved.

Four modest collection works by contemporary artists Jennifer Ling Datchuk, Todd Gray, Mlotshwa, and Uýra were inserted among the *Wunderkammer* objects in order to "provide essential context and reflection on the historical narratives woven through the exhibition," according to the museum's website. Gray's work, *Atlantic (Tiepolo)*, 2023, presented overlapping framed photographs of Baroque architecture, eighteenth-century Venetian murals, and a group of Africans looking out across the sea, condensing (or perhaps flattening) the exhibition's themes rather than expanding on them. The inclusion of the work of contemporary artists offered a distraction from, rather than an indictment of, the exhibition's gilded charms.

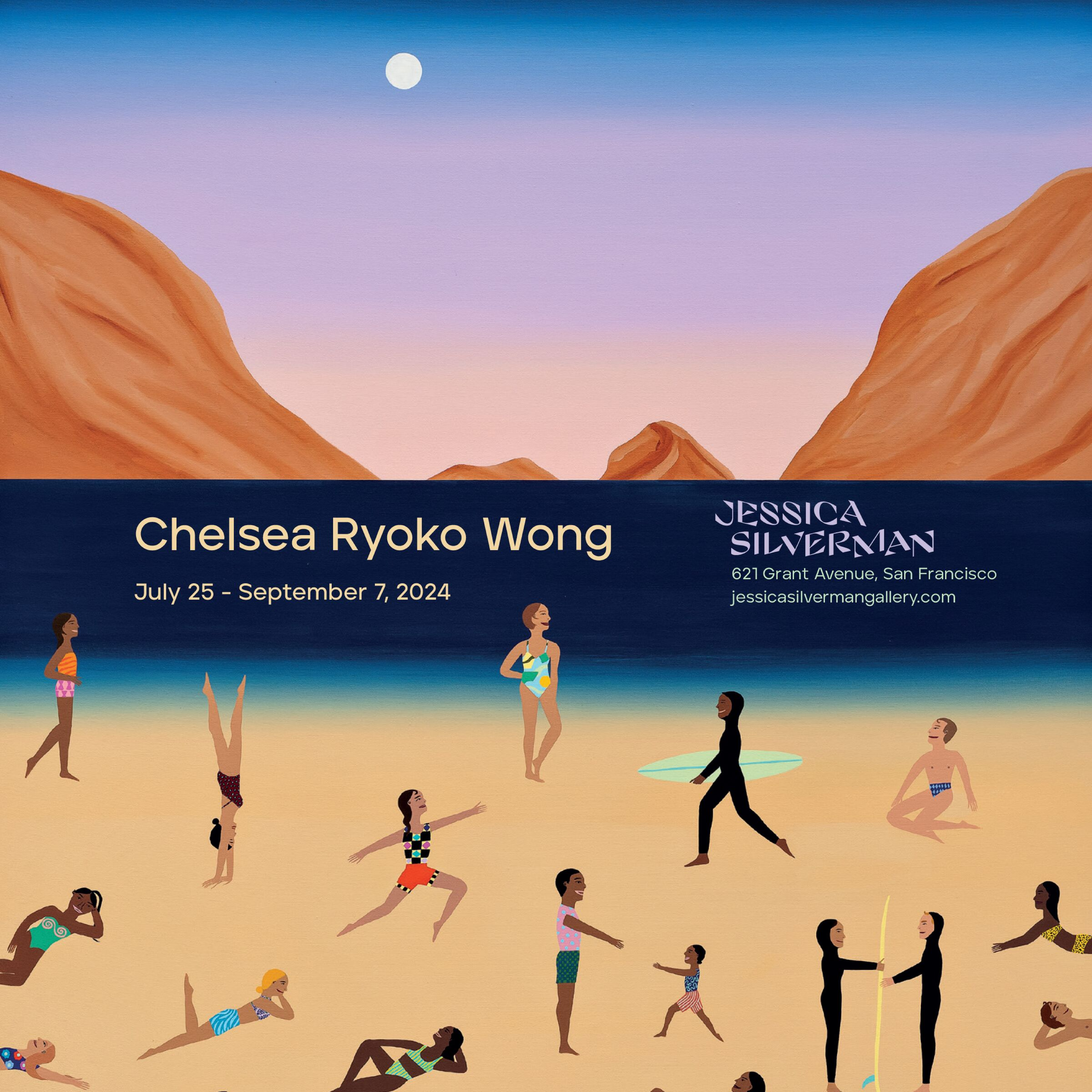
To its credit, LACMA has already provided more fruitful alternatives to traditional museum pedagogy. Gala Porras-Kim's exploration of the museum's Proctor Stafford collection of Mexican art, *Naming Rights*, 2017, involved an attempt to decouple a heterogeneous collection of artifacts from the parameters associated with the individual donor who gave it to the institution in 1986. One part of the extended project, an artwork in the form of a Microsoft Word document, laid out her argument: The objects, haphazardly grouped into the ambiguous category of "West Mexican" by the museum's cataloguers, were likely the product of looting, given that their acquisition predated the introduction of UNESCO cultural-protection laws; thus their labels should actually read, "unnamed grave looters in west Mexico collection," and, "deceased people of west Mexico collection." Porras-Kim's project interrogated the actual provenance of the museum's collection while unsettling or detourning the museum's taxonomic conventions. By contrast, "The World Made Wondrous" simply reiterated a colonial approach to display (the *Wunderkammer*) while displacing critique onto a fictional protagonist. The creation of a colonial straw man allowed the museum to occupy a position both within and without, whereby it presented these objects as a burden passed down across centuries while sidestepping a full reckoning with the actual means by which they entered its collection.

José Luis Blondet's excellent 2021 exhibition at LACMA, "NOT I: Throwing Voices (1500 BCE–2020 CE)," positioned ventriloquism as an extended metaphor for the ways that museums and librarians "speak" through objects. That show was radically porous, replete with poetic, authorial, decontextualized arrangements of artworks that would normally never find themselves placed side by side. One group of works revolved around rabbits, critters associated with magicians, who often incorporate ventriloquism in their acts: Ryūryūkyo Shinsai's 1807 Surimono woodblock print *Woman Making Rabbit Shadow for Small Boy* hung in close proximity to Ed Ruscha's *Rabbit*, 1986, and Nayland Blake's *Bottom Bunny*, 1994, a photograph of a stuffed bunny in bondage gear. Like "The World Made Wondrous," "Not I" sought to presage a new model of nonchronological, thematic permanent-collection displays that will become the standard at LACMA once it occupies its new Peter Zumthor–designed home later this decade, but Blondet conveyed his argument through idiosyncratic arrangements whose underlying logic was informed by his own curatorial whims, yet readily apparent to viewers.

Despite the shortcomings of "The World Made Wondrous," this kind of curatorial experimentation—a loosening of the bonds between objects and their makers, an undoing of rigid taxonomies—should be encouraged. The groupings in the exhibition were indeed unusual, a pleasure to admire, and thought-provoking—if not particularly germane to the curator's didactic goal. A curatorial approach that values the agency of the curator can in fact liberate objects from the centuries of proposed orders and standards that align with colonial doctrine.

It could be argued that the interpretive issues present in "The World Made Wondrous" are symptomatic of those present in contemporary artistic production writ large, whereby meaning is inextricably bound to narratives that are largely invisible to the viewer, dependent on context and content that reside outside the frame. In training visitors to read the label before looking at the work, museums preclude the development of visual acuity. The result is a glut of didactic and conceptual strategies that prioritize overdetermined readings. These approaches foreclose the possibilities for inventive interpretation, or indeed generative misinterpretation. Perhaps the next version of an exhibition that aims to reckon with the history of colonial plunder can show us, rather than tell us, how museums can look forward and backward at once. ☐

BRYAN BARCENA IS THE WEST COAST EDITOR OF *ARTFORUM*.



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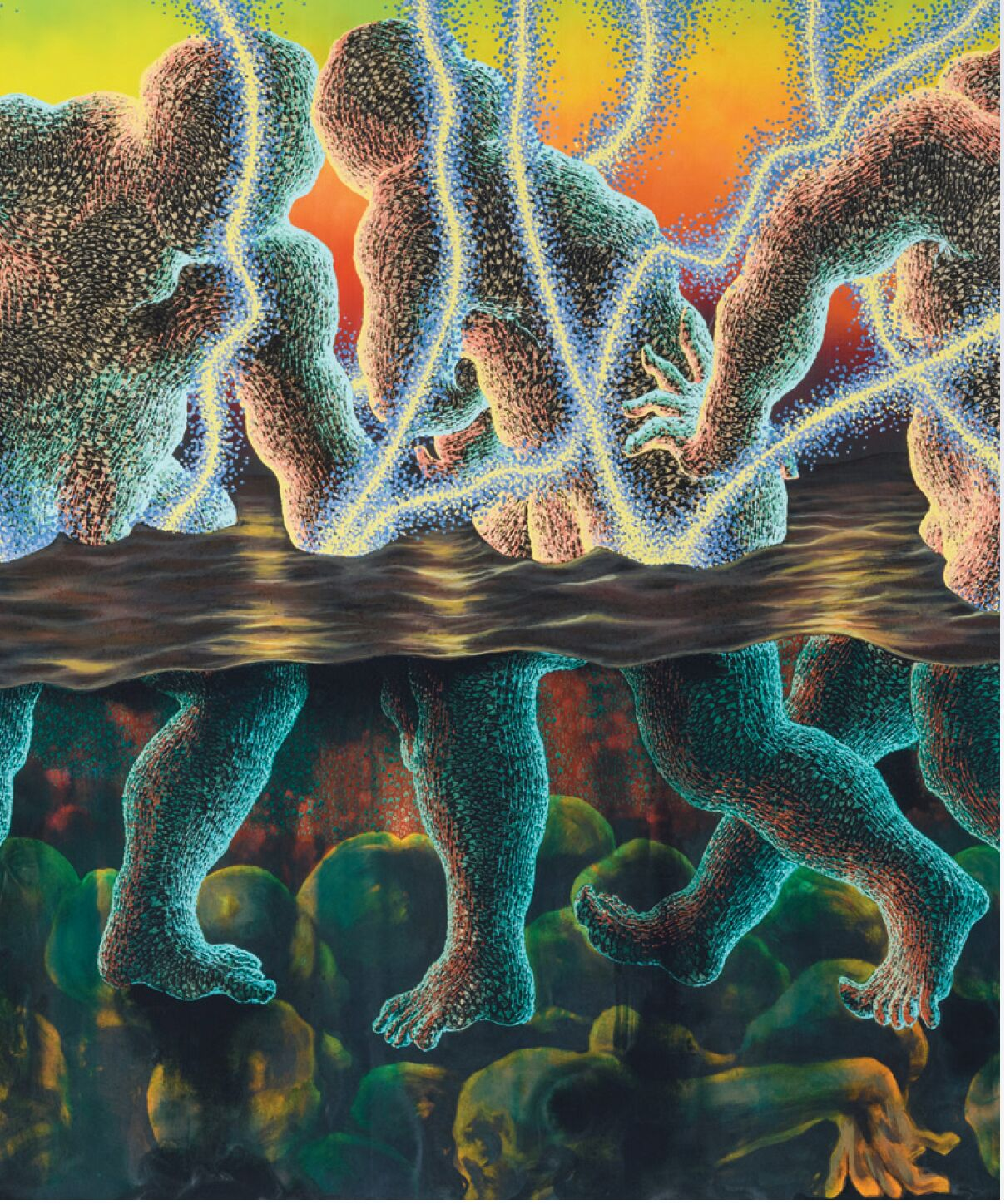

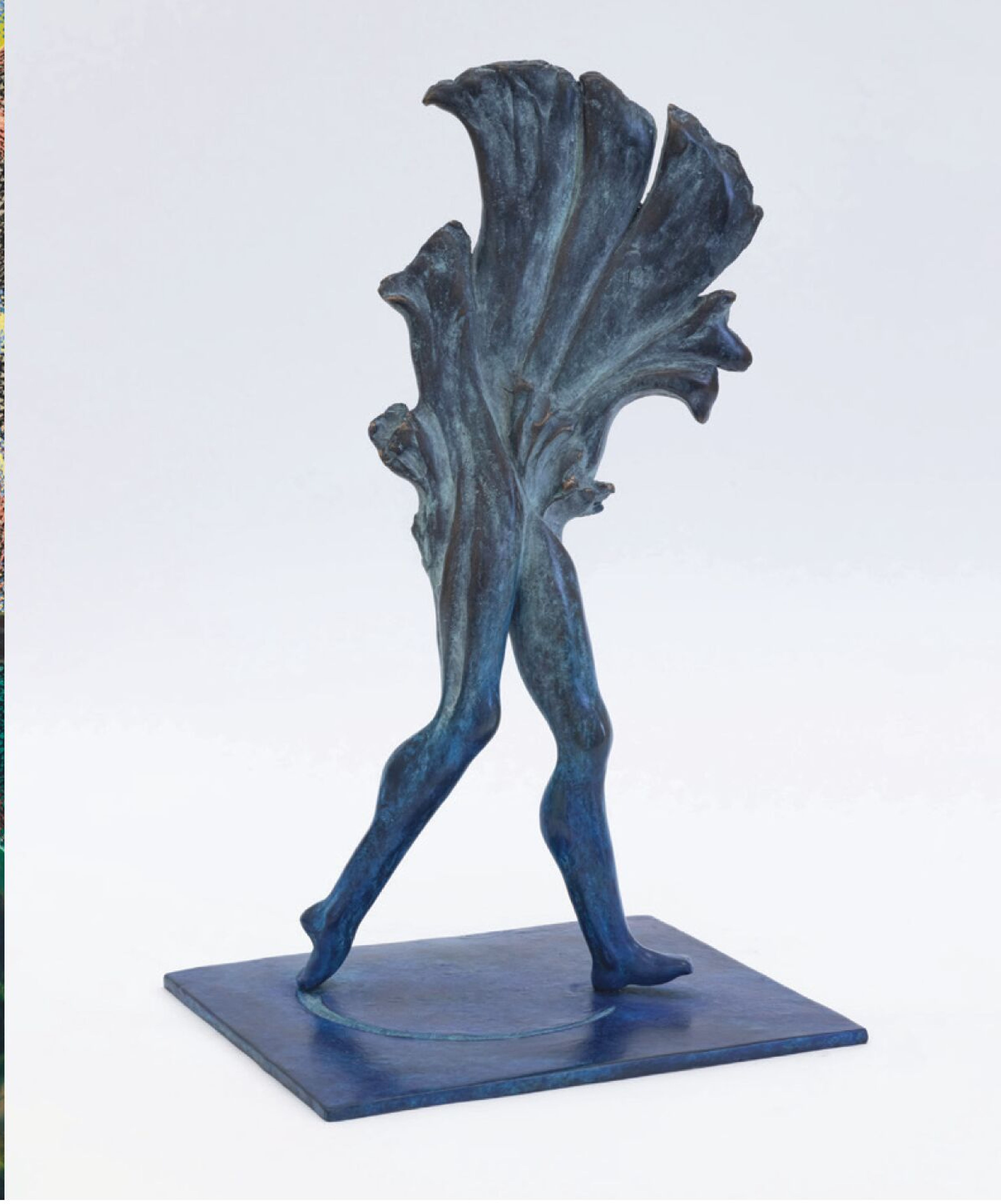

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June 7 – July 26
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THEATER

BRUSH WITH A BARONESS ▪ Leslie Camhi on *Lempicka*

Rachel Chavkin, *Lempicka*, 2018. Performance view, Longacre Theatre, New York, March 2024. Tamara de Lempicka (Eden Espinosa). Photo: Matthew Murphy and Evan Zimmerman.

THE ARTIST TAMARA DE LEMPICKA (1894–1980) painted her signature works nearly a century ago. Yet her art, at once overexposed and under-examined, appears suddenly ripe for reappraisal. “Tamara who?” queried a friend, an otherwise sophisticated consumer of culture, after asking what I’d been working on. She’d undoubtedly seen reproductions of Lempicka’s art over the years: the hard-edged, luminous nudes that Madonna used in two music videos; or the *Self-portrait in Green Bugatti*, a glamorous paean to the speed and autonomy of the New Woman driver, painted in 1927 for the cover of a German women’s magazine and popular for decades as a poster.

Earlier this year, *Lempicka*, a Broadway musical that sought to scale the operatic heights of the artist’s tumultuous life—the Russian Revolution! Bisexuality in 1920s Paris! Futurism! Fascism!—received three Tony nominations before closing in May. But art world gatekeepers have long considered Lempicka, if they considered her at all, a mere historical curiosity.

A single 1939 canvas at New York’s Metropolitain Museum of Art and four paintings from the ’40s to the ’60s at the Blanton Museum of Art in Austin, Texas, were until recently the sole works by this iconic Art Deco artist in US museums. All were gifts of the artist’s daughter, Kizette de Lempicka-Foxhall.

“This lack of institutional interest really made us wonder why she hadn’t been perceived as a serious artist,” says Furio Rinaldi, curator of drawing and prints at the Fine Arts Museums of San Francisco, who spearheaded his museum’s acquisition, in 2022, of the artist’s delicate, 1937 portrait drawing of her daughter. Rinaldi has teamed up with Gioia Mori, a professor at the Academy of Fine Arts in Rome, to organize “Tamara de Lempicka,” the artist’s first major US retrospective, opening at the de Young in San Francisco on October 12.

“HISTORY IS A BITCH, but so am I.” Thus proclaims an elderly, eccentric Tamara (Eden Espinosa, in a bravura performance) in *Lempicka* (2018), which features lyrics by Carson Kreitzer, music by Matt Gould, and book by both. The real-life artist tended to gloss over aspects of her biography, but we know that she was born Tamara Rosa Hurwitz-Gorska in Warsaw in 1894, the middle child of three in a wealthy Polish family of Jewish descent that later moved to Moscow. The musical opens with the octagenarian seated on a public bench in sunny 1970s Los Angeles, wrapped in furs and reminiscing about a long-ago love triangle. Then the furs fly off, the curtain behind her flies open, and in the first of many quick-change operations, she’s a young girl wearing a white wedding dress in 1916 Petrograd, improbably poised at an easel with paintbrush in hand and about to marry the handsome Polish count Tadeusz Lempicki (Andrew Samonsky)—a catch!

Lempicka’s paintings, considered on their own, conjure a lost world, more vivid than any Broadway stage set.

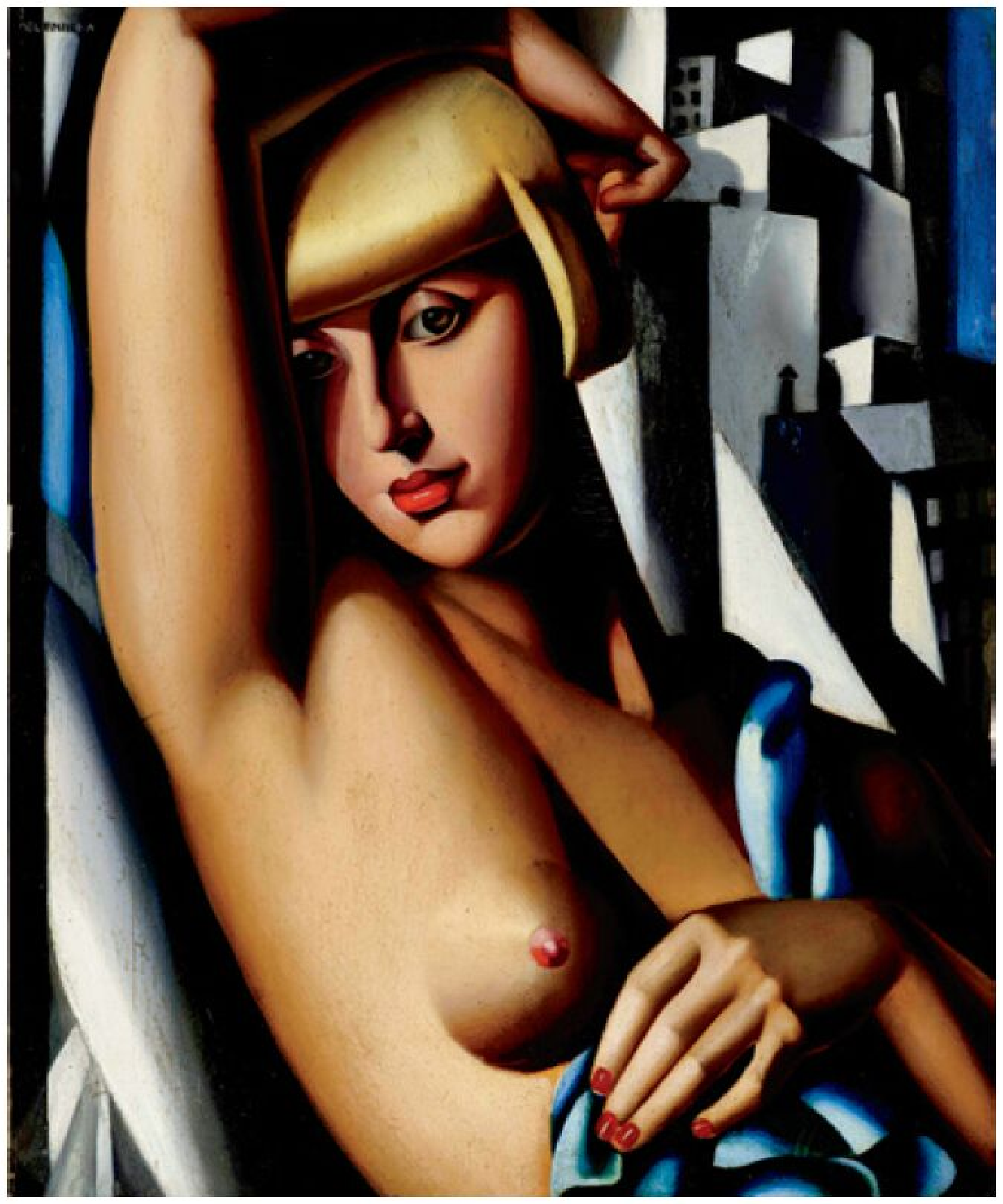
History never stops churning throughout the two-and-a-half-hour production, as the couple’s wedding amid Imperial Russian splendor gives way within minutes to the stomping troops and waving flags of the 1918 Bolshevik revolution, into whose dungeons Tadeusz is thrown as a counterrevolutionary spy.

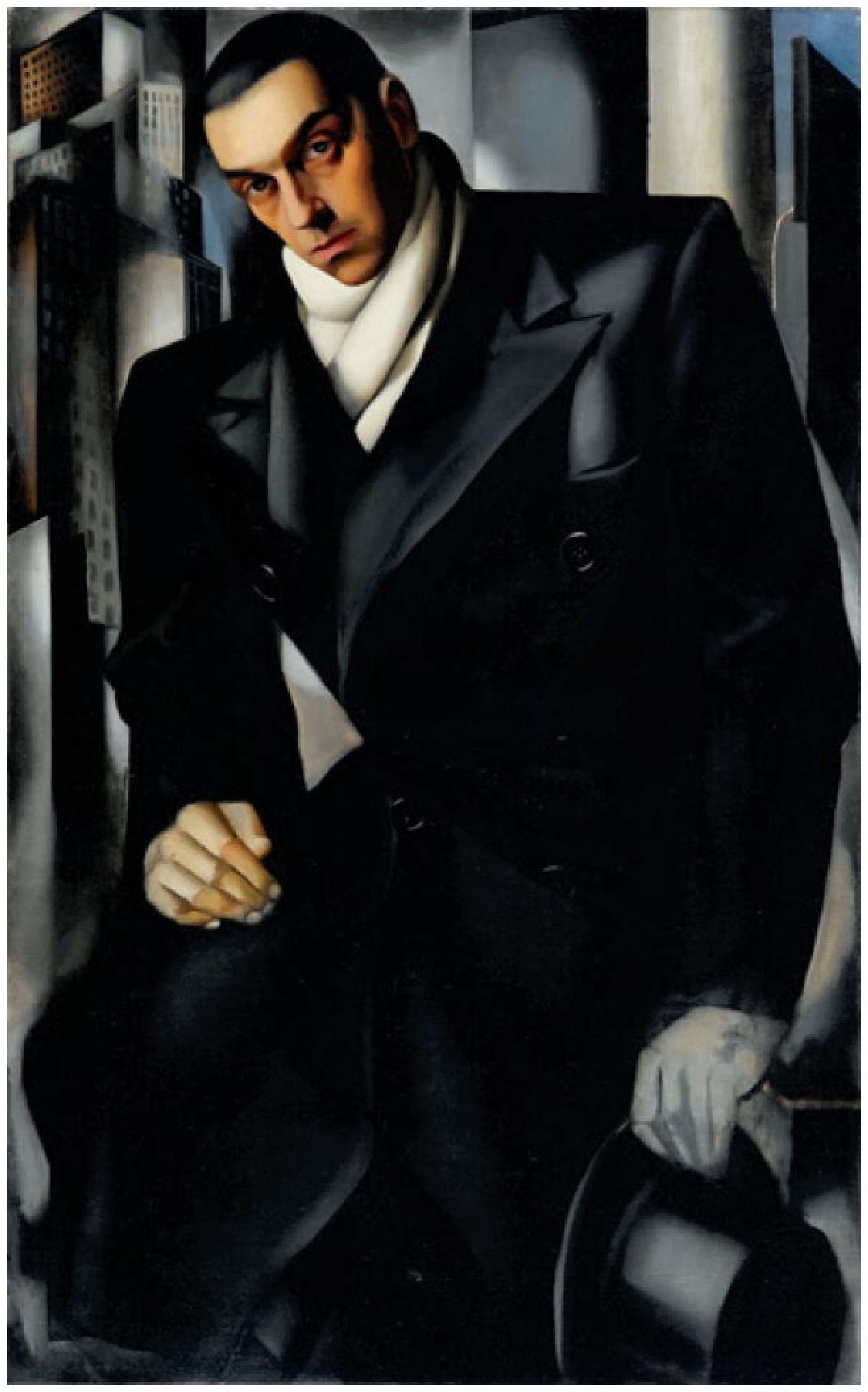
Tamara barters her body to win his release—never the best way to begin young married life—and eventually she, Tadeusz, and their little daughter, Kizette (Zoe Glick), wash up in Paris, along with masses of dispossessed White Russians. Tadeusz remains dazed by the loss of his ancestral forests, while Tamara begins to hunger for the freedom she senses among the artistic and libertine ferment of the French capital’s bohemian fringe. She’s also (at first) literally hungry. In one scene, she can’t resist gobbling up the pastries in a still life that she is painting. But her skills and reputation grow, and the commissions begin to pour in.

Her paintings, considered on their own, conjure a lost world, more vivid than any Broadway stage set. She painted expat Russians, like the Grand Duke Gavriil Constantinovich, strapped by gold braid into his red uniform, the eyes in his bloodless face focussed on a distant, imperial past; or like her female friend and sometime lover, the smooth-limbed, red-haired Ira Perrot, wearing a gown of oyster-colored satin and holding a bunch of arum lilies. She painted Jazz Age characters, like the lesbian nightclub owner Suzy Solidor, her pneumatic breasts, blonde helmet of hair, and ruby lips a constant provocation.

She painted her depressed and soon-to-be-ex-husband, a brooding, Slavic Heathcliff in a dark, double-breasted coat, with a white silk scarf elegantly knotted at his neck and his broad, sharp shoulders silhouetted against the gray towers of a modern metropolis.

And she painted nudes——Adam and Eve before the Fall; a glowing Andromeda, kinkily chained and yearning; her lover, “la belle Rafaêla,” in a pre- or post-coïtal nap. It has been said that she painted more female nudes than any woman artist had ever done before her.





Above: **Tamara de Lempicka, *Portrait of Suzy Solidor*, 1933,** oil on wood panel, 18⅛ × 14¾".

Right: **Tamara de Lempicka, *Portrait of a Man (Tadeusz Lempicki)*, 1928,** oil on canvas, 51 × 31⅞".

Far right: **Tamara de Lempicka working on her 1928–29 painting *Nana de Herrera*, Paris, ca. 1929.** Photo: Thérèse Bonney.

The musical *Lempicka* centers on the love triangle—banal but for its queer frisson—of Tamara, caught between her attachment to Tadeusz and her passion for "Rafaëla" (a composite figure, played touchingly by Amber Iman).The real-life Lempicka said she spotted Rafaëla, a beautiful streetwalker, plying her trade in the Bois de Boulogne and convinced her to come back to the atelier and pose—and do other things. My guess is that for the painter, a libertine endowed with an artist's ruthless self-regard, the play's imagined conflict between true love on the margins of society and the social cachet of heterosexual marriage to an aristocrat would have left her cold.

The musical also posits Filippo Tommaso Marinetti (a manic George Abud) as Tamara's artistic mentor. In fact, Lempicka did meet the author of the Futurist Manifesto one evening in a Left Bank café, where he was exhorting art students to "burn down the Louvre." But she was, at heart, a classicist and a lover of Botticelli, even if she also found inspiration in the fizz of champagne or in the nighttime goings-on—a jumble of sailors and top-hatted gentlemen—in shacks along the Seine.

She studied, for a time, in the atelier of the Symbolist Maurice Denis, but the only teacher whose influence she would later acknowledge was André Lhote. Decidedly less incendiary than Marinetti, Lhote preached a "return to order" in art, which would marry the discoveries of Cubism with French Neoclassicism.

Marinetti's central presence in the musical does allow us to raise the question of Lempicka's politics. It can be challenging to get a grip on them. Marinetti, an enthusiastic backer of Mussolini, wholeheartedly embraced Italian Fascism (his enthusiasm the occasion for more stomping boots and waving flags in *Lempicka*). In her works from the '20s and '30s, Lempicka's smooth bodies of seemingly air-brushed perfection recall a Fascist aesthetic (visible also in the 1937 architecture of Paris's Palais de Chaillot), and while navigating a path through the choppy waters of European politics in that era, she befriended at least one leading Italian Blackshirt. But one senses that her primary allegiance was to her own survival. And at the height of her career, women—startlingly sensual and newly empowered—occupied the center of her artistic universe.

During her years of separation from Tadeusz (beginning as early as 1928, with their divorce finalized in 1931), Lempicka took up with one of her collectors, the immensely wealthy Hungarian Jewish baron Raoul Kuffner, aka "Rollie." They married in 1934, and left Paris for New York five years later, on the eve of the German occupation.

They settled for a time in Manhattan and in Beverly Hills, where Lempicka, now known as "the Baroness with a brush," tested the waters of an American career that never truly materialized. Her style changed. Gallerists lost interest, and she lost the glamour-girl, Greta Garbo–esque looks she had cultivated for decades in publicity photographs for her art——canny vehicles of self-promotion that male artists from Dalí to Warhol and Koons have also indulged in, without necessarily paying the highest price in terms of their critical reception.

In 1961, Rollie died. Roughly a decade later, Lempicka was a largely forgotten figure in the art world, moving between Paris and Cuernavaca, Mexico (where she would spend her final years), when a young art historian, Alain Blondel, rang her doorbell in Montparnasse. Three years later, he and his partners in the newly established Galerie du Luxembourg, Paris, organized the first show of her signature works in decades.

NOW, A NEW ERA of serious critical appreciation of Lempicka's art may be dawning. In 2022, the influential French curator Camille Morineau highlighted her work in "Pioneers," an exhibition at the Muséee du Luxembourg exploring the sapphic modernist zeitgeist of 1920s Paris and positioning the artist alongside Romaine Brooks and others in the circle of writer Natalie Barney. And, curator Alison Gingeras says she will include Lempicka's work in "the first comprehensive feminist art historical show in Poland," which she is currently organizing for Warsaw's Museum of Modern Art, placing "this legendary Pole" "in a conversation about the female gaze and desire." The artist was no Bohemian. "She was very attentive to high society," explains Mori, the Lempicka expert. "When she traveled, it was always with major jewels and an important dress." She was friendly with Coco Chanel, Elsa Schiaparelli, and other couturiers who, it seems, were happy to lend to her. Yet these glittering trappings were no mere frivolity. The shattered illusions of stability—upended by science, war, and revolution—lay in heaps around Lempicka and her portrait subjects, who turned to high style as a resource, a temporary consolation, a ballast amid history's whirlpool.

"And yet," Mori adds, "she was also a very free woman." A whiff of her freedom may soon be felt, wafting from San Francisco to Warsaw and points beyond. ☐

LESLIE CAMHI IS AN ESSAYIST AND LITERARY TRANSLATOR, WRITING FOR THE *NEW YORKER*, THE *NEW YORK TIMES*, AND OTHER PUBLICATIONS. HER FIRST TRANSLATION, OF VIOLAINE HUISMAN'S *THE BOOK OF MOTHER*, WAS LONG-LISTED FOR THE 2022 INTERNATIONAL BOOKER PRIZE.

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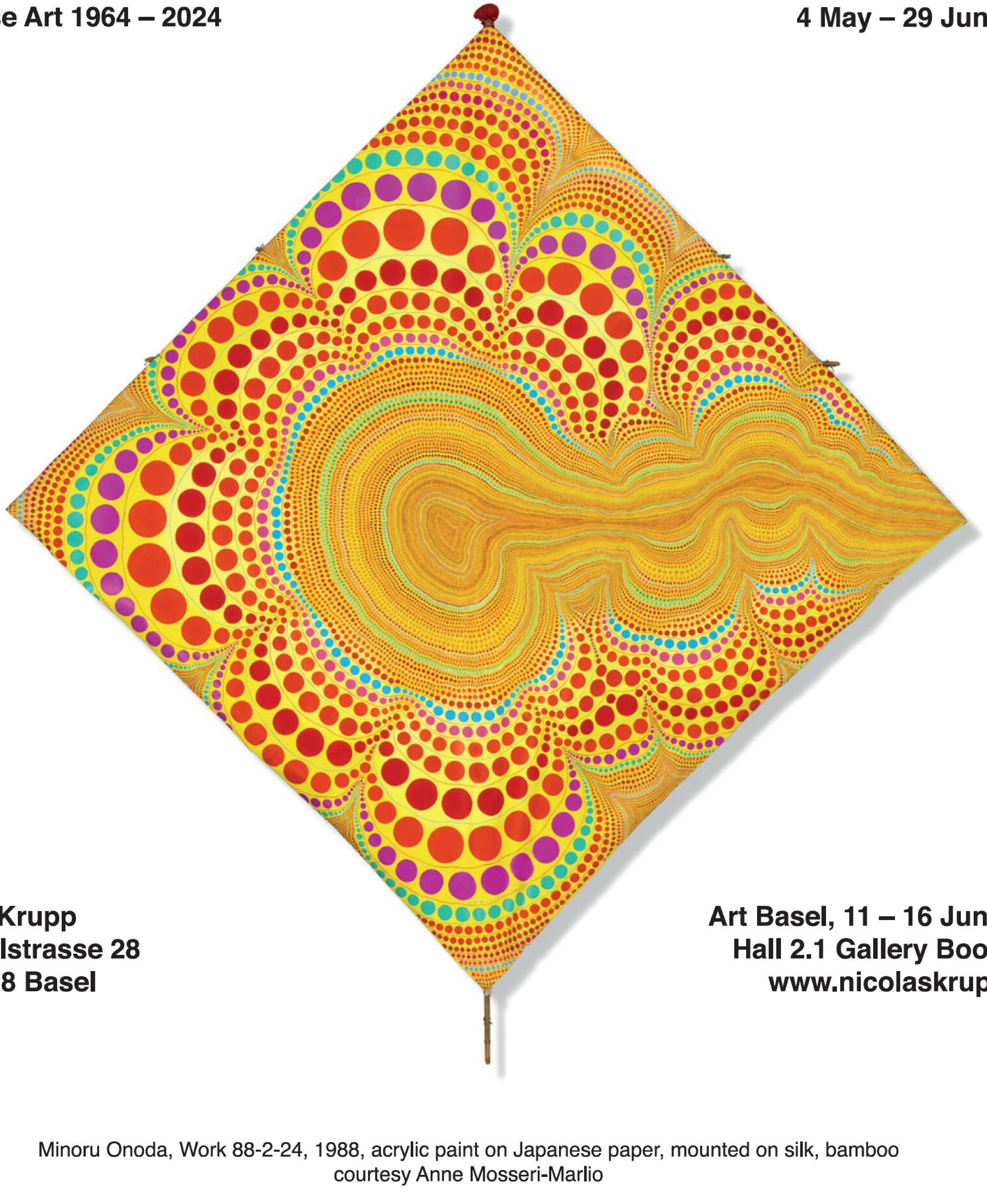

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Minoru Onoda, Work 88-2-24, 1988, acrylic paint on Japanese paper, mounted on silk, bamboo
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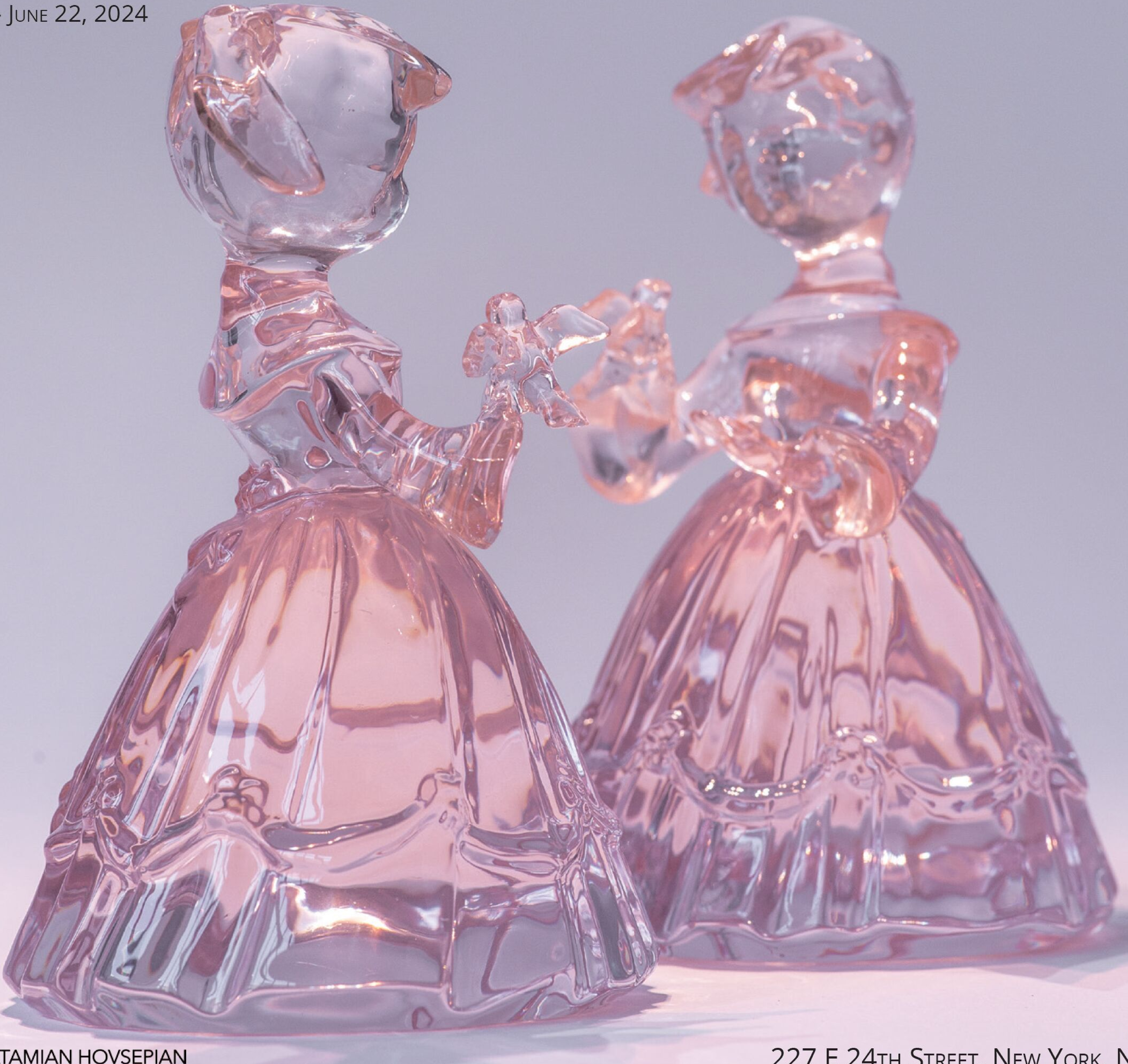

ATAMIAN HOVSEPIAN
Curatorial Practice

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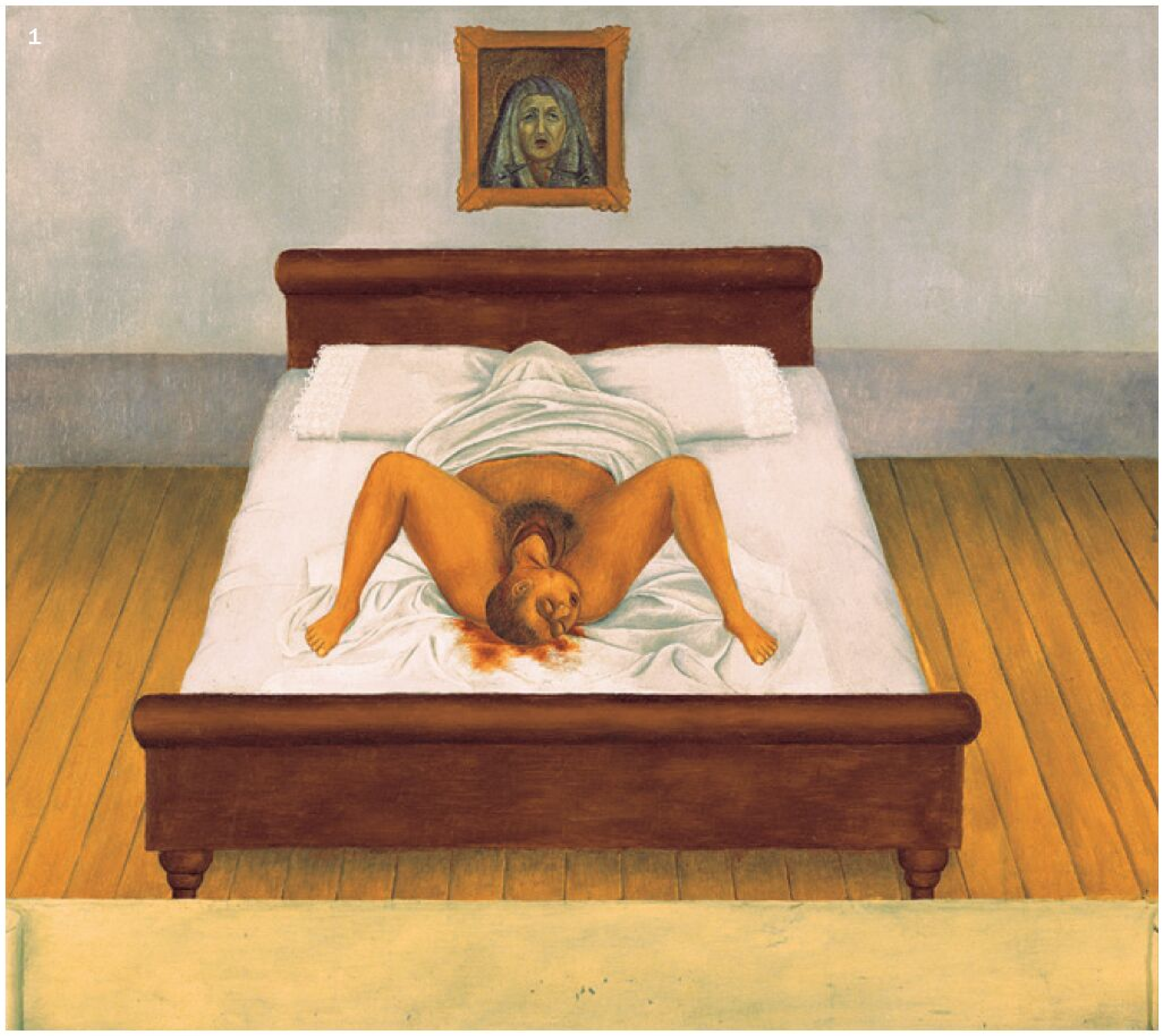
TOP TEN

CLARITY HAYNES

Clarity Haynes is a painter based in New York City. Her work centers on the torso as a site for portraiture, queer feminist altars, and the processes of crowning and childbirth. Recent solo exhibitions include “Portals” at New Discretions, New York (2024), “Collective Transmission” at the Aldrich Contemporary Art Museum in Ridgefield, Connecticut (2021), and “Altar-ed Bodies” at Denny Dimin Gallery, New York, copresented with New Discretions (2020). Her new monograph, *Portals* (New Discretions, 2024), is available from Distributed Art Publishers.

1



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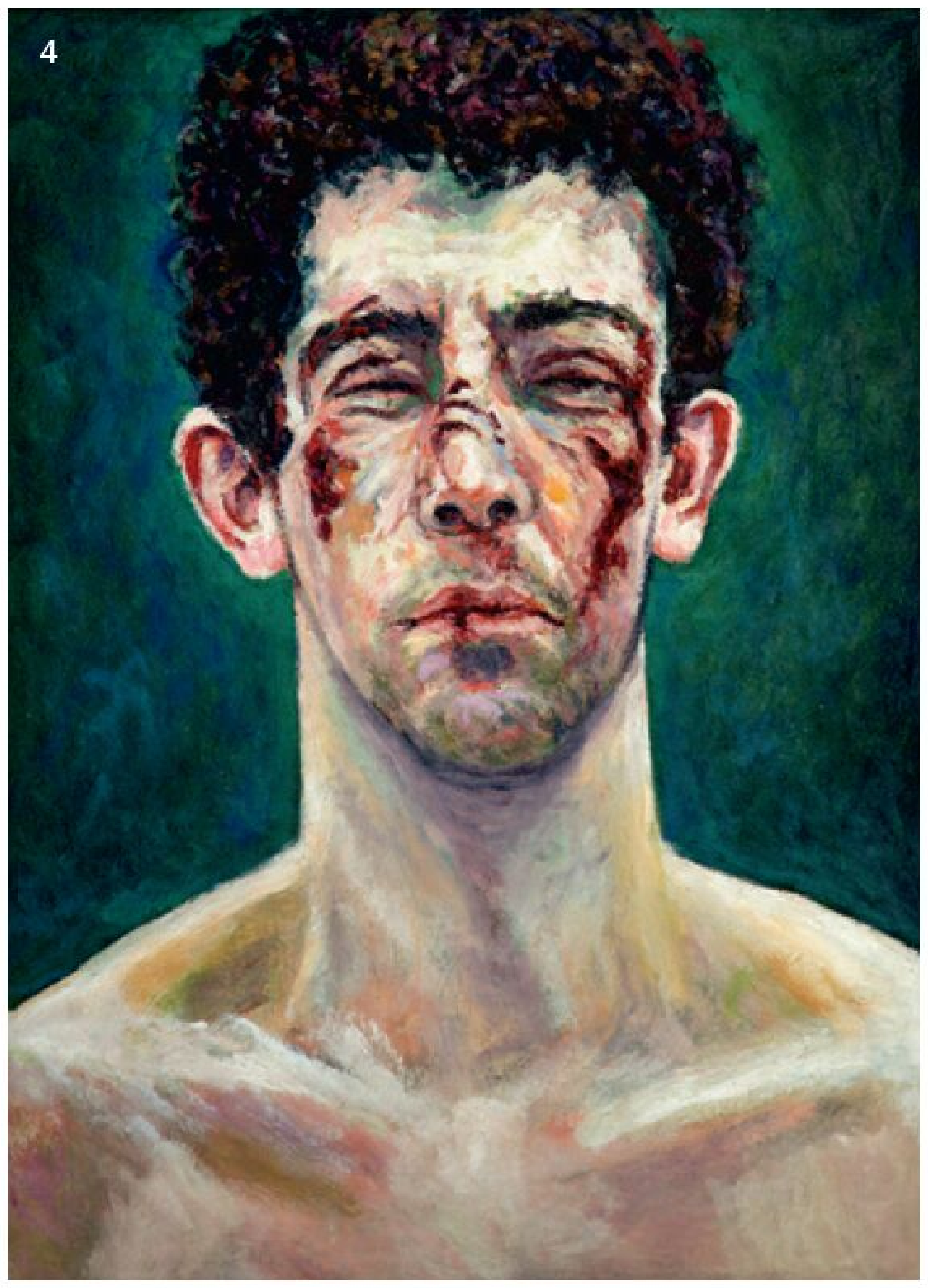


1. Frida Kahlo, *My Birth*, 1932, oil on metal, 12 × 14". **2.** Screenshot of a February 24, 2024, Instagram post by Flor Cruz. Photo: @mothernurturephotography. **3.** Tube of Holbein Artists’ Oil Color in Quinacridone Opera. **4.** Carlo Pittore, *Beaten*, 1985, oil on linen, 24 × 18".

1

FRIDA KAHLO, *MY BIRTH*, 1932 It blows my mind that this work was painted nearly a century ago. I love the way the blood looks almost orange as it soaks into the white bedsheet. The mother’s soft pubic hair; the way the infant Kahlo’s head, with those unmistakable eyebrows, dangles outside the birth canal—this is a multilayered self-portrait of the artist. She is both parent and child, creator and creation.

2

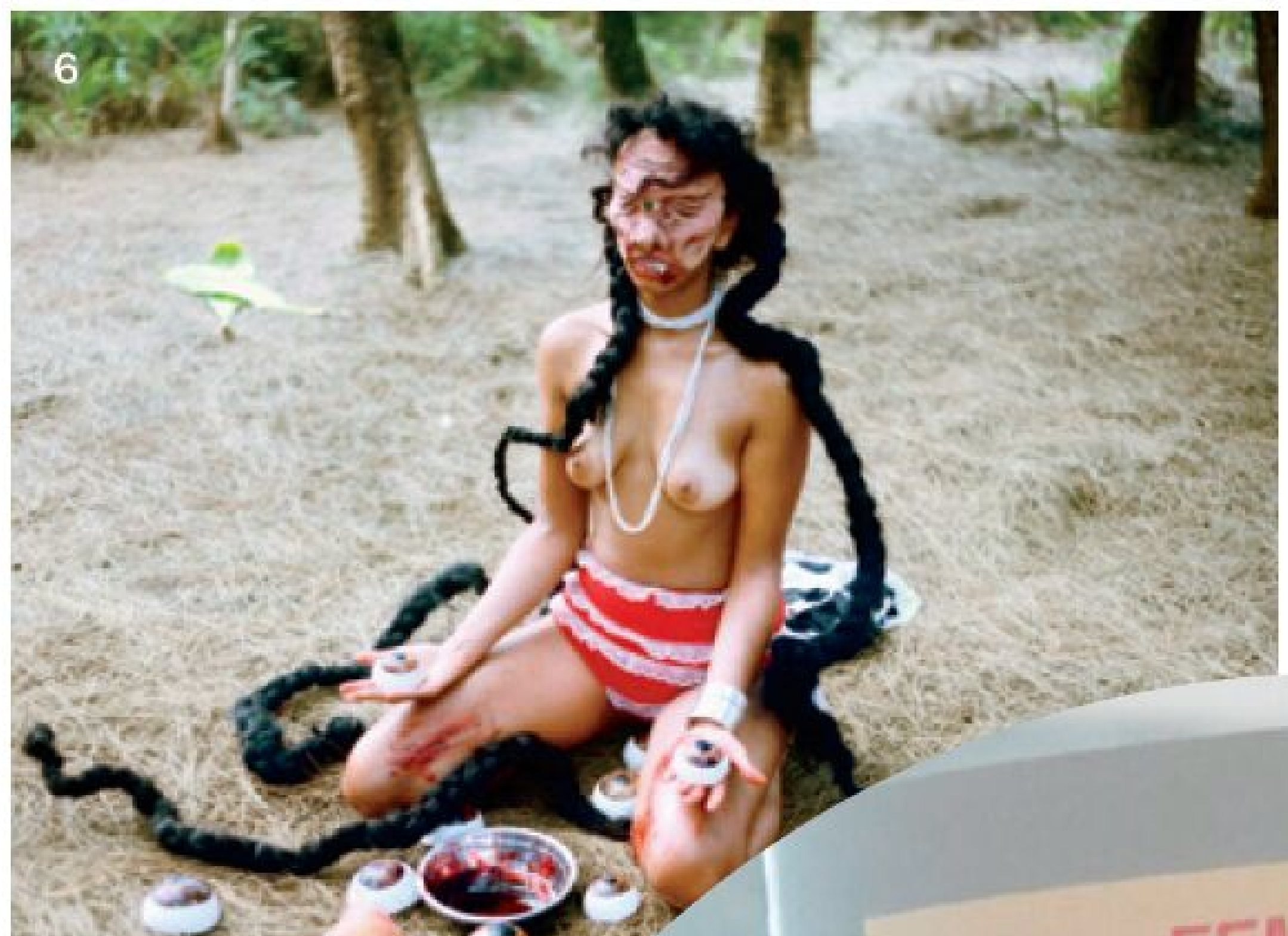
FLOR CRUZ’S INSTAGRAM, @BADASSMOTHERBIRTHER Despite being constantly shadow-banned and censored by Meta, this account has hundreds of thousands of followers. You can *really* look at birth here, via photos and videos, in all its primal, visceral glory.

3

HOLBEIN’S QUINACRIDONE OPERA OIL PAINT This color is pink fire. Its brightness is the kind you usually only see with acrylics. I like to glaze it over layers of orange, red, purple, and other pinks.

4

CARLO PITTORE (1943–2005) Carlo was my mentor, my art father. He’s best known as a mail artist, but his paintings were what made the biggest impression on me. He created portraits from live subjects—often nudes—with a queer sensibility. He wasn’t always comfortable being an out gay man. And he was frequently censored in his lifetime. I wish his incredible work were more widely recognized.



5. Cover of *Femme Art / Review* 3, 2024. Taylor Neal, *Jolene (2)*, 2022. **6.** Chitra Ganesh, *Hidden* (detail), 2007, triptych, digital C-prints, this print 24 × 27 ¾". **7.** Cover of Omotara James's *Song of My Softening* (Alice James Books, 2024). **8.** Bitch band T-shirt, 2022. **9.** Balloons, Brooklyn, NY, 2020. Photo: Clarity Haynes.

5
FEMME
ART / REVIEW

SONG OF MY SOFTENING
OMOTARA JAMES
7

Bitch
Bitch
Bitch
Bitch
Bitch
Bitch
Bitch
8

5

FEMME ART / REVIEW The third issue of this new Canadian art journal examines the problem of censorship through the lenses of various cultural and intellectual frameworks as established by scholar Sara Ahmed, political theorist Achille Mbembe, and curator Legacy Russell, among others. It addresses multiple aspects of censorship, including the recent canceling of Palestinian artists' exhibitions; the repression of women in Iran; technological biases prioritizing whiteness; and social media censorship—in particular, of LGBTQIA+ and feminist artists. Contributor Chimera Mohammadi writes about how Hollywood's Hays Code fostered conditions in which historical queerness was equated with evil, and how today's social media gestapo aims to do something frighteningly similar. In another essay, Taylor Neal writes, "We must not stop sharing, even if we are eternally shadow-banned, because even when it feels hopeless, someone will stumble on your page and feel seen by your art."

6

CRONE MASKS IN FEMINIST ART The history of painting is full of smug, chiding works created by men that portray young women as subjects for moralizing "lessons" on the follies of vanity and fading beauty. (See Hans Baldung's *The Three Phases of Life and Death*, ca. 1509–10, for example.) Invariably, such mocking images reveal the creators' fears regarding their own senescence, obsolescence, and demise. But I've noticed works by feminist artists in which the figure of the old woman, or crone, is employed as a kind of antidote to this misogyny. I'm thinking specifically of Jo Spence's photographic self-portrait *Jo Spence*, 1990; Chitra Ganesh's photo triptych *Hidden*, 2007; and Narcissister's 2018 documentary/performance about her relationship with her mother, *Organ Player*. These mask-wearing tricksters seem to say, *We know the score. The crone has been here in us, all along. WE ARE THE WISE ONES. WE ARE FUCKING POWERFUL.*

7

ODES TO FATNESS Two books published this year, Kate Manne's *Unshrinking: How to Face Fatphobia* (Crown), and Omotara James's poetry collection *Song of My Softening* (Alice James Books), gloriously affirm fatness as a central kind of body, one that is not an aberration. As Manne states, "Fatness is ample and fluid and luscious and irrepressible." And to quote James, "Keep your thin spectacle, / your airy hula hoop / Fat of the forgotten republic / I lift you out of the shade."

8

PROVOCATIVE TEXT T-SHIRTS Lately, I've been enjoying wearing controversy on my body. I've been doing this with a number of T-shirts from my collection, one of which reads BITCH BITCH BITCH BITCH BITCH BITCH and is festooned with pink hearts (this one you can order from bitchmusic.com, the website of queer feminist musician Bitch); another, by Pippa Garner, says BURN GALLERIES NOT CALORIES; and one, origins unknown, comes emblazoned with the statement I GOT THIS BODY FROM JUNKFOOD.

9

BALLOONS I love balloons. They are joyful, sensual, and colorful. Whether at a car dealership or someone's birthday party in a park, the sight of them always gives me a jolt of delight.

10

NAPS Naps are a portal to the unconscious and to dreams, which is where creativity comes from. Do not fear rest! It holds the key to magic, and to art. ☐

PHOTOGRAPHY

DEBORAH BELL PHOTOGRAPHS

526 West 26th Street, Room 411, New York, NY 10001
212 249 9400
info@deborahbellphotographs.com
www.deborahbellphotographs.com
Thurs. – Sat. 11–5, and by appointment

June 6 – July 27
Group Show: Summer Review

FRAENKEL GALLERY

49 Geary Street, 4th Floor, San Francisco, CA 94108
415 981 2661
mail@fraenkelgallery.com
www.fraenkelgallery.com
Tues. – Fri. 10:30–5:30, Sat. 11–5, and by appointment

Until August 10
Fraenkenstein

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Columbia College Chicago
600 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago, IL 60605
312 663 5554
mocp@colum.edu
www.mocp.org
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Until August 18
Captured Earth: Karl Blossfeldt, Jeremy Bolen, Alan Cohen, Antonia Contro, Lou Mallozzi, Barbara Crane, Odette England, Whit Forrester, Bertha E. Jaques, Dakota Mace, Robert Mapplethorpe, Byung-Hun Min, Liza Nguyen, Tarrah Krajnak, Martha Madigan, John Opera, and Eliot Porte

ROBERT MORAT GALERIE

Linienstraße 107, 10115 Berlin, Germany
49 30 2520 9358
info@robertmorat.de
www.robertmorat.de
Tues. – Sat. 12–6

June 8 – July 31
Simon Roberts: LOOKING AT WHAT CAN'T BE SEEN

STEPHEN BULGER GALLERY

1356 Dundas Street West, Toronto, Ontario, M6J 1Y2, Canada
416 504 0575
info@bulgergallery.com
www.bulgergallery.com
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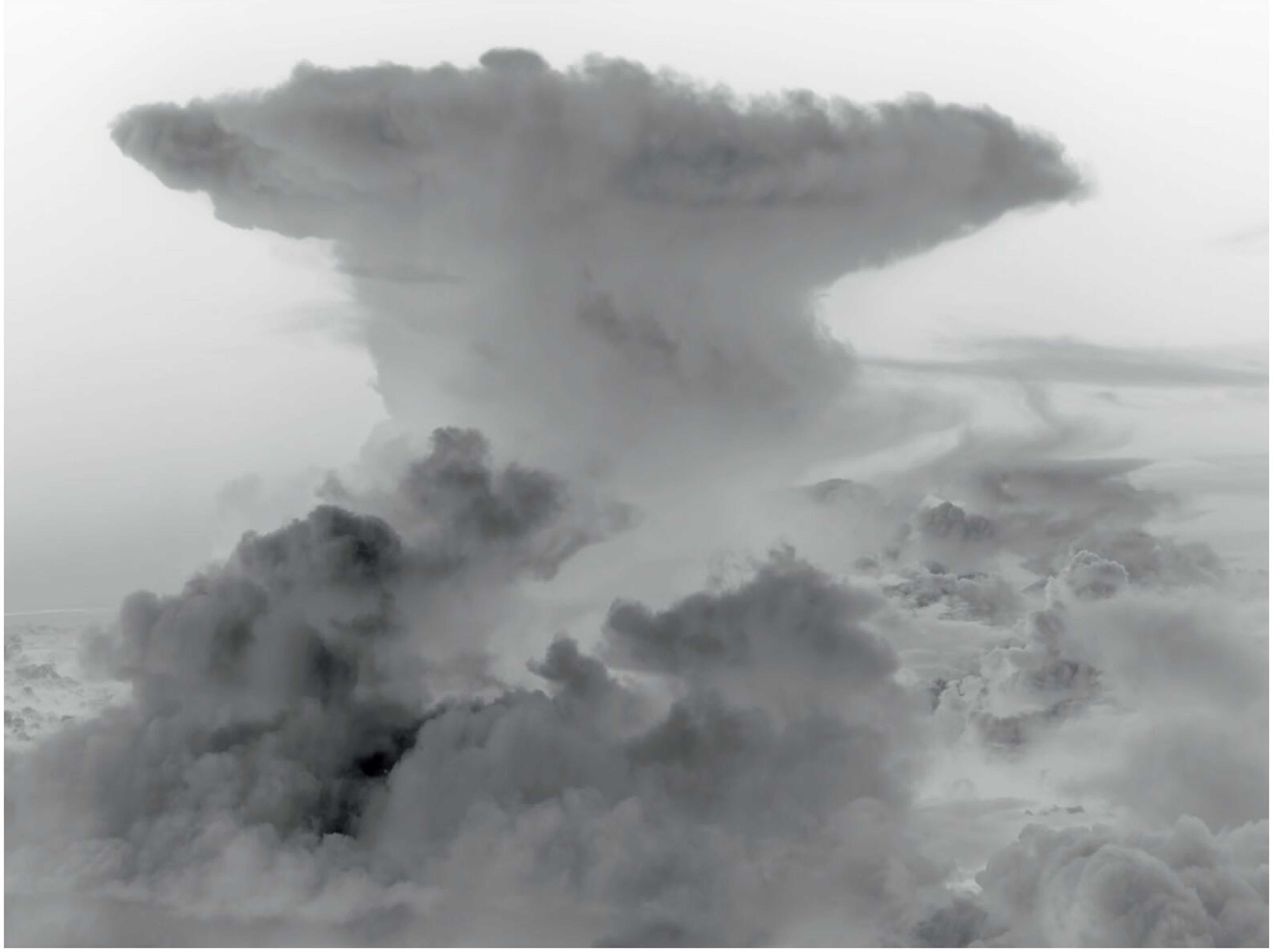
Please contact gallery for information.



Simon Roberts, *Cloudscape Negative #1*, 2021, pigment print, 40 × 30". © Simon Roberts. Courtesy Robert Morat Galerie, Berlin.

YANCEY RICHARDSON GALLERY

525 West 22nd Street, New York, NY 10011
646 230 9610
info@yanceyrichardson.com
www.yanceyrichardson.com
Tues. – Sat. 10–6

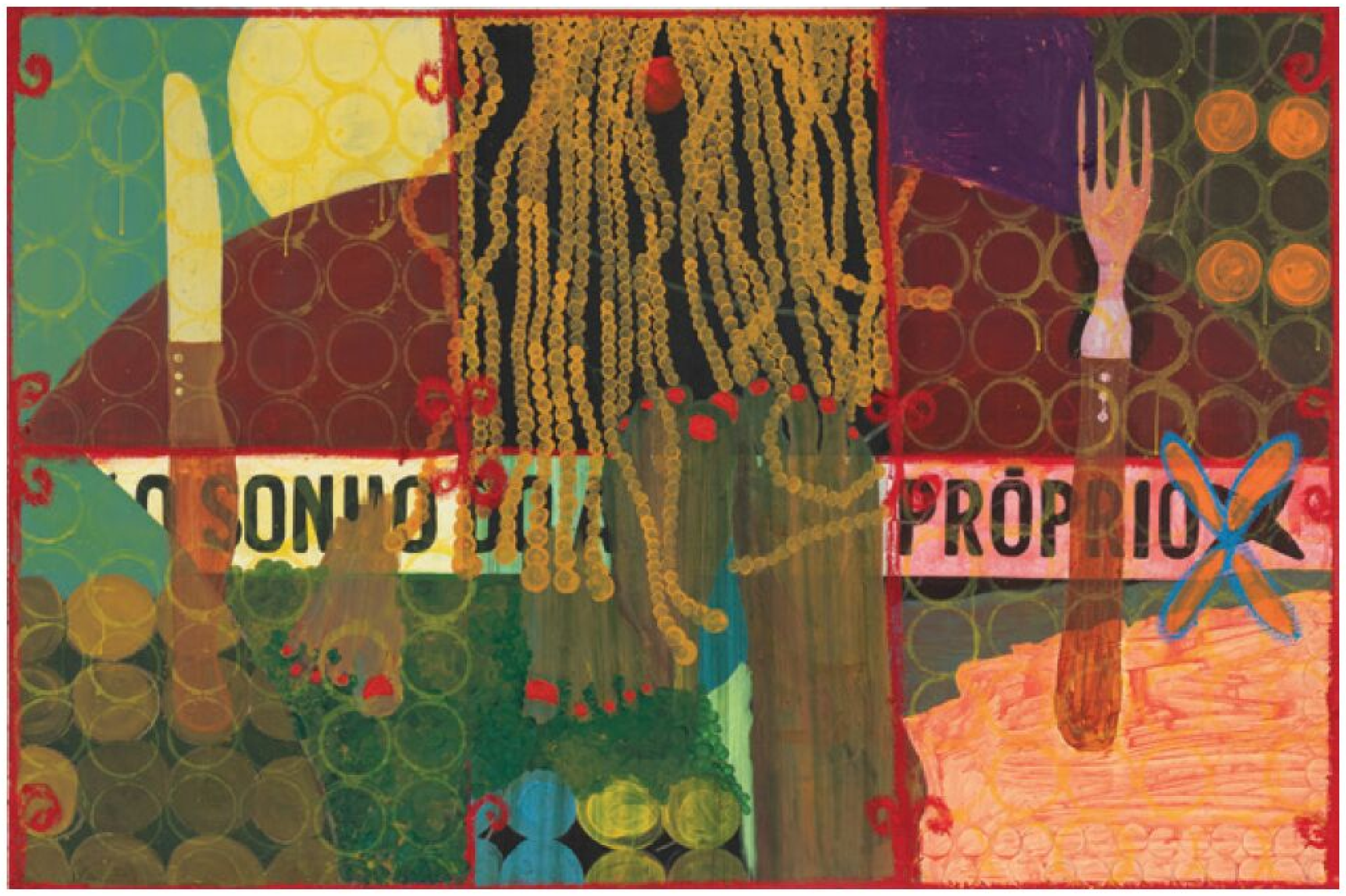
Until July 3
Laura Letinsky: For, and because of . . .

YOSSI MILO

245 10th Avenue, New York, NY 10001
212 414 0370
info@yossimilo.com
www.yossimilo.com
Tues. – Sat. 10–6

Until June 15
Ibrahim Said: From Thebes to Cairo

MEXICO



Agrade Camíz, *O Sonho do Amor Próprio*, 2023, acrylic and oil stick on canvas, 39⅜ × 59 × 1⅝".
Courtesy the artist and Galeria A Gentil Carioca.

GUADALAJARA

CURRO

Andrés Terán 726, Col. Santa Teresita, 44600, Guadalajara
galeriacurro.com info@galeriacurro.com
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Please contact gallery for information.

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Avenida de la Paz 2207, Colonia Americana, 44140, Guadalajara
travesiacuatro.com guadalajara@travesiacuatro.com
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Until July 27 Summer Show

MEXICO CITY

ARRÓNIZ ARTE CONTEMPORÁNEO

Tabasco 198, PB, Colonia Roma, 06700, Mexico City
arroniz-arte.com info@arroniz-arte.com
+52 55 55 11 79 65 Mon – Fri 10–7, Sat 11–2:30

Until June 19 Silvestre Borgatello (Project Room)
Until June 19 Ishmael Randall-Weeks (Main Room and Terrace)
July – August No Place World Tour; CDMX, curated by Mauro Giaconi

LABOR

Gral. F. Ramirez 5, Daniel Garza, Del. Miguel Hidalgo, 11830, Mexico City
labor.org.mx info@labor.org.mx
+52 55 6304 8755 Mon – Thu 11–6, Fri – Sat 11–3

July – September Bread & Roses: 15 Years of Labor

GALERIA HILARIO GALGUERA

Francisco Pimentel 3, Colonia San Rafael, 06470, Mexico City
Aguascalientes 158, Hipódromo Condesa, 06100, México City
galeriahilariogalguera.com info@galeriahilariogalguera.com
+52 55 4145 0713 Tue – Fri 11–5, Sat 11–2

Until July 12 Damien Hirst: New Spot Paintings and A Hundred Years (Francisco Pimentel 3)
Until July 19 YupicA: "Ki" Potencialidad Indeterminada (Aguascalientes 158)

GALERIE NORDENHAKE MEXICO CITY

Monterrey 65, Colonia Roma Norte, 06700, Mexico City
nordenhake.com mexico@nordenhake.com
+52 55 7414 9776 Mon – Thu 10–6, Fri – Sat 11–4

Until August 24 Iñaki Bonillas and Silvia Gruner: Ver
August 30 – October 19 Group Show: De los sueños te despiertas

GALERÍA RGR

Gral. Antonio León 48, Colonia San Miguel Chapultepec, 11850, Mexico City
rgrart.com galeria@rgrart.com
+52 1 55 8434 7759 Mon – Thu 10:30–6:30, Fri 10:30–4:30, Sat 11–4:30

Until June 15 Francisco Muñoz: Falso espiritual

GENERAL EXPENSES

Revillagigedo 108, Colonia Centro, Cuauhtémoc, 06010, Mexico City
generalexpensesart.com info@generalexpensesart.com
+52 222 708 07998
Wed, Thu, Sat 11–6

June 8 – August 3 Teatro de la Crueldad, curated by Darío Escobar: Avantgardo, Guillermo Santamarina, Marek Wolfryd, Roger Muñoz, Maggie Petroni, and Wendy Cabrera Rubio

MARIANE IBRAHIM

Río Pánuco 36 col. Renacimiento, Cuauhtémoc, 06500, Mexico City
marianeibrahim.com mexicodf@marianeibrahim.com
+52 55 2580 9822 Tue – Fri 11–6, Sat 11–4

Until June 1 – September 14 The Ocean is the Axis: Agrade Camíz, Rebeca Carapiá, Lidia Lisbôa, No Martins, Dalton Paula, and Rubem Valentim

MORÁN MORÁN

Horacio 1022, Polanco, Miguel Hidalgo, 11550, Mexico City
moranmorangallery.com aurelie@moranmorangallery.com

June 26 – August 24 David Benjamin Sherry: New Moon

PEANA

Tlaxcala 103, Roma Sur, Cuauhtémoc, 06760, Mexico City
peana.co info@peana.co
+52 55 9039 6247 Closed Monday, Tue – Thu 10–6, Fri 10–5, Sat 11–3

June 5 – July 27 Carolina Fusilier: Isla Eléctrica

PROYECTOS MONCLOVA

Lamartine 415, Polanco, Polanco V Secc, Miguel Hidalgo, 11560, Mexico City
proyectosmonclova.com info@proyectosmonclova.com
+52 55 5525 9715 Mon – Fri 10–6, Sat 11–4

Until June 8 Néstor Jiménez: Toda una vida deslumbrados. Fulgor y Sombra
Until June 8 Rolando López: Evidencias de la sensible pérdida de cualidades estéticas
Until June 8 Yoshua Okón: Punto ciego
June 20 – August 17 Víctor Hugo Pérez
June 20 – August 17 Miriam Salado

SAENGER GALERÍA

Manuel Dublán 33, 4to piso, Tacubaya, Miguel Hidalgo, 11870, Mexico City
saengergaleria.com info@saengergaleria.com
+52 55 5516 6941 Tue – Fri 11–7, Sat 11–4

June 20 – September 7 Jorge Rosano Gamboa: bulto/niebla/piel (Project Room)
June 20 – September 7 Alexander Wertheim: April 2024 (Main Room)

SALÓN SILICÓN

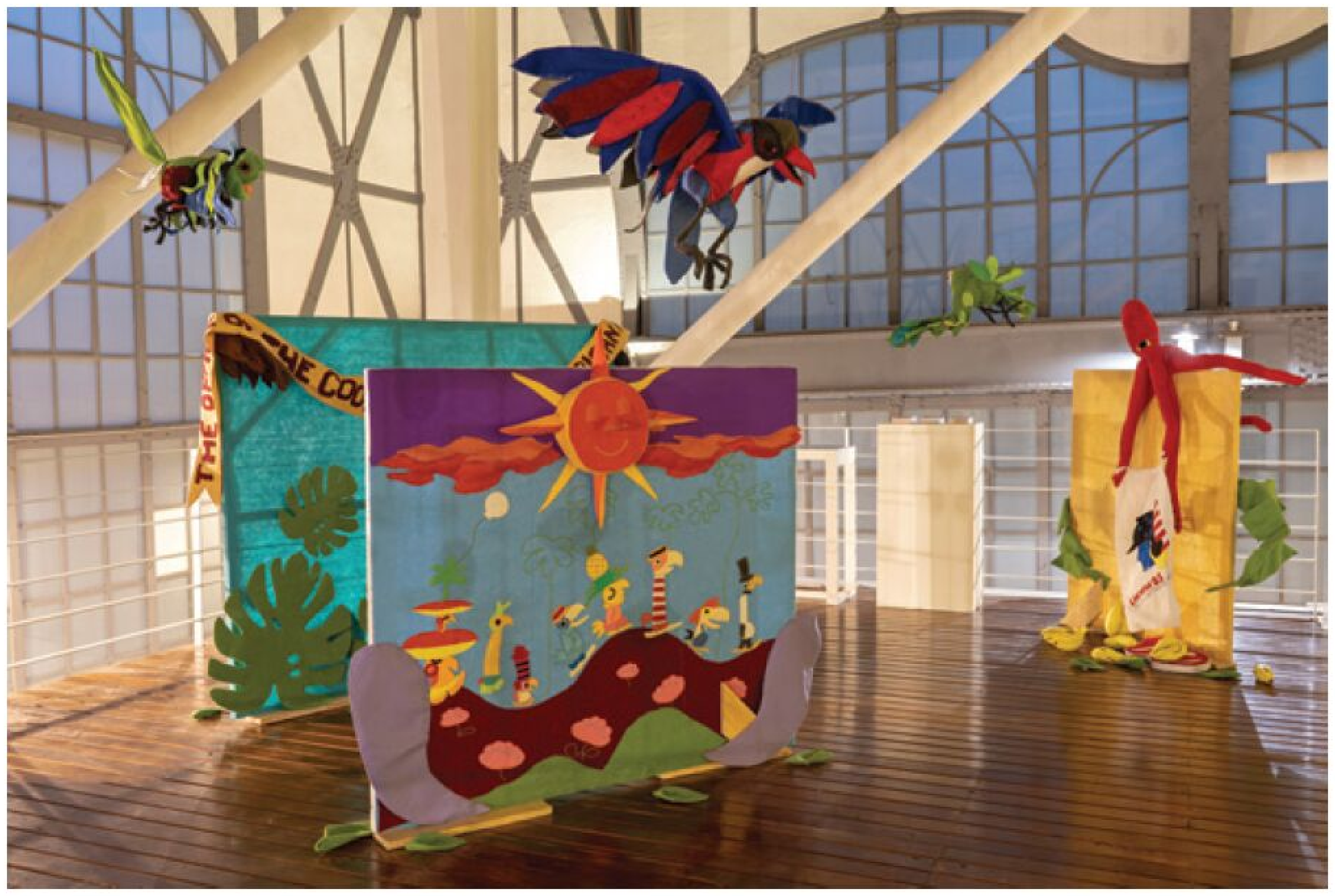
Tehuantepec 223, Roma Sur, Cuauhtémoc, 06760, Mexico City
salonsilicon.com info@salonsilicon.com
+52 46 21 026233 Tue – Fri 12–6, Sat 12–3

Until June 29 Gurrumata in collaboration with Natalia Marmolejo
July 11 – August Alva Mooses: Fábula Oblata

TRAVESÍA CUATRO

Valladolid 35, Colonia Roma Norte, 06700, Mexico City
travesiacuatro.com cdmx@travesiacuatro.com
+52 55 5206 3617 Tue – Thu 10–6, Fri 10–4, Sat 11–3

Until July 13 Remi Ajani: Look here
Until July 13 John Isaacs: Under the Volcano



Wendy Cabrera Rubio, *La fatiga del buen vecino*, 2023, wood, felt, stuffed animals, drawings, and various materials. Installation view. Courtesy the artist and General Expenses, Mexico City.

MONTERREY

COLECTOR

Lázaro Garza Ayala Pte 436, Casco Urbano, 66230, SPGG, Monterrey
colector.gallery info@colector.gallery
+52 81 1769 8300 Tue – Fri 10–6, by appointment only

Until September 6 Armin Boehm, Beth Frey, and Horacio Quiroz: ICH SELBST, WENN ICH ECHT BIN (MYSELF, WHEN I AM REAL)

PEANA

Via Clodia 169, 66220, Monterrey
peana.co info@peana.co
+52 81 2315 9150 Mon – Fri 10–6

Please contact gallery for information.

VIENNA GALLERIES

Alfredo Jaar, *Searching for Spain*, 2012, lightbox with color transparency, 60½ × 40½ × 5".
Courtesy the artist and Galerie Hubert Winter, Vienna.

Charim Galerie
Dorotheergasse 12, 1010 Vienna
T: +43 1 512 0915
charim@charimgalerie.at charimgalerie.at

Until June 15 ULAY and Alban Muja: Legendary Dog, in collaboration with ULAY Foundation
June 5 – July 26 Stephen Willats: Transition Transform

CHARIM FACTORY
Absberggasse 27/9/3, 1100 Vienna

June 2 – July 5 Ellen Schafer, Artist in Residence invited by WONNERTH DEJACO
July 21 – August 4 Kristian Vistrup Madsen, Curator in Residence

Galerie Crone Wien
Getreidemarkt 14, 1010 Vienna
T: +43 1 581 3164
info@galeriecrone.at galeriecrone.com

Until June 15 Carola Dertnig: Roaming Circle
June 21 – August 30 Group Show

Galerie Kandlhofer
Brucknerstrasse 4, 1040 Vienna
T: +43 1 503 1167
info@kandlhofer.com kandlhofer.com

June 6 – July 13 Acaye Kerunen
June 6 – July 13 Focus On: Nadia Ayari

Georg Kargl Fine Arts
Schleifmühlgasse 5, 1040 Vienna
T: +43 1 585 4199
office@georgkargl.com georgkargl.com

GEORG KARGL FINE ARTS
Until July 20 Erwin Thorn: approach to space – androgynous, approach to space – meta-a-morphosis

GEORG KARGL BOX
Until July 20 Agnieszka Polska: Dreaming Clocks

GEORG KARGL PERMANENT
Schleifmühlgasse 17, 1040 Vienna

Until December 31 Mark Dion: Department of Cryptozoology

Christine König Galerie
Schleifmühlgasse 1A, 1040 Vienna
T: +43 1 585 7474
office@christinekoeniggalerie.at christinekoeniggalerie.com

Until July 27 Maruša Sagadin

KOENIG2 by_robbygreif
Margaretenstraße 5, 1040 Vienna
T: +43 1 585 7474
koenig2@christinekoeniggalerie.at koenig2.at

Until July 27 Annie Lapin: Emptied by the Sun

CHRISTINE KÖNIG | CHAPTER III: DAS BILD UND SEIN BUCH
Schleifmühlgasse 1, 1040 Vienna
T: +43 676 347 60 15
chapter3@christinekoeniggalerie.at

Until June 29 Mathieu Cherkit: DÉDALE (House of Leaves, Mark Z. Danielewski)
July 4 – August 31 Gerhard Rühm: Zetteleien

Galerie Krinzinger
Seilerstätte 16, 1010 Vienna
T: +43 1 513 3006
info@galerie-krinzinger.at galerie-krinzinger.at

Until August 30 John Bock: Die Eierlegendewollmilchsau des Herren Schwarzkogler mit Melkfett einschmieren
June 13 – 16 Art Basel
July Walter Pichler (Kabinett)

KRINZINGER SCHOTTENFELD
Schottenfeldgasse 45, 1070 Vienna

Until July 29 Bernd Oppl: Phantom Power
Until June 29 Anja Ronacher: Last Image

IM SELBEN MOMENT AT THE SAME MOMENT

View of "Dan Graham – Optics and Humor," 2024, MEYER*KAINER, Vienna. From left: Dan Flavin, Dan Graham, Lawrence Weiner, Bruce Nauman. Photo: Bruno Klomfar.

MEYER*KAINER
Eschenbachgasse 9, 1010 Vienna
T: +43 1 585 7277
info@meyerkainer.com meyerkainer.com

Until July 27 Dan Graham – OPTICS AND HUMOR: Josef Albers, Jo Baer, Dan Flavin, Andrea Fraser, Dan Graham, Donald Judd, Mike Kelley, Sol LeWitt, Agnes Martin, Bruce Nauman, Fred Sandback, Robert Smithson, Lawrence Weiner, Franz West, and Heimo Zobernig

Layr
Singerstraße 27, 1010 Vienna
T: +43 1 967 7432
gallery@emanuellayr.com emanuellayr.com

Until July 20 Benjamin Hirte
June 13 – 16 Art Basel

Galerie nächst St. Stephan Rosemarie Schwarzwälder
Grünangergasse 1, 1010 Vienna
T: +43 1 512 1266
galerie@schwarzwaelder.at schwarzwaelder.at

Until July 26 Imi Knoebel: etcetera
June 13 – 16 Art Basel

DOMGASSE 6
Domgasse 6, 1010 Vienna

Until July 26 Walter Swennen

Galerie Elisabeth & Klaus Thoman
Seilerstätte 7, 1010 Vienna
T: +43 1 512 0840
galerie@galeriethoman.com galeriethoman.com

June 6 – July 27 Johannes Wohnseifer
July 8 – July 27 Noushin Redjaian and Liza Sočan, curated by Val Holfeld [tart vienna]

Galerie Hubert Winter
Breite Gasse 17, 1070 Vienna
T: +43 1 524 0976
office@galeriewinter.at galeriewinter.at

Until June 7 Kandis Williams: Notes on Dance
Until September 6 Alfredo Jaar

PETER BLUM EDITION

176 Grand Street, New York, NY 10013
Tel: 212 244 6055   Fax: 212 244 6054
E-mail: art@peterblumgallery.com   Web: www.peterblumgallery.com
Tues. – Fri. 10–6, Sat. 11–6

Until July 19   Group Show: The Shape of Color
Recent publications include Robert Zandvliet, *Florilegium: Overview 1998–2023*, soft cover, 2024; Erik Lindman, *Recent Paintings*, hardcover, 2023; Kamrooz Aram, hardcover, 2022; Rebecca Ward, *before and after*, hardcover, 2022
Publications include John Beech, Huma Bhabha, Jonathan Borofsky, Louise Bourgeois, Enzo Cucchi, Helmut Federle, Eric Fischl, Herzog & de Meuron, Roni Horn, Michael Day Jackson, Alex Katz, Esther Kläs, Brice Marden, Chris Marker, David Rabinowitch, Thomas Ruff, Robert Ryman, Anselm Stalder, Philip Taafe, Su-Mei Tse, James Turrell, Robert Zandvliet, and John Zurier
Print editions by John Baldessari, Huma Bhabha, Jonathan Borofsky, Louise Bourgeois, Sandrio Chia, Francesco Clemente, Enzo Cucchi, Tacita Dean, Martin Disler, Helmut Federle, Eric Fischl, Simon Frost, General Idea, Alfredo Jaar, Matthew Day Jackson, Alex Katz, Kimsooja, Barbara Kruger, Sherrie Levine, Brice Marden, Chris Marker, Josef Felix Müller, Adrian Paci, A.R. Penck, David Rabinowitch, Thomas Ruff, Ansel, Stalder, Rosemarie Trockel, James Turrell, Luc Tuymans, Rolf Winnewisser, Terry Winters, Yukinori Yanagi, and Robert Zandvliet

BRODSKY CENTER AT PAFA

Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, 128 N. Broad Street, Philadelphia, PA 19102
Tel: 215 391 4809   E-mail: gharmer@pafa.org   Web: www.brodskycenter.com
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New editions by Kukuli Velarde and Wilmer Wilson IV
Forthcoming edition by Dyani White Hawk
Available editions and selected work by Emma Amos, Laura Anderson Barbata, Rick Bartow, Frank Bowling, Sonia Boyce, Elizabeth Catlett, Zoë Charlton, Jonathan Lyndon Chase, Liz Collins, Melvin Edwards, Parastou Forouhar, Chitra Ganesh, Leon Golub, Harmony Hammond, Trenton, Doyle Hancock, Sharon Hayes, Barkley L. Hendricks, Geoffrey Hendricks, Margo Humphrey, Isaac Julien, Matsumi Kanemitsu, William Kentridge, Byron Kim, James Lavadour, Glenn Ligon, Hew Locke, Sarah McEneaney, Pepón Osorio, Nell Painter, Ben Patterson, Faith Ringgold, Juan Sanchez, Miriam Schapiro, Carolee Schneemann, Joan Semmel, Sylvia Sleigh, Kiki Smith with Mei-mei Berssenbrugge, Pat Steir with Anne Waldman, May Stevens, Richard Tuttle with John Yau, Didier William, Sue Williamson, and Layqa Nuna Yawar among others

CENTER STREET STUDIO

PO Box 870171, Milton Village, MA 02187
Tel: 617 821 5458
E-mail: jstroud@centerstreetstudio.com   Web: www.centerstreetstudio.com
By appointment

August 23 – September 15   New monotypes by Janine Wong in Alchemy of Color show at Merge (Stone Ridge, New York)
New large scale monotypes by Markus Linnenbrink, suite of 4 etching monoprints by Anna Schuleit Haber, etchings by George Whitman, monotypes by Carrie Moyer, Emilio Perez, Laurel Sparks and Jeff Perrott
New portfolio of 10 prints by type designer Matthew Carter coming soon

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June 6 – August 30   SUMMER CHOICES: A Group Exhibition
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Current editions by Peter Bradley, Stanley Whitney, and Robert Moskowitz

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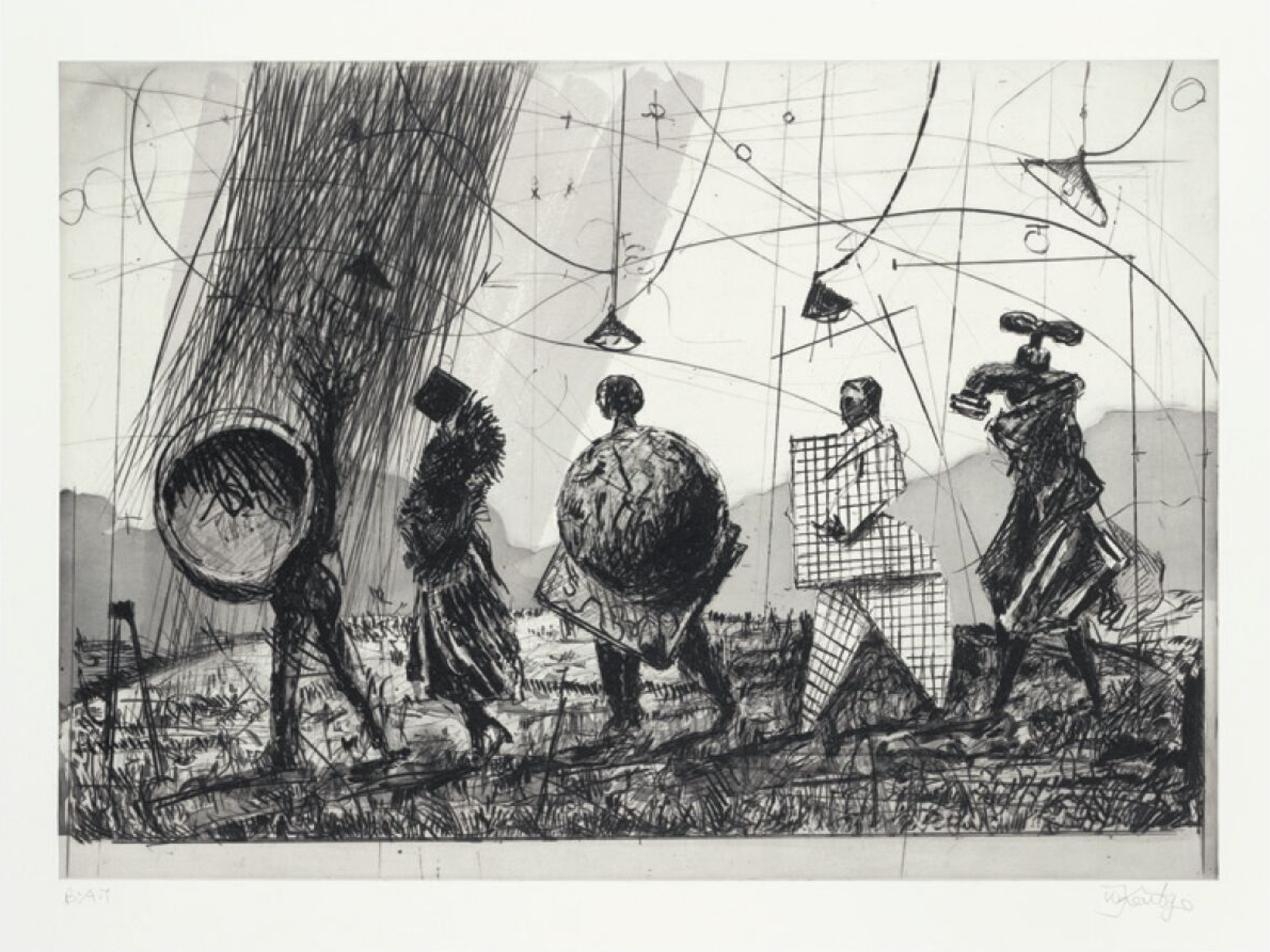
Mon. – Fri. 9–5

New editions by Richard Serra: Notebook Drawings, 2023
Recent releases by Frank Gehry and Julie Mehretu
Additional work by John Baldessari, Vija Celmins, Tacita Dean, Philip Guston, Ann Hamilton, Michael Heizer, Jasper Johns, Toba Khedoori, Ellsworth Kelly, Roy Lichtenstein, Elizabeth Murray, Bruce Nauman, Claes Oldenburg, Ken Price, Robert Rauschenberg, James Rosenquist, Susan Rothenberg, Ed Ruscha, Analia Saban, Joel Shapiro, Richard Tuttle, and others



William Kentridge, *Procession II*, 2023, direct gravure with drypoint and aquatint on Gampi White 20gsm chine-collé adhered to a hand painted Hahnemühle Natural White 300 gsm backing sheet, 23⅞ × 31⅛". Edition of 20. Co-published by David Krut Workshop (DKW) and Jillian Ross Print (JRP). Image courtesy David Krut Projects.

GRAPHICSTUDIO

University of South Florida
3702 Spectrum Boulevard, Suite 100, Tampa, FL 33612
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E-mail: gsoffice@usf.edu Web: www.graphicstudio.usf.edu
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Recent editions by Diana Al-Hadid, Sebastiaan Bremer, Arturo Herrera, Alex Katz, Jason Middlebrook, and Vik Muniz
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June – July Ernesto Caivano
Editions by Barbara Bloom, Bruce Conner, Bruce High Quality Foundation, Jessica Diamond, Marcel Dzama, Anna Gaskell, George Herms, Barbara Kruger, Annette Lemieux, Sol LeWitt, Allan McCollum, Paul Noble, Claes Oldenburg, Robyn O'Neil, Catherine Opie, Raymond Pettibon, Rona Pondick, Richard Prince, Erika Rothenberg, Allen Ruppersberg, Dana Schutz, Simone Shubuck, Aaron Spangler, Jessica Stockholder, Philip Taaffe, Fred Tomaselli, Lawrence Weiner, Terry Winters, and Andrea Zittel

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KRAKOW WITKIN GALLERY

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Tel: 617 262 4490
E-mail: info@krakowwitkingallery.com Web: www.krakowwitkingallery.com
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June 15 – July 19 Michael Mazur: Paintings 1970-2009
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Recent and historic editions by Josef Albers, Jenny Holzer, Barbara Kruger, Louise Lawler, Sol LeWitt, Robert Mangold, Sylvia Plimack Mangold, Giulio Paolini, Martin Puryear, and Kay Rosen, among others
Publisher of the Sol LeWitt Catalogue Raisonné of Prints (www.sollewittprints.org), the Mel Bochner Catalogue Raisonné of Prints (www.melbochnerprints.org), and the Cary Leibowitz "Official Candyass Muggery Drinking Vessels 1990–2023 Catalogue Raisonné"

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Johannesburg Gallery and Archive: 151 Jan Smuts Avenue, Parkwood, Johannesburg, South Africa 2193
Tel: 27 11 880 4242
Mon. – Fri. 9–5, Sat. 9–4
David Krut Workshop: Arts on Main, 264 Fox Street, Johannesburg, South Africa 2094
E-mail: info@davidkrut.com
Web: www.davidkrutprojects.com | www.davidkrutportal.com

Until June 30 Heidi Fourie: Unfurling (Johannesburg Gallery)
June 6 – August 3 William Kentridge: New Gravures 2022–2024 (New York Gallery)
July Natalie Paneng: Journey to Uncanny Valley (Johannesburg Gallery)
August Stephen Hobbs: Visitors (Johannesburg Gallery)
Recent and historic editions by William Kentridge, Vusi Beauchamp, Deborah Bell, Peter Cohen, Boemo Diale, Heidi Fourie, Stephen Hobbs, Maja Maljević, Motlhoki Nono, Phumulani Ntuli, Natalie Paneng, Lady Skollie, Lindo Sobekwa, Mikhael Subotzky, Nina Torr, Mbali Tshabalala, Anna van der Ploeg, Raquel van Haver, Adele van Heerden, Diane Victor, and Zhi Zulu

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Until July 13 Jacqueline De Jong: Prints off
Editions available by Etel Adnan, Pierre Alechinsky, Francis Bacon, Louise Bourgeois, Eduardo Chillida, Marc Desgrandchamps, Jean Dubuffet, Simone Fattal, Barry Flanagan, Günther Förg, Alberto Giacometti, David Hockney, Konrad Klapheck, Jannis Kounellis, Nalini Malani, Joan Miró, Robert Motherwell, David Nash, Pablo Picasso, Ernest Pignon-Ernest, Jaume Plensa, Arnulf Rainer, Paula Rego, Robert Ryman, Alison Saar, Sean Scully, Richard Serra, Kate Shepherd, Kiki Smith, Nancy Spero, Antoni Tàpies, Barthélémy Toguo, and Fabienne Verdier

MARLBOROUGH GRAPHICS

545 West 25th Street, New York, NY 10001
Tel: 212 541 4900
E-mail: bianca@marlboroughgallery.com
Web: www.marlboroughgraphicsnewyork.com

Featuring prints by Laura Anderson Barbata, Tauba Auerbach, Alice Aycock, Francis Bacon, Herbert Bayer, Louise Bourgeois, Lucian Freud, Adolph Gottlieb, Barbara Hepworth, Red Grooms, Jasper Johns, Alex Katz, R. B. Kitaj, Henri Matisse, Robert Motherwell, Michele Oka Doner, Pablo Picasso, Jesús Rafael Soto, Rufino Tamayo, Liorah Tchiprout, Neil Welliver, Zao Wou-Ki, and others

MIXOGRAFIA®

1419 East Adams Boulevard, Los Angeles, CA 90011
Tel: 323 232 1158
E-mail: gallery@mixografia.com Web: www.mixografia.com
Mon. – Fri. 10–5, or by appointment

Ed Ruscha: The Complete Editions
New Prints by Polly Apfelbaum and Alison Saar
Including other artist collaborations by John Baldessari, Louise Bourgeois, Sonya Clark, Kwan-Young Chun, Abraham Cruzvillegas, Dario Escobar, Gajin Fujita, Helen Frankenthaler, Francesca Gabbiani, Jacob Hashimoto, Alex Israel, Jason Martin, Kenneth Noland, Mimmo Paladino, Jorge Pardo, Larry Rivers, Ed Ruscha, Alison Saar, Analia Saban, Julião Sarmento, George Segal, Kiki Smith, Frank Stella, Donald Sultan, Rufino Tamayo, William Tillyer, Manolo Valdés, Tom Wesselmann, Rachel Whiteread, Terry Winters, and Jonas Wood

CAROLINA NITSCH

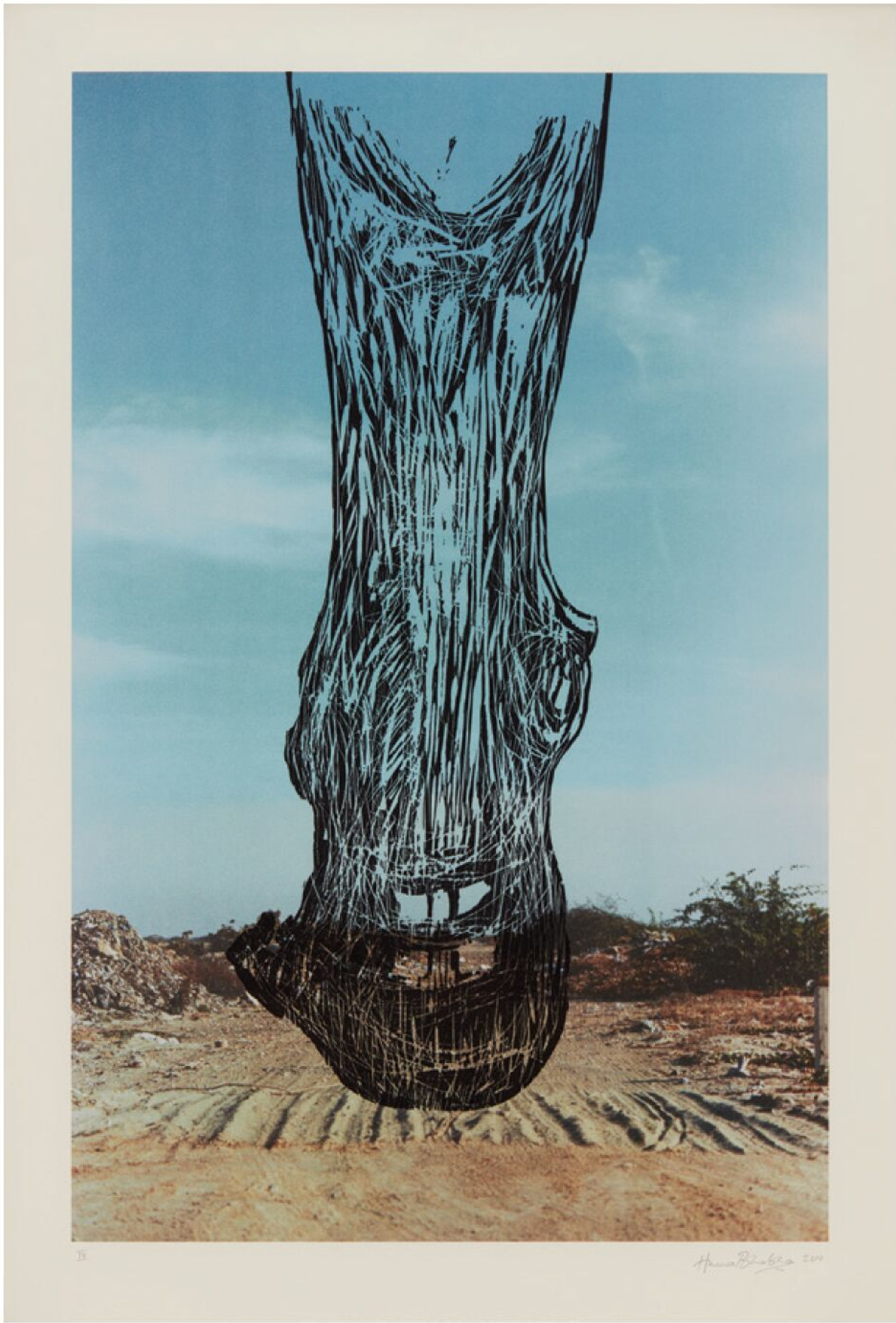
101 Wooster Street, New York, NY 10012
Tel: 212 463 0610 Cell: 646 251 3804
E-mail: info@carolinanitsch.com Web: www.carolinanitsch.com
Tues. – Fri. 10–6 by appointment

New and recent editions by Kiki Smith, Mickalene Thomas, Faith Ringgold, Maurizio Cattelan, Marilyn Minter, Nari Ward, Richard Dupont, Nicolas Party, Firelei Baez, Simone Leigh, Tschabalala Self, Derrick Adams, Matt Mullican, Wangechi Mutu, Ebony G. Patterson, Tracey Emin, and Urs Fischer
Select inventory by Louise Bourgeois, Thomas Schuette, Jasper Johns, Donald Judd, Barry Le Va, Cy Twombly, Carolee Schneemann, Gunther Foerg, Mike Kelley, and Raymond Pettibon
Previously sold-out editions from Parkett Publishers, please inquire.

PAULSON FONTAINE PRESS

2390 C Fourth Street, Berkeley, CA 94710
Tel: 510 559 2088
E-mail: info@paulsonfontainepress.com
Web: www.paulsonfontainepress.com
Tues. – Fri. 10–4 by appointment

New editions by Charles Gaines
Editions by Tauba Auerbach, Hernan Bas, McArthur Binion, Woody De Othello, Torkwase Dyson, Kota Ezawa, Spencer Finch, Gee's Bend Quilters, Lonnie Holley, David Huffman, Chris Johanson, Samuel Levi Jones, Caroline Kent, Kerry James Marshall, Alicia McCarthy, Martin Puryear, and Gary Simmons



Huma Bhabha, *Untitled*, 2010, woodcut over lithograph on Somerset soft white paper, 38 × 26". Edition of 25 + proofs. Courtesy Peter Blum Edition, New York.

SCHELLMANN ART

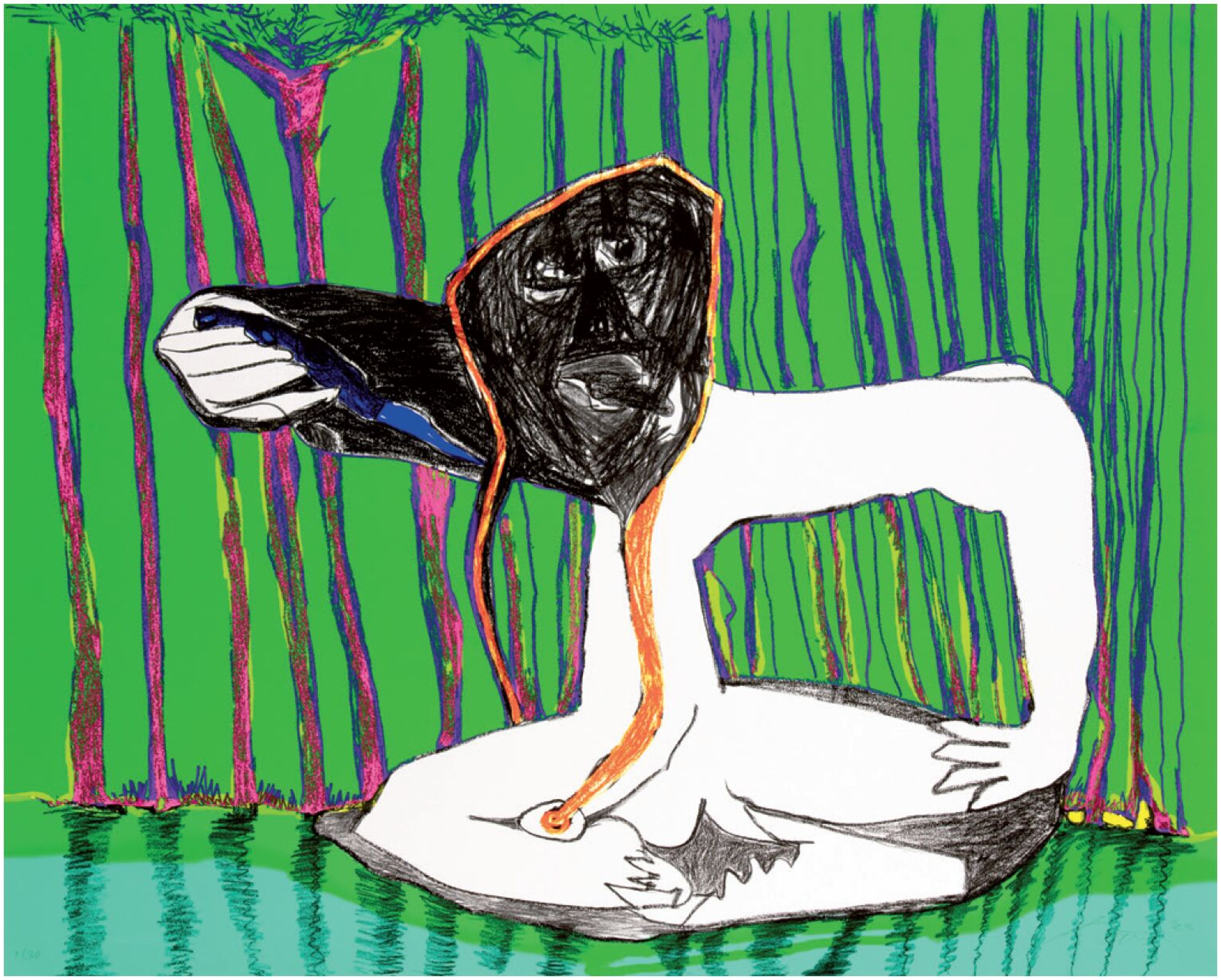
Ainmillerstrasse 25, 80801 München, Germany
Tel: 49 89 3866 6080
E-mail: munich@schellmannart.com
Web: www.schellmannart.com | www.arspublicata.com

New Cory Arcangel, (RR), 2010/2023: Series of four UV pigment priNts in colors with matte protective coat on mirrored plexiglass, mounted on aluminum frame. Edition of 25, signed and numbered.
New Peter Halley, Glossary, 2023: Low Relief UV ink-jet print on aluminum and MDF board, painted with fluorescent acrylic. Edition of 15, signed and numbered.
Our freely accessible editions compendium arspublicata.com now documents the editions of Francis Bacon, Glenn Ligon, Julie Mehretu, Claes Oldenburg, Richard Prince, Kara Walker, and more

TANDEM PRESS

University of Wisconsin-Madison
1743 Commercial Avenue, Madison, WI 53704
Tel: 608 263 3437 Fax: 608 265 2356
E-mail: info@tandempress.wisc.edu Web: www.tandempress.wisc.edu
Mon. – Fri. 9–5

New and upcoming editions by Derrick Adams, Suzanne Caporael, Jeffrey Gibson, Judy Pfaff, Alison Saar, and Dyani White Hawk
Available editions by Richard Bosman, Andy Burgess, Squeak Carnwath, Robert Cottingham, Lesley Dill, Jim Dine, Benjamin Edwards, Sam Gilliam, Michelle Grabner, GRONK, Richard Haas, Al Held, Manabu Ikeda, Robert Kelly, José Lerma, Nicola López, David Lynch, Cameron Martin, Maser, Sam Richardson, Alison Saar, David Shapiro, T.L. Solien, Robert Stackhouse, Swoon, and Mickalene Thomas



Jacqueline De Jong, *Eagles Submission*, 2024, digital print, 31⅞ × 39⅜". 30 copies. © Jacqueline de Jong. Courtesy Galerie Lelong & Co.

TWO PALMS

38 Crosby Street, 3rd Fl., New York, NY 10013
Tel: 212 965 8598
E-mail: info@twopalms.us   Web: www.twopalms.us
Mon. – Fri. by appointment

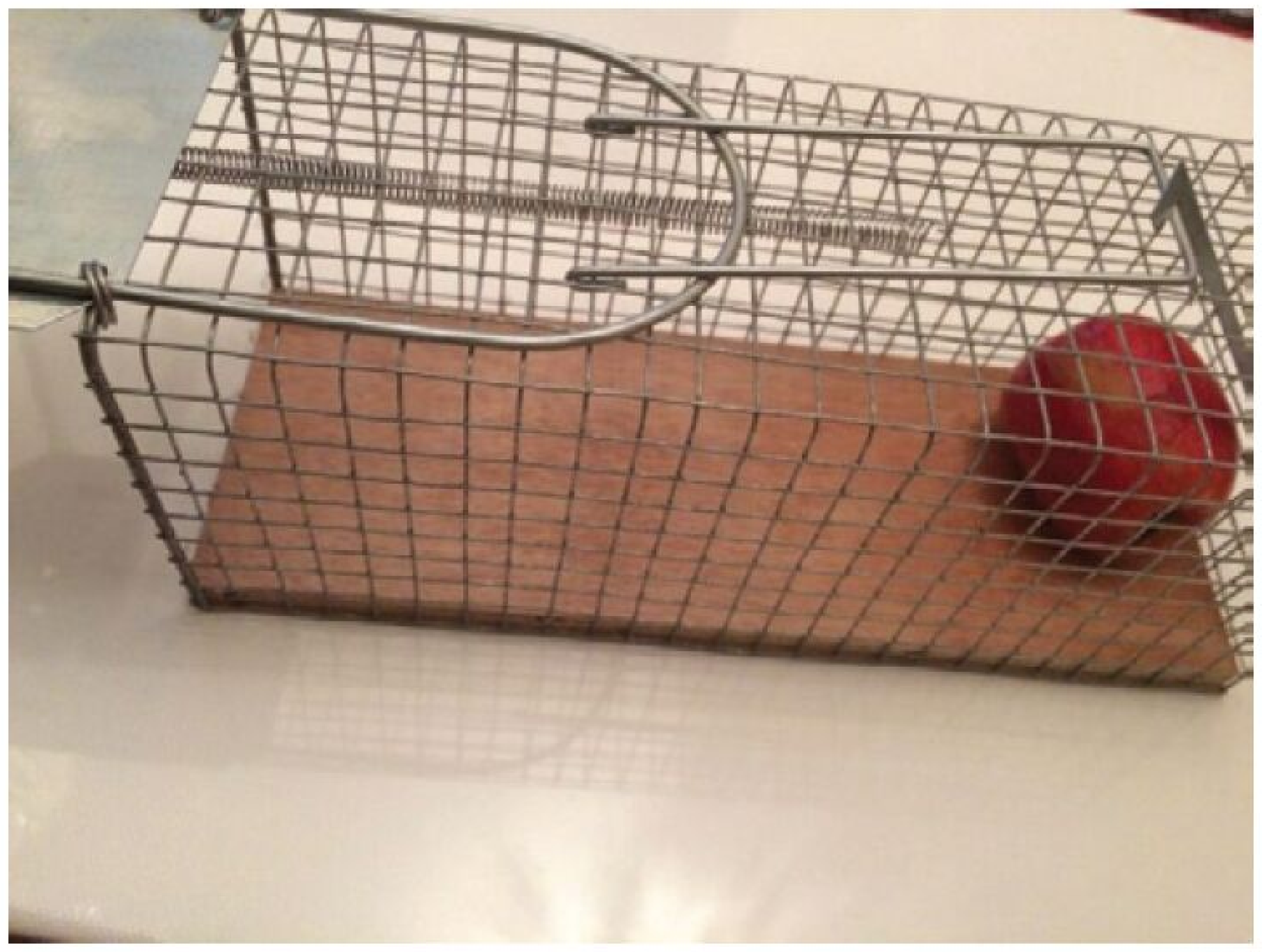
Featuring new prints by Katherine Bernhardt, Mel Bochner, Cecily Brown, Elizabeth Peyton, Tschabalala Self, and Stanley Whitney
Works from Marina Adams, Tunji Adeniyi-Jones, Matthew Barney, Ana Benaroya, R. Crumb, Peter Doig, Carroll Dunham, Nona Faustine, Titus Kaphar, Jeff Koons, Marilyn Minter, Chris Ofili, Elizabeth Peyton, Richard Prince, David Row, Dana Schutz, and Terry Winters

WINGATE STUDIO

941 Northfield Road, Hinsdale, NH 03451
Tel: 603 239 8223
E-mail: info@wingatestudio.com   Web: www.wingatestudio.com
Mon. – Fri. by appointment

New and upcoming editions by Tunji Adeniyi-Jones, Hayley Barker, Jeremy Frey, and Xylor Jane
Editions available by Ahmed Alsoudani, Elizabeth Atterbury, Sebastian Black, Gideon Bok, Louise Bourgeois, Meghan Brady, Sascha Braunig, Ambreen Butt, Robin Cameron, Mira Dancy, Mathew Cerletty, Walton Ford, John Gibson, Josephine, Halvorson, Robert Kushner, Orion Martin, Shona McAndrew, Jill Moser, Aaron Noble, Sara Greenberger Rafferty, Daniel Rios Rodriguez, Richard Ryan, Barbara Takenaga, Chuck Webster, Paula Wilson, Roger White, and Marie Watt

The mouse-trap



I thought of Adam, Eve (and God) and *Paradise Lost*, René Magritte, Salvador Dalí, iPhone's Apple, Newton's apple, too, and about proportion/perspective, etc while "creating" this work. Or I just observed it independent of any thoughts once it was assembled… as if I had applied "bracketing" by Husserl.

The work would probably be better suited to the floor than on the plinth, I thought.

S. R. Jimmy

#manifestoofMediaArt #srjimmy

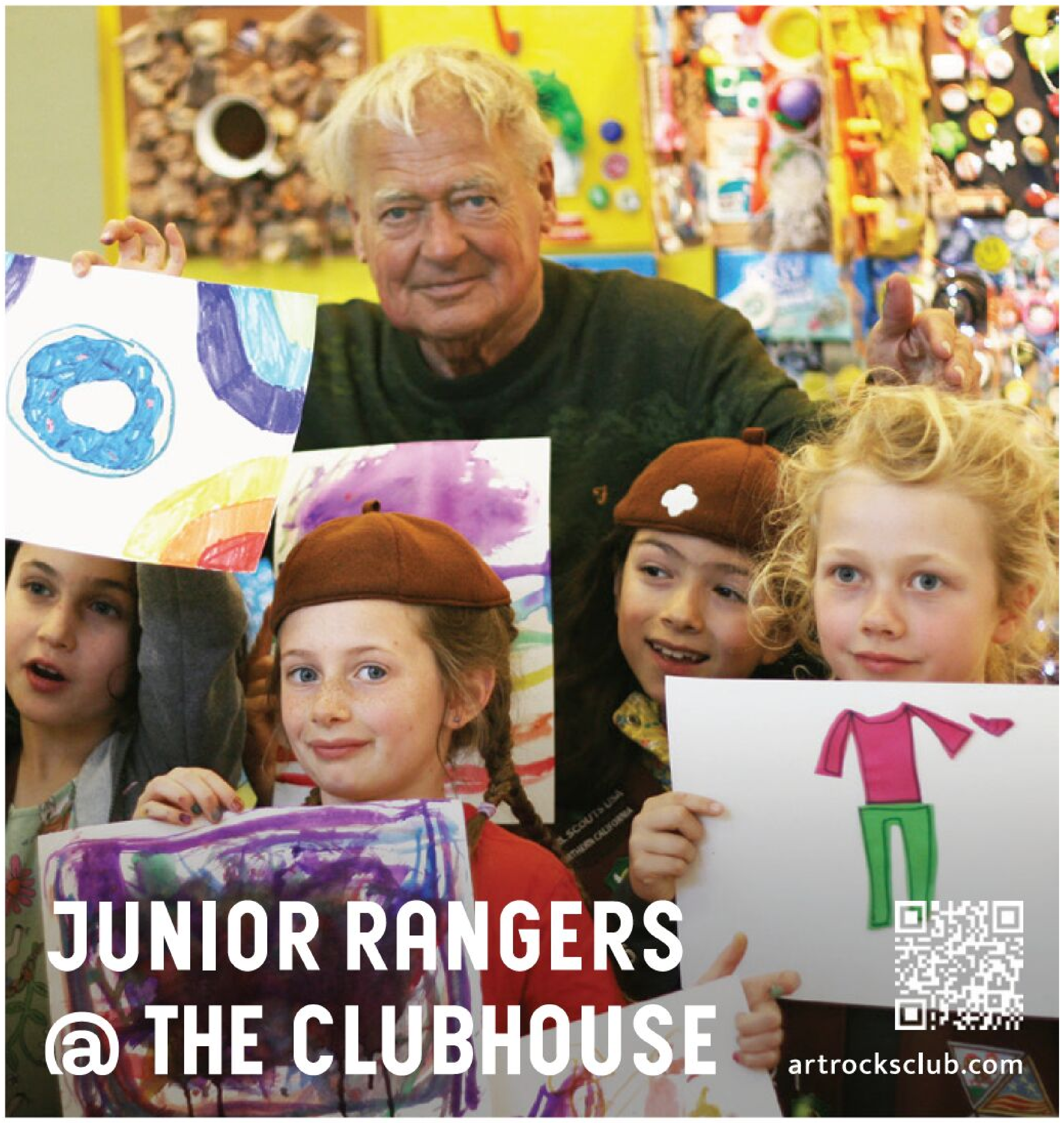
Alexander Gray Associates

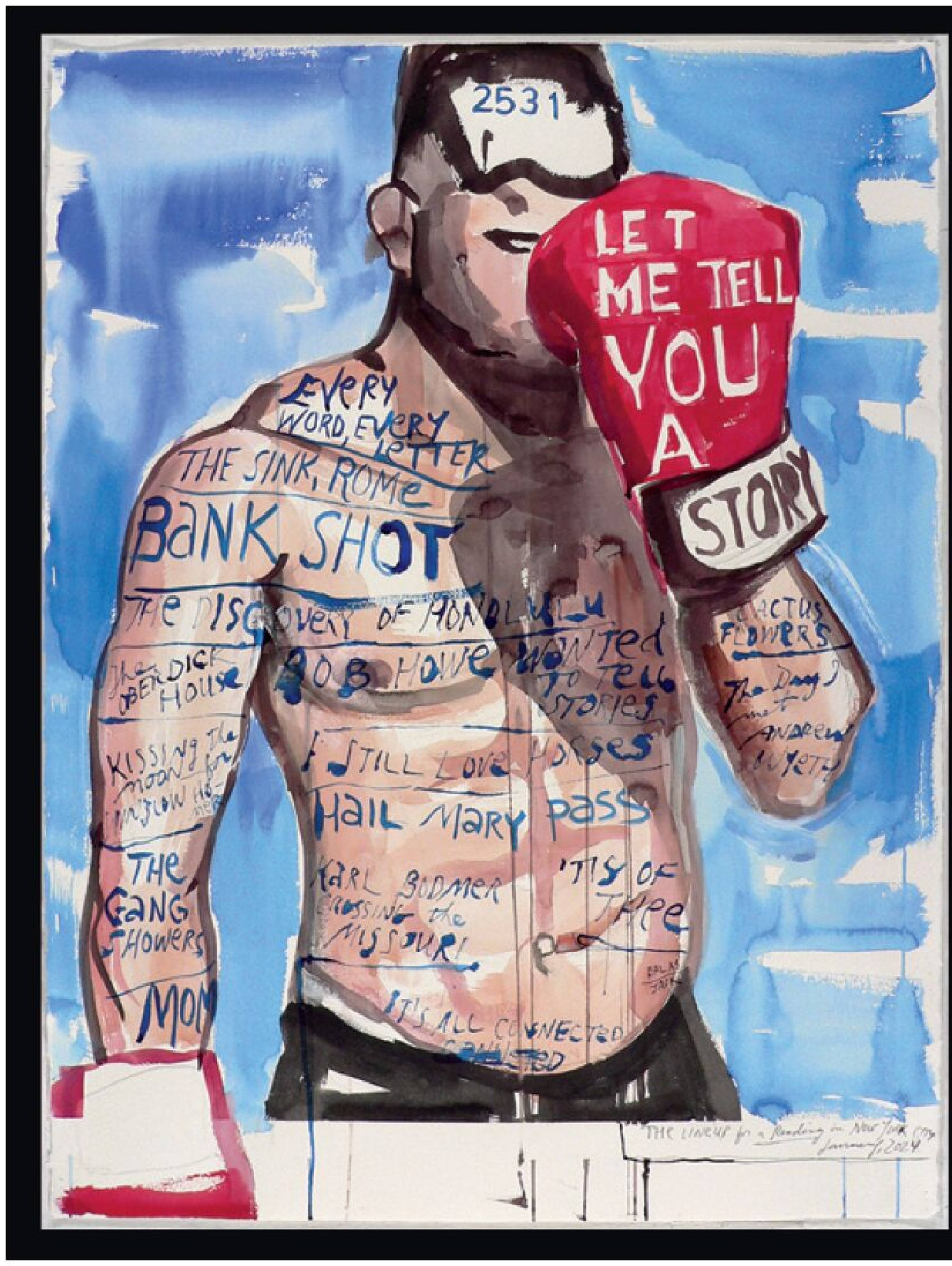
New York
384 Broadway
New York NY 10013

Tel: +1 212 399 2636
www.alexandergray.com

Germantown
224 Main Street, Garden Level
Germantown NY 12526

Tel: +1 518 537 2100


JUNIOR RANGERS
@ THE CLUBHOUSE
artrocksclub.com


2531
LET ME TELL YOU A STORY
EVERY WORD EVERY LETTER
THE SINK, ROME
BANK SHOT
THE DISCOVERY OF HONOLULU
BOB HOPE
WANTED TO TELL STORIES
I STILL LOVE HORSES
HAIL MARY PASS
KARL BODMER CROSSING THE MISSOURI
'TIS OF THEE
THE GANG SHOWERS
IT'S ALL CONNECTED

Jack Balas, 2024; LET ME TELL YOU A STORY (#2531); India ink on paper, 30x22 inches

JACK BALAS .com

CHICAGO

ALAN KOPPEL GALLERY
806 North Dearborn St, Chicago, IL 60610
Tel: 312 640 0730
E-mail: alankoppel@alankoppel.com   Web: alankoppel.com
Mon. – Fri. 10–5:30, Sat. by appointment

Please contact gallery for information.

ANTHONY GALLERY
1360 West Lake St, Chicago, IL 60607
Tel: 312 374 3129
E-mail: info@anthonygallery.com   Web: anthonygallery.com
Tues. – Sat. 11–5

Until June 29   Andrew Park: The Places We Built

THE ARTS CLUB OF CHICAGO
201 East Ontario St, Chicago, IL 60611
Tel: 312 787 3997   Fax: 312 787 8664
E-mail: information@artsclubchicago.org   Web: artsclubchicago.org
Instagram: @artsclubchicago
Tues. – Fri. 10–1, 2–6; Sat. 11–3

Until June 28   Mina Loy: Strangeness Is Inevitable
Until September 3   Garden Project – Christine Tarkowski: the old Moon in the new Moon's arms
June 26 – August 16   Teresa Baker: Shift In The Clouds

BLOCK MUSEUM OF ART
Northwestern University,
40 Arts Circle, Evanston, IL 60208
Tel: 847 491 4000
E-mail: block-museum@northwestern.edu   Web: blockmuseum.northwestern.edu
Instagram: @nublockmuseum
Wed. – Fri. 12–8, Sat. & Sun. 12–5, Mon. – Tues. closed

Until July 7   Actions for the Earth: Art, Care & Ecology
Until July 7   A Little Truth: Fact and Fiction in Family Photography

CORBETT VS. DEMPSEY
2156 West Fulton St, Chicago, IL 60612
Tel: 773 278 1664
E-mail: info@corbettvsdempsey.com   Web: corbettvsdempsey.com
Tues. – Sat. 10–5

Until June 22   Rosa Barba (The Vault)
Until June 22   Dominick Di Meo
Until June 22   Miyoko Ito
June 28 – August 10   Ted Halkin
June 28 – August 10   Rebecca Shore

DOCUMENT
1709 West Chicago Ave, Chicago, IL 60622
Tel: 312 535 4555
E-mail: info@documentspace.com   Web: documentspace.com
Tues. – Sat. 11–6

June 7 – August 3   Erin Jane Nelson
July 11 – August 9   DOCUMENT x Mrs.: Summer Group Show at Mrs. (Maspeth, NY)

GALLERY 400
University of Illinois Chicago,
400 S. Peoria Street, Chicago, IL 60607
Tel: 312 996 6114
E-mail: gallery400@uic.edu   Web: gallery400.uic.edu
Instagram: @gallery400
Tues. – Fri. 10–5, Sat. 12–5

Until August 2   The Mask of Prosperity

GOLDFINCH
319 North Albany Ave, Chicago, IL 60612
Tel: 708 714 0937
E-mail: info@goldfinch-gallery.com   Web: goldfinch-gallery.com
Instagram: @goldfinch_gallery_chicago
Fri. – Sat. 12–4, and by appointment

Until June 8   Sherwin Ovid: Leeway (Gallery 1)
Until June 8   Tsai-Ling Tseng: Piece together (times) (Gallery 2)
June 15 – July 27   Jessie Mott (Gallery 1)
June 15 – July 27   Overhang: Journie Cirdain, Jennifer Sullivan, Peter Fagundo, MJ Lourdes, Ricardo Partida, Mel Cook, Marina Ross, and Christina Ballantyne; curated by Roland Miller (Gallery 2)

GRAHAM FOUNDATION FOR ADVANCED STUDIES IN THE FINE ARTS
4 West Burton Pl, Chicago, IL 60610
Tel: 312 787 4071
E-mail: info@grahamfoundation.org   Web: grahamfoundation.org
Facebook/Instagram: @GrahamFoundation
Wed. – Sat. 12–5

Until June 22   Cally Spooner: Deadtime, an anatomy study

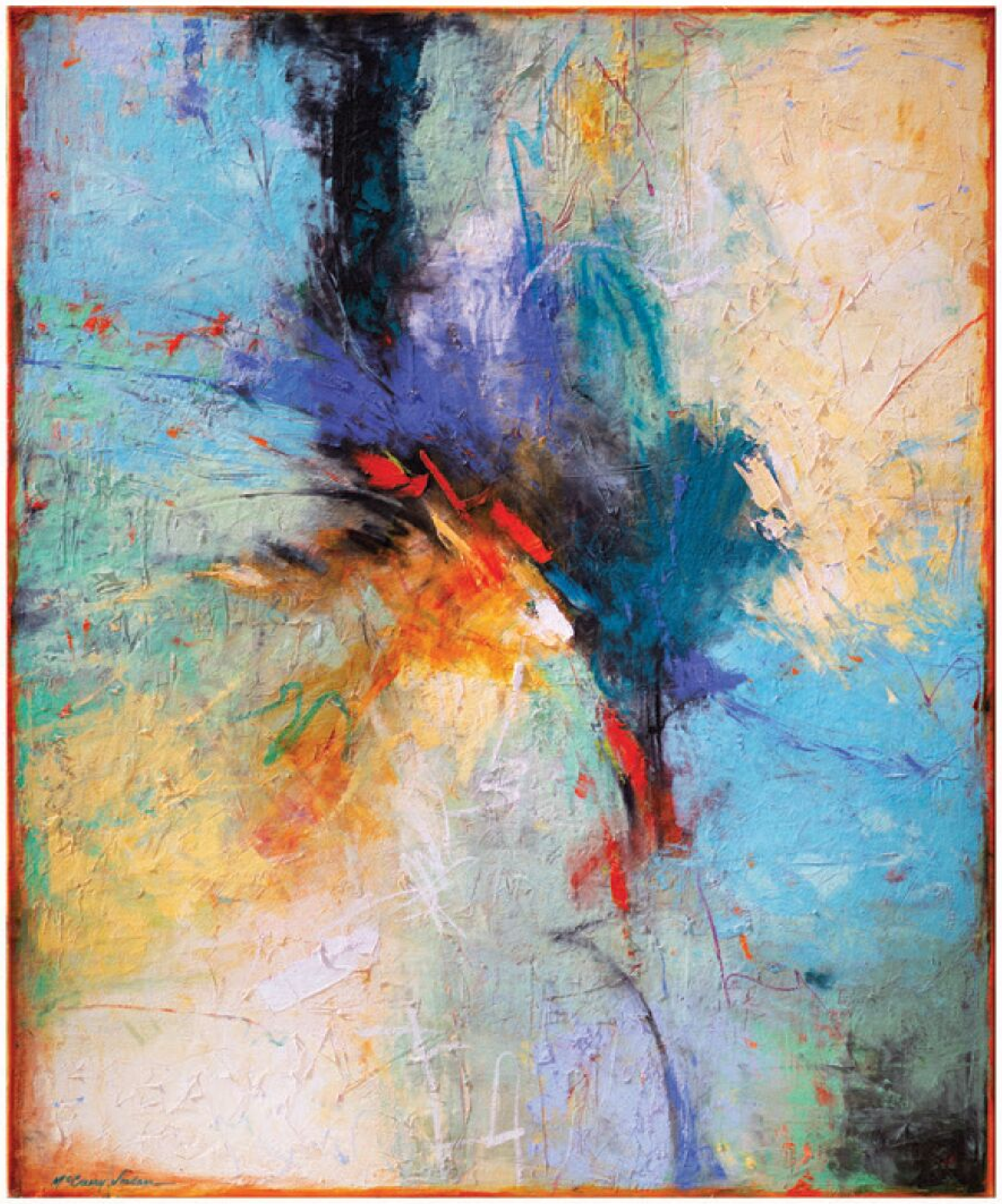
GRAY
2044 West Carroll Ave, Chicago, IL 60612
Tel: 312 883 8277
E-mail: info@richardgraygallery.com   Web: richardgraygallery.com
Tue. by appointment, Wed. – Fri. 10–5

Please contact gallery for information.

HYDE PARK ART CENTER
5020 South Cornell Ave, Chicago, IL 60615
Tel: 773 324 5520   Fax: 773 324 6641
E-mail: generalinfo@hydeparkart.org   Web: hydeparkart.org
Mon. – Thurs. 10–7, Fri. 10–4:30, Sat. 10–4, Sun. 10–1:30

Until June 16   Alice Shaddle: Fuller Circles
Until October 27   The United Colors of Robert Earl Paige
Until October 27   Parapluie
June 15 – September 22   Pit Stop
July 13 – October 6   New Edition

GAIA



Heaven's Gate 60" x 48"

McCreery Jordan

225 Canyon Road Suite 6
Santa Fe
gaiacontemporary.com

TREVOR
YEUNG:
楊沛鏗：

Courtyard of Attachments
雙附院

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IN VENICE
香港在威尼斯

La Biennale di Venezia
60. Esposizione Internazionale d'Arte
Eventi Collaterali

20.4.–
24.11.
2024

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西九文化區

香港藝術發展局
Hong Kong Arts Development Council

Coordinator in Venice:
PDG Arte Communcations,
artecommunications.com

CHICAGO

LOGAN CENTER EXHIBITIONS, UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

at the Reva and David Logan Center for the Arts
915 East 60th St, Chicago, IL 60637
Tel: 773 834 8377
E-mail: logancenterexhibitions@uchicago.edu
Web: loganexhibitions.uchicago.edu
Tues. – Sun. 9–9

Until June 9 WRONG & STRONG: Department of Visual Arts MFA Thesis Exhibition
July 19 – December 15 Gray Center Fellowship Exhibition – vanessa german: At the end of this reality there is a bridge—the bridge is inside of you but not inside of your body. Take this bridge to get to the next ______, all of your friends are there; death is not real and we are all dj's

MARIANE IBRAHIM

437 North Paulina St, Chicago, IL 60622
Tel: 312 877 5436
E-mail: chicago@marianeibrahim.com Web: marianeibrahim.com
Tues. – Sat. 11–6

Please contact gallery for information.

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451 North Paulina St, Chicago, IL 60622
Tel: 312 243 2129
E-mail: info@moniquemeloche.com Web: moniquemeloche.com
Instagram: @moniquemeloche Facebook: MoniqueMelocheGallery
Tues. – Sat. 11–6

June 7 – July 27 Collage Culture

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY PHOTOGRAPHY

at Columbia College Chicago
600 South Michigan Ave, Chicago, IL 60605
Tel: 312 663 5554
E-mail: mocp@colum.edu Web: mocp.org
Mon. – Sat. 10–5, Thurs. 10–8, Sun. 12–5

Until August 18 Captured Earth
August 30 – December 20 Dawit L. Petros: Prospetto a Mare

NEUBAUER COLLEGIUM FOR CULTURE AND SOCIETY

at The University of Chicago
5701 South Woodlawn Ave, Chicago, IL 60637
E-mail: collegium@uchicago.edu Web: neubauercollegium.uchicago.edu
Mon. – Fri. 9–4

Until July 14 WORKS BY: Tony Lewis with Bethany Collins, Devin T. Mays, and Ellen Rothenberg
Fall 2024 The Otolith Group

PATRON

1612 West Chicago Ave, Chicago, IL 60622
Tel: 312 846 1500
E-mail: info@patrongallery.com Web: patrongallery.com
Tues. – Sat. 11–6, and by appointment

Please contact gallery for information.

THE RENAISSANCE SOCIETY

at The University of Chicago
5811 South Ellis Ave, Cobb Hall, 4th Floor, Chicago, IL 60637
Tel: 773 702 8670
E-mail: info@renaissancesociety.org Web: renaissancesociety.org
Wed., Fri. 12–6, Thurs. 12–7, Sat. – Sun. 10–6

Until July 7 Jordan Strafer: DECADENCE

RHONA HOFFMAN GALLERY

1711 West Chicago Ave, Chicago, IL 60622
Tel: 312 455 1990
E-mail: contact@rhoffmangallery.com Web: rhoffmangallery.com
Tues. – Fri. 10–5, Sat. 11–5

June 7 – August Margaret Wharton

SECRIST BEACH

1801 West Hubbard St, Chicago, IL 60622
Tel: 312 610 3821
E-mail: info@secristbeach.com Web: secristbeach.com
Instagram: @secristbeach
Tues. – Sat. 11–6

June 14 – August 16 Stephen Eichhorn: Voidground
June 14 – August 17 Making Time

SMART MUSEUM OF ART

at The University of Chicago
5550 South Greenwood Ave, Chicago, IL 60637
Tel: 773 702 0200
E-mail: smart-museum@uchicago.edu Web: smartmuseum.uchicago.edu
Tues. – Sun. 10–4:30, Mon. closed
Summer 2024: closed for installation

Until June 9 Meiji Modern: Fifty Years of New Japan

VOLUME GALLERY

1709 West Chicago Ave, 2nd Floor, Chicago, IL 60622
Tel: 312 666 7954
E-mail: katherine@wvvolumes.com Web: wvvolumes.com
Tues. – Sat. 11–6

June 7 – August 17 Matt Paweski: Table Setting

WRIGHTWOOD 659

659 West Wrightwood Ave, Chicago, IL 60614
Tel: 773 437 6601
E-mail: info@wrightwood659.org Web: wrightwood659.org
Instagram: @wrightwood659

Until July 27 Chryssa & New York
Until July 27 Tadao Ando: Spontaneous Sketches

ZOLLA/LIEBERMAN GALLERY

325 West Huron St, Chicago, IL 60654
Tel: 312 944 1990 Fax: 312 944 8967
E-mail: zollalieberman@sbcglobal.net Web: zollaliebermangallery.com
Tues. – Fri. 10–5:30, Sat. 11–5:30

Until June 22 Dennis Lee Mitchell: Through and Open Flame (Main Gallery and South Gallery)
Until June 22 Rhonda Gates: land[e]scapes (Office Gallery)
July 12 – August 15 Vera Klement: After a Life (Main Gallery)
July 12 – August 15 Veil, Drape, and Stitch; curated by Ruth L. Poor (South Gallery)
July 12 – August 15 Summer Selections, curated by William Lieberman (Office Gallery)

MOCA JAX | 100 YEARS

PROJECT ATRIUM:

RAFAEL LOZANO-HEMMER: “SPECTRAL SUBJECTS”

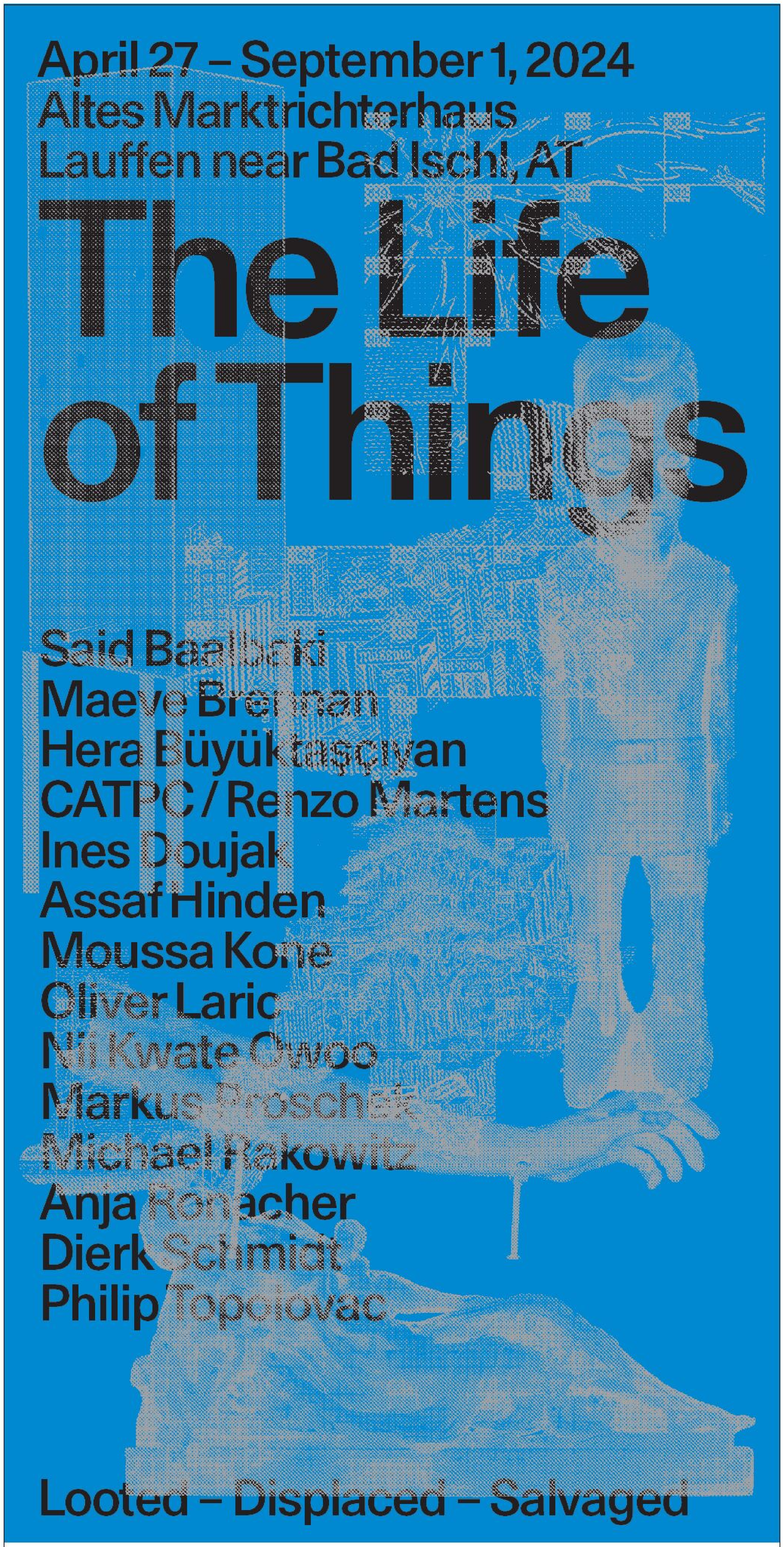
SEPTEMBER 5, 2024 — FEBRUARY 16, 2025

For the last 100 years, the Museum of Contemporary Art Jacksonville has been more than a place to view art, and this is especially true in the upcoming Project Atrium installation, “Spectral Subjects.” Rafael Lozano-Hemmer invites you to be an integral part of the artwork, a contemplation on how humanity extends beyond its bodily boundaries and into the world around us. For good — and for the bad.

LEARN MORE ABOUT “SPECTRAL SUBJECTS” AT MOCAJACKSONVILLE.UNF.EDU

Visit Jacksonville and the Beaches

UNF UNIVERSITY of NORTH FLORIDA



April 27 – September 1, 2024
Altes Marktrichterhaus
Lauffen near Bad Ischl, AT

The Life of Things

Said Baalbaki
Maeve Brennan
Hera Büyüktaşçıyan
CATPC / Renzo Martens
Ines Doujak
Assaf Hinden
Moussa Kone
Oliver Laric
Nii Kwate Owoo
Markus Proschek
Michael Rakowitz
Anja Ronacher
Dierk Schmidt
Philip Topolovac

Looted – Displaced – Salvaged

culture project of salzkammergut 2024 European Capital of Culture Bad Ischl Salzkammergut

Lentos Kunstmuseum

GERMANY

BERLIN

GALERIE BUCHHOLZ
Fasanenstraße 30, 10719
Tel: +49 30 8862 4056
galeriebuchholz.de   post@galeriebuchholz.de
Tues. – Sat. 11–6

Until June 15   Wolfgang Tillmans

CAPITAIN PETZEL
Karl-Marx-Allee 45, 10178
Tel: +49 30 240 88 130
capitainpetzel.de   info@capitainpetzel.de
Tues. – Sat. 11–6

June 7 – August 3   Group Show: Sweet Sixteen

GALERIE EIGEN + ART
Auguststraße 26, 10117
Tel: +49 30 280 6605
eigen-art.com   berlin@eigen-art.com
Tues. – Sat. 11–6

Until July 6   Igor Hosnedl

EIGEN + ART LAB
Torstraße 220, 10115
Tel: +49 30 3087 7940
eigen-art-lab.com   lab@eigen-art.com
Tues. – Fri. 2–6, Sat. 11–6

June 7–29   Catinca Malaimare
July 4 – August 24   Gabrielle Kruger

HUA INTERNATIONAL
Potsdamer Straße 81B, 10785
Tel. +49 30 2579 2410
hua-international.com   info@hua-international.com
Tues. – Sat. 12–6

Please contact gallery for information.

JULIA STOSCHEK FOUNDATION
Leipziger Straße 60
(entrance: Jerusalemer Straße), 10117
Tel: +49 309 2106 2460
jsfoundation.art   info@jsfoundation.art
Sat. – Sun. 12–6

Until July 28   Unbound – Performance as Rupture: Panteha Abareshi, Julien Creuzet, VALIE EXPORT, Exterra XX, Harry Gamboa Jr., Tarek Lakhrissi, Christelle Oyiri, Sondra Perry, Howardena Pindell, Pope.L, Vaginal Davis, and others

KLEMM'S
Prinzessinnenstraße 29, 10969
Leipziger Straße 58, 10117
Tel. +49 30 4050 4953
klemms-berlin.com   info@klemms-berlin.com
Tues. – Sat. 11–6

Until June 8   Jonas Roßmeißl

KONRAD FISCHER GALERIE
Neue Grünstraße 12, 10179
Tel: +49 30 5059 6820
konradfischergalerie.de   berlin-office@konradfischergalerie.de
Tues. – Sat. 11–6

Until July 27   Rachel Harrison: Bird Watching

KW INSTITUTE FOR CONTEMPORARY ART
Auguststraße 69, 10117
Tel: +49 30 243 4590
kw-berlin.de   info@kw-berlin.de
Wed. – Mon. 11–7; Tues. closed;
Thurs. 11–9, free admission 6–9

June 7–9   Pause Series – Billy Bultheel and James Richards: Workers in Song
July 6 – October 20   Pia Arke: Arctic Hysteria
July 6 – October 20   Luiz Roque: Estufa
July 6 – October 20   Jimmy DeSana and Paul P.: Ruins of Rooms

GALERIE NORDENHAKE
Lindenstraße 34, 10969
Tel: +49 30 206 1483
nordenhake.com   berlin@nordenhake.com
Tues. – Fri. 11–6, Sat. 12–6

Until June 29   Frida Orupabo: All is broken in the night

SPRÜTH MAGERS
Oranienburger Straße 18, 10178
Tel: +49 30 2888 4030
spruethmagers.com   info@spruethmagers.com
Tues. – Sat. 11–6

Until June 27   territory: Mire Lee, Liu Yujia, Gala Porras-Kim, Tan Jing, and Zhang Ruyi

ZILBERMAN
Goethestraße 82, 10623
Schlüterstraße 45, 10707
Tel: +49 30 3180 9900
zilbermangallery.com   zilberman@zilbermangallery.com
Tues. – Sat. 11–6

Until July 6   Pondering Provenance: Marianna Christofides, Itamar Gov, Judith Raum, and Simon Wachsmuth, curated by Lotte Laub and Lusin Reinsch

COLOGNE

GALERIE BUCHHOLZ
Neven-DuMont-Straße 17, 50667
Tel: +49 221 257 4946
galeriebuchholz.de   post@galeriebuchholz.de
Tues. – Fri. 11–6, Sat. 11–4

June 1 – July 27   Frances Stark: Orders to Kill

GALERIE JAN KAPS
Lindenstraße 20, 50674
Tel: +49 221 828 202 12
jan-kaps.com   info@jan-kaps.com
Tues. – Sat. 11–6

June 5 – July 27   Melike Kara

THE CLARK

THIS SUMMER!

WILLIAMSTOWN
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CLARKART.EDU

KATHIA ST. HILAIRE:
INVISIBLE EMPIRES
Through September 22

Generous support for this exhibition is provided by Thomas and Lily Beischer, Richard and Margaret Kronenberg, and Denise Littlefield Sobel.

Kathia St. Hilaire, *David* (detail), 2022, reduction linocut in oil-based ink on canvas with tires, resin, banana leaves, fabric, metal, paper, rabbit skin glue, pigment, and thread. Photo by Guillaume Ziccarelli

DAVID-JEREMIAH:
I DRIVE THEE
Through January 26, 2025

Generous support for *David-Jeremiah: I Drive Thee* is provided by Agnes Gund.

David-Jeremiah, *I Drive Thee* (detail), 2022, oil-based enamel paint, spray paint, manila rope, and mixed media on wood panel. Private collection, courtesy of the artist

NATIONAL
MUSEUM
of the
AMERICAN
INDIAN

Smithsonian

Unbound: Narrative Art of the Plains

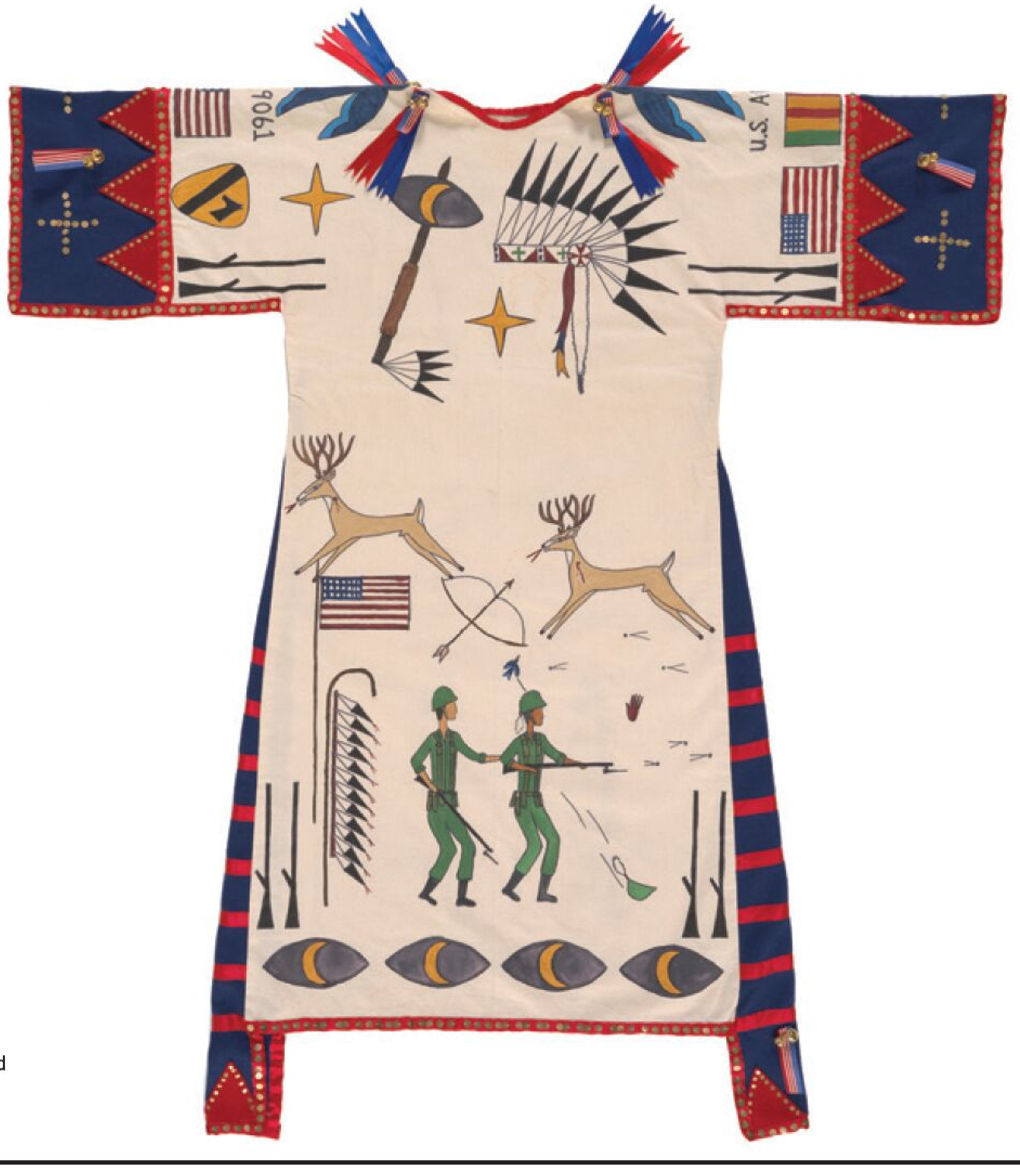
Opening June 1 | Washington, D.C.

See how Great Plains artists depict family life, battles, and pop culture on hides, muslins, and accounting ledgers.

Generous support for the project is provided by the Terra Foundation for American Art and the Wyeth Foundation for American Art. Additional support provided by Dr. Quincalee Brown and Dr. James P. Simsarian.

AmericanIndian.si.edu

Lauren GoodDay (Arikara/Hidatsa/Blackfeet/Plains Cree, b. 1987). *A Warrior's Story, Honoring Grandpa Blue Bird*, 2012. Muslin, dyed wool fabric, pigments, brass sequins, brass bells, satin ribbon, cotton thread, acrylic sinew. Purchase supported by the R. Devon Hutchins Memorial Contemporary Art Fund.



GERMANY

DÜSSELDORF

ANNA LAUDEL
Mühlenstraße 1, 40213
Tel: +49 211 902 269 62
annalaudel.gallery dus@annalaudel.gallery
Tues. – Fri. 12–6, Sat. 11–3

Until June 8 Ramazan Can: One Day, Everyone Will Migrate
June 13 – July 20 Michael von Hassel: Bundesliga Cathedrals

KUNSTHALLE DÜSSELDORF
Grabbeplatz 4, 40213
Tel: +49 211 54 23 77 10
kunsthalle-duesseldorf.de mail@kunsthalle-duesseldorf.de
Tues. – Sun. 11–6

Until June 9 Margarete Jakschik and Friedrich Kunath: ONLY LOVERS LEFT
June 29 – September 8 Die Heilung der Erde

KONRAD FISCHER GALERIE
Platanenstraße 7, 40233
Tel: +49 21 1685 908
konradfischergalerie.de office@konradfischergalerie.de
Tues. – Sat. 11–6

Until July 27 Allan Sekula: Between Dreams and Disasters, The Constant of Labor
Until July 27 Thomas Ruff: untitled# & d.o.pe.

JULIA STOSCHEK FOUNDATION
Schanzenstraße 54, 40549
Tel: +49 21 1585 8840
jsfoundation.art info@jsfoundation.art
Sun. 11–6

Until February 2, 2025 Lynn Hershman Leeson: Are Our Eyes Targets?
Until February 2, 2025 Digital Diaries: Alex Ayed, Sophie Calle, Sophie Gogl, Rindon Johnson, Kristin Lucas, Sarah Lucas, Jota Mombaça, Ken Okiishi, Hannah Perry, Frances Stark, and more

FRANKFURT

GALERIE BÄRBEL GRÄSSLIN
Schäfergasse 46 B, 60313
Tel: +49 69 2992 4670
galerie-graesslin.de mail@galerie-graesslin.de
Tues. – Fri. 10–6, Sat. 10–2

Until June 29 Helmut Dorner
July 6 – August 31 Minimal Maximal

FILIALE
Stiftstraße 14, 60313
Tel: +49 69 2992 4670
galerie-filiale.de mail@galerie-filiale.de
Tues. – Fri. 2–6, Sat. 11–3

June 7 – July 13 Carolin Trunk

MUSEUM MMK FÜR MODERNE KUNST
Domstraße 10, 60311
Tel: +49 69 212 30447
mmk.art mmk@stadt-frankfurt.de
Tues. 11–6, Wed. 11–8, Thurs. – Sun. 11–6

Until May 29, 2025 Cyprien Gaillard: Frankfurter Schacht

HAMBURG

SFEIR-SEMLER GALLERY
Admiralitätstraße 71, 20459
Tel: +49 40 3751 9940
sfeir-semler.com galerie@sfeir-semler.com
Mon. – Fri. 11–7, Sat. 11–4

Until August 24 Samia Halaby: Fragments of time

LEIPZIG

GALERIE EIGEN + ART
Spinnereistraße 7, Halle 5, 04179
Tel: +49 34 1960 7886
eigen-art.com leipzig@eigen-art.com
Tues. – Sat. 11–6

June 7 – August 24 Maix Mayer
June 7 – August 24 Uwe Kowski

MÜNSTER

LWL-MUSEUM FÜR KUNST UND KULTUR
Domplatz 10, 48143
Tel: +49 251 5907 201
lwl-museum-kunst-kultur.de
museumkunstkultur@lwl.org
Tues. – Sun. 10–6, open until midnight on the second Friday of each month

June 14 – December 8 Cremer-Preis 2024 – Ali Eslami: Line of Sight

MUNICH

HAUS DER KUNST
Prinzregentenstraße 1, 80538
Tel: +49 89 2112 7113
hausderkunst.de mail@hausderkunst.de
Mon. & Wed. 10–8, Tues. closed, Thurs. 10–10, Fri. – Sun. 10–8

Until July 14 Samaneh Atef, Belén Sánches, and Desmond Tjonakoy
Until September 22 Liliane Lijn: Arise Alive
Until October 13 Rebecca Horn
Until October 27 Martino Gamper: Sitzung
Until October 29 TUNE – Jim C. Nedd: Recuerdos II (Memories II)
Until December 15 Luisa Baldhuber: Afterglow

LENBACHHAUS
Luisenstraße 33, 80333
Tel: +49 89 2339 6933
lenbachhaus.de lenbachhaus@muenchen.de
Wed. – Sun. 10–6, Thurs. 10–8

Until July 28 Fragment of an Infinite Discourse: Maria Bartuszová, Mario García Torres, Rodney Graham, On Kawara, Beate Kuhn, Isa Melsheimer, Stephen Prina, Karin Sander, Wilhelm Sasnal, and Wiebke Siem
Until September 8 Cao Fei: Meta-mentary
Until October 13 Orhan Pamuk: The Consolation of Objects
Until October 20 The Blue Rider – A New Language: Wassily Kandinsky, Maria Franck-Marc, Gabriele Münter, Franz Marc, Elisabeth Epstein, Alexej Jawlensky, Paul Klee, August Macke, Marianne Werefkin, and Rudolf Schlichter
October 15 – March 2, 2025 But Live Here? No Thanks – Surrealism + Anti-Facism: Joan Miró, Pablo Picasso, Max Ernst, and Claude Cahun

PULPO GALLERY
Obermarkt 51, 82418 Murnau am Staffelsee
Tel: +49 17 1177 8796
pulpogallery.com info@pulpogallery.com
Wed. - Fri. 10–4, Sat. 10–2

Until August 31 Gao Hang: You see? You are also simulated buddy . . .
June 14 – July 31 Sticker Album: Ed Broner, Damien Cifelli, Gabrielle Graessle, Gao Hang, and Julien Jaca

DAVID SALLE
UN-ACCOMPANIED MINORS

SEVİL DOLMACI
İSTANBUL

www.sevildolmaci.com.tr
info@sevildolmaci.com | +90 (212) 258 95 65
Cihannüma Mah., Çömezler Sok. No:16 Beşiktaş / İSTANBUL

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la scia del monte

MUSÉE DES BEAUX-ARTS LE LOCLE

until 15.09.2024

the heritage of monte verità through the works of 26 contemporary artists

ou les utopistes magnétiques

mbal.ch
@mbalelocle
le locle, switzerland

MIAMI

THE BASS

2100 Collins Avenue, Miami Beach, FL 33139
thebass.org   info@thebass.org
305 673 7530

Until June 23
Etel Adnan: Painting into Space
Until June 23
Anne Duk Hee Jordan: I will always weather with you
Until August 16
Nam June Paik: The Miami Years
Until September 1
Social Assembly: Welcome to the Museum

DIANA LOWENSTEIN GALLERY

326 NE 61st Street, Miami, FL 33137
dianalowensteingallery.com   dlfa@lionstone.net
Instagram: @dianalowenstein_gallery
305 576 1804

June 8 – July 31
Luis Paredes: Archivos del Antropoceno

EMERSON DORSCH

5900 NW 2nd Avenue, Miami, FL 33127
emersondorsch.com   info@emersondorsch.com
Instagram: @emersondorsch
305 576 1278

June 27 – August 17
Alberto Checa: ConchaFlush
June 27 – August 17
Philip Lique: All Paths Lead Home

THE MARGULIES COLLECTION AT THE WAREHOUSE

591 NW 27th Street, Miami, FL 33127
margulieswarehouse.com   mcollection@bellsouth.net
305 576 1051

October
Small Masterworks: De Kooning, Fontana, Gottlieb, Judd, Franz Kline, Manzoni, Miró, Noguchi, Pollock, Twombly
October
Big Works: Eric Bainbridge, William Beckman, Anna Betbeze, John Torreano
October
Foto Colectania Collection, Barcelona, Spain
October
Photography: Jason Schmidt, Alec Soth, Jeff Brouws
October
Large Scale Sculpture: Bladen, Heizer, Kiefer, Noguchi, Perlman, Serra, Tony Smith, Snelson, Tucker, Franz West

PAN AMERICAN ART

Design District, 21 NE 39th Street, Miami, FL 33137
Little River, 274 NE 67th Street, Miami, FL 33138
panamericanart.com   miami@panamericanart.com
Instagram: @panamericanartprojects
305 751 2550

Until June 9
Rusty Scruby: Between Two Worlds (Little River)
Until June 16
What does all the blue in the sea have that the sky doesn't? (Design District, Building 21, East Wing)
Until July 6
Collective Exhibition: Wonderland (Little River)

PIERO ATCHUGARRY GALLERY

5520 NE 4th Avenue Miami, FL 33137
pieroatchugarry.com   admin@pieroatchugarry.com
Instagram: @pieroatchugarrygallery
305 639 8247

June 1 – September 7
Pauline d'Andigné: Melting Point
June 1 – September 7
Sophie Ullrich: All Shrimp No Sauce

PRIMARY.

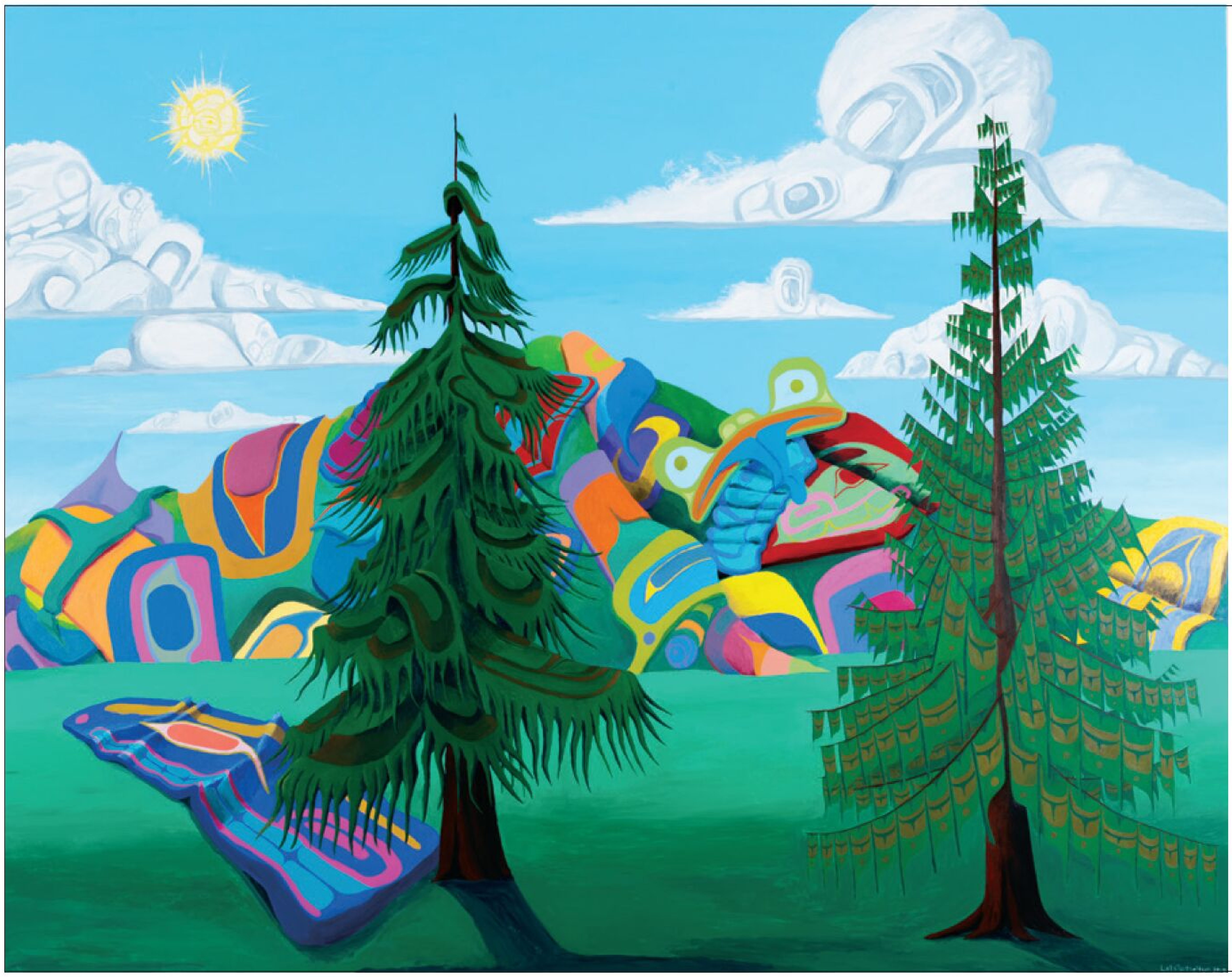
7410 NW Miami Court, Miami, FL 33150
thisisprimary.com   info@thisisprimary.com
Instagram: @primaryprojects
954 296 1675

Please contact gallery for information.

ZILBERMAN | MIAMI

25 NE 39th Street, Miami, FL 33137
zilbermangallery.com   zilberman@zilbermangallery.com
Instagram: @zilbermangallery
305 603 7763

Until June 15
Pedro Gómez-Egaña: Third Crescent



On View May 24–September 1, 2024

Early Days

Indigenous Art from the McMichael Canadian Art Collection

Chrysler Museum of Art

Free Admission | chrysler.org

McMichael
CANADIAN ART COLLECTION D'ART CANADIEN

This exhibition was organized by the McMichael Canadian Art Collection, Kleinburg, Ontario

Lawrence Paul Yuxweluptun (b. 1957), ***New Climate Landscape (Northwest Coast Climate Change)***, 2019, Acrylic on canvas, McMichael Canadian Art Collection, purchase BMO Financial Group, 2020.10, Image courtesy of Sarah Macaulay & Co. Fine Art

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ART MUSEUM
New Worlds Await
at the
Art Museum of South Texas

1902 North Shoreline Boulevard | Corpus Christi | www.artmuseumofsouthtexas.org | 361.825.3500

3A GALLERY

179 Canal Street, #5A
3agallery.com info3agallery@gmail.com
Thursday – Saturday 2–6

Please contact gallery for information.

47 CANAL

291 Grand Street, 2nd Floor
office@47canal.us 47canal.us
Wednesday – Saturday 11–6

Please contact gallery for information.

BAXTER ST AT CCNY

126 & 128 Baxter Street
baxterst.org info@baxterst.org
212 260 9927
Tuesday – Saturday 12–6

Please contact gallery for information.

BRIDGET DONAHUE

99 Bowery, 2nd Floor
bridgetdonahue.nyc info@bridgetdonahue.nyc 646 896 1368
Tuesday – Saturday 12–6

Until July 13
Susan Cianciolo: Light Workers –
RUN 15 Game of Life (Thank You Pine Trees)

COMPANY GALLERY

145 Elizabeth Street
companygallery.us info@companygallery.us
646 756 4547
Wednesday – Saturday 12–6

Until June 8
Reba Maybury: The Happy man (Gallery 2 & 3)
Until June 8
Joanne Robertson: Field (Gallery 1)

CRISTIN TIERNEY

219 Bowery, 2nd Floor
info@cristintierney.com
cristintierney.com
212 594 0550
Tuesday – Friday 10–6, Saturday 12–6

Until June 8
Roger Shimomura: All American
June 21 – August 2
Joan Linder: Fulfillment

DEREK ELLER GALLERY

300 Broome Street
derekeller.com info@derekeller.com
212 206 6411
Tuesday – Saturday 11–6

Until June 29
Dan Fischer (Project Room)
Until June 29
Areum Yang: Home of Being

FORMah

42 Allen Street
theFORMah.com info@theformah.com
917 868 3231
Wednesday – Saturday 12–7

Please contact gallery for information.

FRIDMAN GALLERY

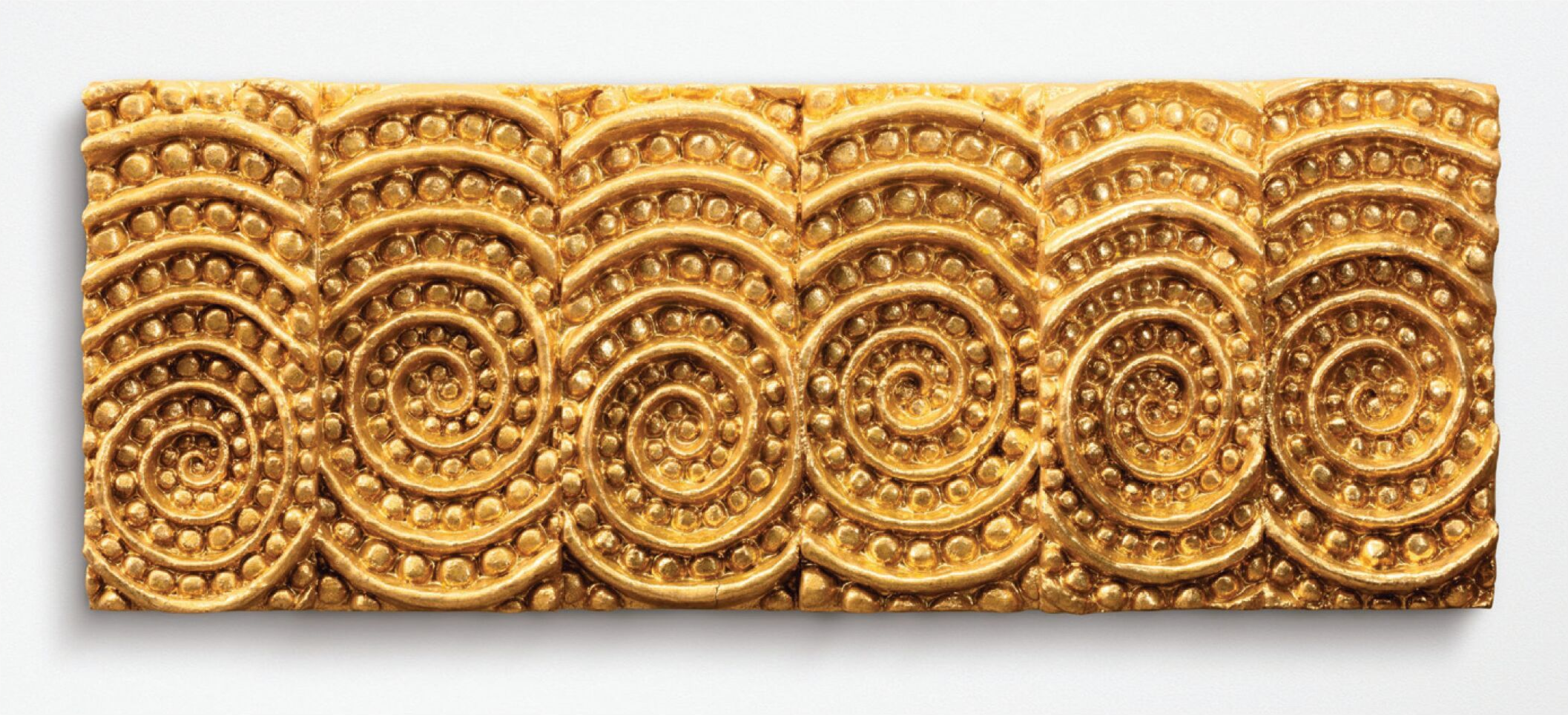
169 Bowery
fridmangallery.com info@fridmangallery.com
646 345 9831
Monday – Friday 11–6

Until June 15
Jerome Lagarrigue: Shoreline
June 20 – August 16
A Billion, Brilliant Points of Unity: Kokou Ferdinand Makouvia, Terrence Musekiwa, Adjani Okpu-Egbe, Rakajoo, Sahana Ramakrishnan, Yelaine Rodriguez, David Smalling, Pascale Marthine Tayou, Maya Ines Touam, and Saya Woolfalk

HASHIMOTO CONTEMPORARY

54 Ludlow Street
hashimotocontemporary.com nyc@hashimotocontemporary.com
Tuesday – Saturday 10–6

June 1–22
Michael McGregor
June 29 – July 20
Sabrina Bockler
June 29 – July 20
Didi Rojas
August 10–31
Abigail Goldman
August 10–31
Paul Gagner



Johan Creten, *Éloge de l'ombre - Nr 3* (detail), 2022–23, glazed stoneware, gold luster, 16½ × 43⅜". © Johan Creten/ADAGP, Paris, and ARS, New York, 2024. Courtesy of the artist and Perrotin, New York.

KI SMITH GALLERY

170 Forsyth Street
kismithgallery.com info@kismithgallery.com
212 677 5131
Wednesday – Sunday 11–7

Until June 16
Caslon Bevington and Craig White: PAINTRESS
Until June 16
Tim Okamura: Blumka Contemporary Showcase
June 22 – July 28
Señor Melon a.k.a Max Hodgson: GLASS HOUSE
August 3–25
Summer Group Show 2: Kyoko Sato, Hayley River Smith, Charuka Arora, and Quintin Blumka

MAGENTA PLAINS

149 Canal Street
magentaplains.com info@magentaplains.com
917 388 2464
Tuesday – Saturday 11–6

Until June 29
Dan Dowd: Resurface
Until June 29
Chason Matthams: Agape in the Spectrum
Until June 29
Monsieur Zohore: Get Well Soon

MIGUEL ABREU
88 Eldridge Street
36 Orchard Street
miguelabreugallery.com   post@miguelabreugallery.com
212 995 1774
Tuesday – Saturday 10–6

Please contact gallery for information.

THE MILTON RESNICK AND PAT PASSLOF FOUNDATION
87 Eldridge Street
resnickpasslof.org   info@resnickpasslof.org
646 559 2513
Thursday – Saturday 11–6

Until July 20
Pat Passlof: Morgan
Until July 20
Pat Passlof: Authors & Poets, 1999–2000
Until December 21
Milton Resnick: 811 Broadway, 1959–1961

NATHALIE KARG
127 Elizabeth Street
291 Grand Street, 4th Floor
nathaliekarg.com   info@nathaliekarg.com
212 563 7821
Tuesday – Saturday 10–6

Until June 15
Links კავშირები: Edisher Beradze,
Irakli Bugiani, Elene Chantladze, Salome Chigilashvili,
Mamuka Japharidze, Tamo Jugeli, Anna K.E., Giorgi Khaniashvili,
Nika Kutateladze, Nino Kvrivishvili, and other (291 Grand Street)
Until June 15
Tim Wilson: The Increasing Clarity That It Is Only a
Matter of Time Before We Realize the Inevitable,
Only to Brush Aside for a Later Date (127 Elizabeth Street)
June 26 – August 10
Christian Franzen, Eiko Groeschl, Siobhan McClure,
and Elsa Roui (127 Elizabeth Street)
June 27 – July 27
The Last Show at Grand (291 Grand Street)

PERROTIN
130 Orchard Street
perrotin.com   newyork@perrotin.com
212 812 2902
Tuesday – Saturday 10–6

Please contact gallery for information.

RAMIKEN
389 Grand Street
ramiken.biz   emily@ramiken.biz
917 434 4245
Wednesday – Saturday 12–6

Until June 8
Daichi Takagi

SARGENT'S DAUGHTERS
179 East Broadway
sargentsdaughters.com   info@sargentsdaughters.com
917 463 3901
Tuesday – Saturday 12–6

Please contact gallery for information.

SPENCER BROWNSTONE
170-A Suffolk Street
spencerbrownstonegallery.com   info@spencerbrownstonegallery.com
212 334 3455
Wednesday – Sunday 10–6

Please contact gallery for information.

SPERONE WESTWATER
257 Bowery
speronewestwater.com   info@speronewestwater.com
212 999 7337
Tuesday – Saturday 10–6

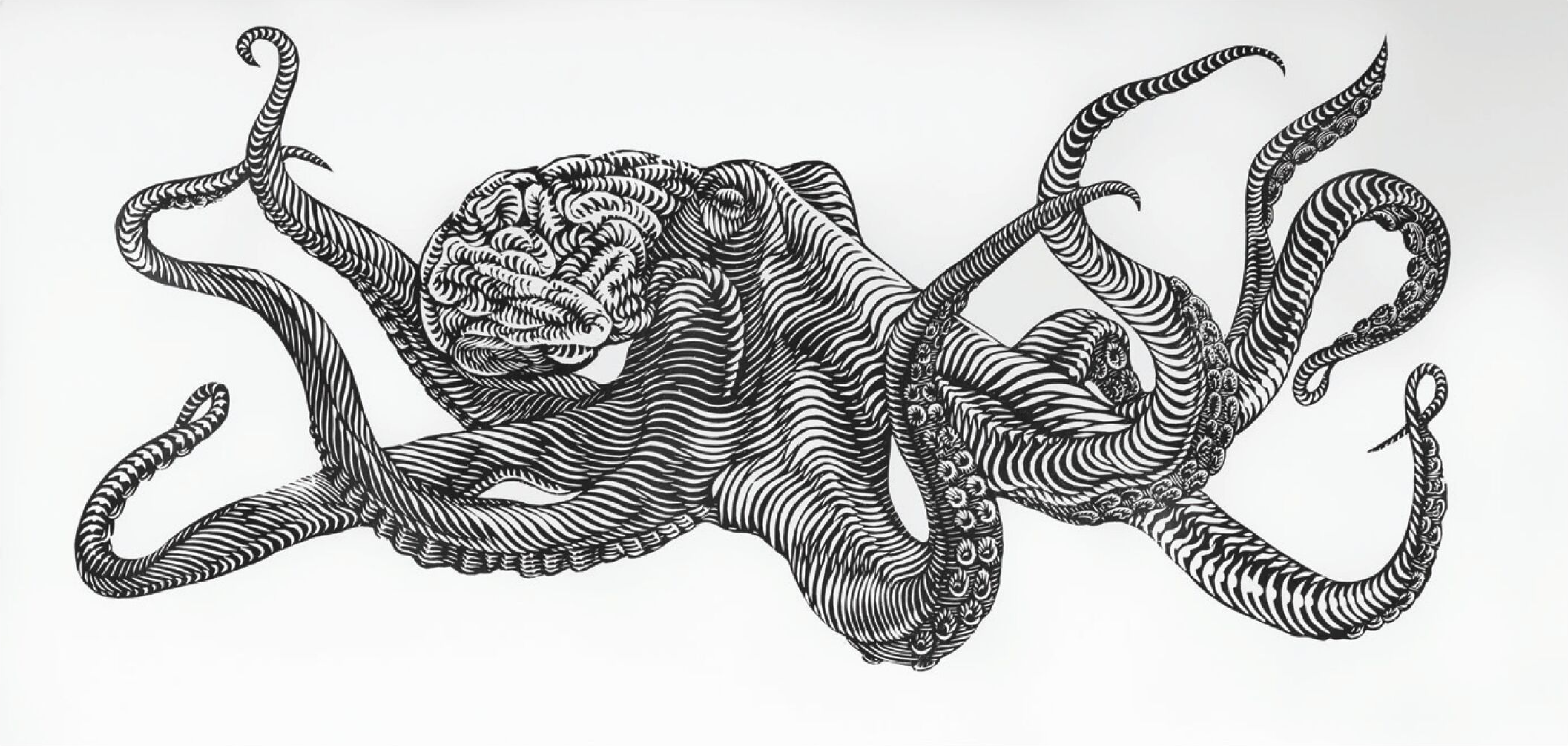
Until June 15
Joana Choumali: I am not lost, just wandering
Until June 15
Jim Gaylord: Chiaroscuro

TARA DOWNS
424 Broadway, 3rd Floor
taradowns.com   office@taradowns.com
646 468 7190
Tuesday – Saturday 11–6

Please contact gallery for information.

THOMAS NICKLES PROJECT
47 Orchard Street
thomasnickles.com   info@thomasnickles.com
917 667 5016
June: Wednesday – Sunday 11–6, Thursday 11–7
July: Tuesday – Saturday 11–6, or by appointment
August: Please contact gallery

June 5 – July 26
Osmeivy Ortega: ABUNDANCE



Osmeivy Ortega, *Other minds,* 2019, woodcut print on archival paper, 29 ½ × 41 ⅜". Courtesy of the artist and Thomas Nickles Project, New York.

TOTAH

183 Stanton Street
davidtotah.com   info@davidtotah.com
212 582 6111
Tuesday – Saturday 11–6

Until June 15
Mel Bochner: ALL SALES FINAL!

TROTTER&SHOLER

168 Suffolk Street
trotterandsholer.com   info@trotterandsholer.com
646 684 9304
Tuesday – Saturday 12–6

Until June 22
Marcus Manganni: Internal Environments

TEXAS

AUSTIN

BLANTON MUSEUM OF ART

200 East Martin Luther King Jr. Boulevard, Austin TX 78712
512 471 7324 www.blantonmuseum.org
info@blantonmuseum.org

Until June 30
Anni Albers: In Thread and On Paper
Until June 30
The Floating World: Masterpieces of Edo Japan
Until August 25
Meet Melecio Galván: The Secret Artist and His Mexican Contemporaries
Until August 25
R. Eric McMaster
Until October 24
Marie Watt
August 4 – January 5, 2025
Native America: In Translation
September 7 – January 12, 2025
Long Live Surrealism! 1924–Today: Hans Bellmer, Leonora Carrington, Max Ernst, Wifredo Lam, Man Ray, Yayoi Kusama, Dorothy Hood, Kenji Nakahashi, and Emily Mae Smith

LANDMARKS, THE PUBLIC ART PROGRAM OF THE UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS AT AUSTIN

2616 Wichita Street, A7100, BWY 3rd Floor, Austin TX 78712
512 495 4315 www.landmarksut.org
info@landmarksut.org

Ongoing
Simone Leigh: Sentinel IV
Ongoing
Sarah Oppenheimer: C-010106
Ongoing
Eamon Ore-Giron: Tras los ojos (Behind the Eyes)

NORTHERN–SOUTHERN

411 Brazos Street #105, Austin TX 78701
(entrance on E 5th Street, between Brazos and San Jacinto)
www.northern-southern.com
hello@northern-southern.com

Until June 23
interdependence: Michelle Marchesseault, Emma Rossoff, L. Renée Núñez, and Andrew Humke

DALLAS

LILIANA BLOCH GALLERY

4741 Memphis Street, Dallas TX 75207
214 991 5617 www.lilianablochgallery.com
info@lilianablochgallery.com

Until August 3
Sally Warren: The Press of My Hands
Until August 3
Melanie Clemmons, Zak Loyd, and Leigh Merrill: Selected Works

CONDUIT GALLERY

1626 C Hi Line Drive, Dallas TX 75207
214 939 0064 www.conduitgallery.com
director@conduitgallery.com

June 1 – July 6
Matt Clark: New Paintings
June 1 – July 6
C. Meng: New Paintings
June 1 – July 6
Christopher Mir
July 13 – August 10
Artists' Artists

BARRY WHISTLER GALLERY

315 Cole Street, Suite 120, Dallas TX 75207
214 939 0242 www.barrywhistlergallery.com
info@barrywhistlergallery.com

Until June 22
Lorraine Tady: Inter-Spatial
June 29 – July 27
Reed Anderson: Flags

KEIJSERS KONIG

150 Manufacturing Street, Suite 201, Dallas TX 75207
917 279 9009 www.keijserskoning.com
info@keijserskoning.com

Please contact gallery for information.

GREEN FAMILY ART FOUNDATION

2111 Flora Street, Suite 110, Dallas TX 75201
214 274 5656 www.greenfamilyartfoundation.org
info@greenfamilyartfoundation.org

Please contact foundation for information.

VARIOUS SMALL FIRES

1511 Commerce Street, Dallas TX 75201
214 233 5584 www.vsf.la info@vsf.la

Please contact gallery for information.

FORT WORTH

KIMBELL ART MUSEUM
3333 Camp Bowie Boulevard, Fort Worth TX 76107
817 332 8451 www.kimbellart.org

June 16 – September 15
Art and War in the Renaissance: The Battle of Pavia Tapestries

MODERN ART MUSEUM OF FORT WORTH
3200 Darnell Street, Fort Worth TX 76107
817 738 9215 www.themodern.org info@themodern.org

Until July 28
Surrealism and Us: Caribbean and African Diasporic Artists since 1940
Until August 25
Rebecca Manson: Barbecue

HOUSTON

ART IS BOND.
4411 Montrose Boulevard, Suite E, Houston TX 77006
713 834 1156 www.artisbond.gallery
info@artisbond.gallery

Until August 31
yakisugi by MR. TOMONOSHi!

BARBARA DAVIS GALLERY
4411 Montrose Boulevard, Houston TX 77006
713 520 9200 www.barbaradavisgallery.com
barbara@barbaradavisgallery.com

Please contact gallery for information.

McCLAIN GALLERY
2242 Richmond Avenue, Houston TX 77098
713 520 9988 www.mcclaingallery.com
info@mcclaingallery.com

Until June 22
David Row: Object/Image
Until June 22
Strangeness, Tone, Translucency: Radcliffe Bailey, Nathaniel Donnett, Jodi Hays, Carl E. Hazlewood, Dorothy Hood, Delita Martin, Robert Motherwell, Louise Nevelson, Robert Rauschenberg, Salle Werner Vaughn, and Nari Ward

GALLERY SONJA ROESCH
2309 Caroline Street, Houston TX 77004
713 659 5424 www.gallerysonjaroesch.com
sonja@gallerysonjaroesch.com

Until June 29
Madeleine Dietz: Fragments Earth and Steel

MARFA

HETZLER MARFA
1976 Antelope Hills Road, Marfa TX 79843
432 729 7272 www.maxhetzler.com
marfa@maxhetzler.com

Until December 8
Katharina Grosse: The Super Eight

RULE GALLERY
204 E. San Antonio Street, Marfa TX 79843
303 800 6776 www.rulegallery.com
info@rulegallery.com

Until June 15
The Unusual Suspects: Joe Clower and Amber Cobb

SAN ANTONIO

RUIZ-HEALY ART
201-A East Olmos Drive, San Antonio TX 78212
210 804 2219 www.ruizhealyart.com
info@ruizhealyart.com

Please contact galllery for information.

ROCKPORT

ROCKPORT CENTER FOR THE ARTS
204 S. Austin Street, Rockport TX 78382
361 729 5519 www.rockportartcenter.com
info@rockportartcenter.com

Until June 16
Nichole Gronvold Roller: A Quiet Saunter
Until July 21
Rockport's Art Colony: The Future
Until August 4
Tara Conley: Making Ends Meet
June 21 – August 4
Patsy Lindamood: Rockport Coast Lines

INDIA

MUMBAI

Chatterjee & Lal
01/18, Kamal Mansion, 1st Floor
Arthur Bunder Road, Colaba,
Mumbai 400 005
Tel: +91 98202 98246
E-mail: info@chatterjeeandlal.com
Web: www.chatterjeeandlal.com
Instagram: @chatterjeeandlal

Please contact gallery for information.

Chemould Prescott Road
Queens Mansion, 3rd Floor, G. Talwatkar Marg,
Fort, Mumbai 400 001
Chemould CoLab: Sugra Manzil, 2nd Floor
BEST Marg, Colaba, Mumbai 400-039
Tel: +91 22220 00211
E-mail: gallerychemould@gmail.com,
admin@gallerychemould.com
Web: www.gallerychemould.com
Instagram: @chemouldprescottroad,
@chemouldCoLAb

Please contact gallery for information.

Experimenter
Sunny House, 1st Floor
16/18 Merewether Road, Colaba, Mumbai 400 001
E-mail: admin@experimenter.in
Web: www.experimenter.in
Instagram: @experimenterkol
Facebook, Vimeo: @experimentergallery
YouTube: @experimenterlearningprogra404

Please contact gallery for information.

Jhaveri Contemporary
Devidas Mansion, 3rd Floor
4 Mereweather Road, Colaba,
Mumbai 400 001
Tel: +91 22 2202 1051
E-mail: info@jhavericontemporary.com
Web: www.jhavericontemporary.com

Until June 15
Yamini Nayar: Ouroboros

Galerie ISA
Kamani Chambers, Ground Floor
Ramji Kamani Marg, Ballard Estate,
Mumbai 400 038
Tel: +91 98 2004 8002
E-mail: info@galerieisa.com
Web: www.galerieisa.com

Please contact gallery for information.

NATURE MORTE
Dhanraj Mahal, Block A, Third Floor,
Apollo Bandar, Colaba, Mumbai 400 001
E-mail: info@naturemorte.com
Web: www.naturemorte.com
Instagram: @naturemorte_india
X: @NatureMorte
Facebook: Nature Morte

Please contact gallery for information.

Project 88
BMP Building, Ground Floor
N.A. Sawant Marg, Colaba,
Mumbai 400 005
Tel: +91 22 2281 0066
Fax: +91 22 2281 0099
E-mail: contact@project88.in
Web: www.project88.in
Instagram: @project88mumbai

Until June 15
Neha Choksi: Porous Earth

TARQ
KK (Navsari) Chambers,
Ground Floor, 39 AK Nayak Marg,
Fort, Mumbai 400 001
Tel: +91 22 6615 0424
E-mail: info@tarq.in
Web: www.tarq.in
Instagram: @tarqmumbai

Please contact gallery for information.

ALIBAUG

The Guild
1028, Ranjanpada (next to Sai Temple),
Mandwa Alibaug Road,
Alibaug 402 201
Tel: +91 22 2287 5839 / 2288 0195
E-mail: theguildart@gmail.com
Web: www.guildindia.com
Instagram: @theguildartgallery

Until June 30
Chaos Trilogy III – Out of Here, That's My Goal: Baiju Parthan, Gigi Scaria, Gulammohammed Sheikh, Namita Vishwakarma, N. N. Rimzon, Rajkumar Korram, Ranbir Kaleka, Ravi Agarwal, Sathyanand Mohan, and Shantibai; curated by Premjish Achari

DELHI

AKAR PRAKAR

D-43, Defence Colony, 1st Floor
New Delhi 110 024
Tel: +91 11 4131 5348
E-mail: info@akarprakar.com
Web: www.akarprakar.com

Until August 28
Manish Pushkale: To Whom the Bird Should Speak
(Musée des Arts Asiatiques, Nice)

EXHIBIT 320

F-320, Lado Sarai,
New Delhi 110 030
Tel: +91 11 4613 0637
E-mail: exhibit320@gmail.com
Web: www.exhibit320.com

Please contact gallery for information.

Gallery Espace

16, Community Centre
New Friends Colony,
New Delhi 110 025
Tel: +91 11 2632 6267 / 2692 2947
E-mail: art@galleryespace.com
Web: www.galleryespace.com
Instagram: @galleryespace
Facebook: GalleryEspace

July 12 – August 14
Dilip Chobisa

Kiran Nadar Museum of Art

145, DLF South Court Mall, Saket,
New Delhi 110 017
Plot 3-A, Sec 126, Noida, Uttar Pradesh 201 303
Tel: +91 11 4916 0000
E-mail: knma@hcl.com
Web: www.knma.in
Facebook, YouTube: KiranNadarMuseumOfArt
Instagram: @knmaindia
X: @KNMAIndia

Please contact gallery for information.

NATURE MORTE

Main Gallery: The Dhan Mill, 100 Feet Road,
Chhatarpur, New Delhi 110 074
Gallery 2 and Offices: 7, Poorvi Marg,
Vasant Vihar, New Delhi 110 057
E-mail: info@naturemorte.com
Web: www.naturemorte.com
Instagram: @naturemorte_india
X: @NatureMorte
Facebook: Nature Morte

Until June 23
Battle Royale: Neeraj Patel, Basist Kumar,
Nidhi Agarwal, and Ayesha Singh (Dhan Mill)

KOLKATA

AKAR PRAKAR

P-238, Hindustan Park,
Kolkata 700 029
Tel: +91 33 2464 2617
E-mail: info@akarprakar.com
Web: www.akarprakar.com
Instagram: @akar.prakar
Facebook: @akarprakarccu
YouTube: @akarprakar

Until November 4
Murta/Amurta – Group Show:
Society of Contemporary Artists

EMAMI ART

777, Anandapur, E.M. Bypass,
Kolkata 700 107
Tel: +91 33 6623 2300
E-mail: contact@emamiart.com
Web: www.emamiart.com
Instagram: @Emamiart

Until June 21
One Hundred Years and Counting:
Re-scripting KG Subramanian,
curated by Nancy Adajania
June 28 – August 20
Ujjal Dey
June 28 – August 20
Ali Akbar P N
June 28 – August 20
Bholanath Rudra

Experimenter

2/1, Hindusthan Road,
Kolkata 700 029
45, Ballygunge Place,
Kolkata 700 019
Tel: +91 33 4001 2289
E-mail: admin@experimenter.in
Web: www.experimenter.in
Instagram: @experimenterkol
Facebook, Vimeo: @experimentergallery
YouTube: @experimenterlearningprogra404

Until June 15
(Un)Settled: Kanishka Raja & Rathin Barman
(Ballygunge Place)
June 11–16
Art Basel

Sweden

BONNIERS KONSTHALL
Torsgatan 19, 113 90 Stockholm
Tel: +46 8 7364255 E-mail: info@bonnierskonsthall.se Web: www.bonnierskonsthall.se

Until June 16 Markus Öhrn & Azdora: Requiem for Eva-Britt
August 28 – November 10 Frida Orupabo
August 28 – November 10 Ksenia Pedan

BORÅS KONSTMUSEUM
Kulturhuset P. A. Halls Terrass, 504 56 Borås
Tel: +46 734 327386 E-mail: info.boraskonstmuseum@boras.se
Web: boraskonstmuseum.se

Until September 15 Lars Tunbjörk: Latvia
June 15 – September 15 Borås Art Biennial 2024: Layers Loops Lines

CECILIA HILLSTRÖM GALLERY
Hudiksvallsgatan 8, 113 30 Stockholm
E-mail: info@chgallery.se Web: chgallery.se

Until June 20 Johannes Heldén
August 22 – September 28 Arna Ottarsdottir
August 22 – September 28 Per Wizén

DUNKERS KULTURHUS
Kungsgatan 11, 252 21 Helsingborg
Tel: +46 42 10 74 00 E-mail: kontaktcenter@helsingborg.se
Web: www.dunkerskulturhus.se

Until August 4 Arvida Byström: CUT THE CAKE
Until September 29 Bakom kameran – Alfred B. Nilson Kunglig hovfotograf, Helsingborg 1899–1918
Until October 27 Julia Lindemalm: De andra

GALLERI MAGNUS KARLSSON
Fredsgatan 12, 11152 Stockholm
Tel: +46 8 6604353 E-mail: info@gallerimagnuskarlsson.com
Web: www.gallerimagnuskarlsson.com

July 6 – July 21 Ebba Svensson: Map over Mud

GALERIE NORDENHAKE
Hudiksvallsgatan 8, 11330 Stockholm
Lützengatan 1, 115 20 Stockholm (New location, opening August 22)
Tel: +46 8 211892 E-mail: stockholm@nordenhake.com Web: www.nordenhake.com

Until June Cecilia Edefalk
August 22 – September 28 Spencer Finch

LOYAL
Odengatan 3, 11424 Stockholm
Tel: +46 8 6807711 E-mail: loyal@loyalgallery.com Web: www.loyalgallery.com

Until July 13 Striking (Lightning) Blue: Caroline Absher, Mario Ayala, Katherine Bernhardt, Michelle Blade, Andrea Marie Breiling, Mark Thomas Gibson, and Daniel Heidkamp
June 4 – July 13 Zoe Blue M
August 22 – September 21 Mickey Lee
August 22 – September 21 Jim Thorell

MAGASIN III
Museum for Contemporary Art
Frihamnsgatan 28, 11556 Stockholm
Tel: +46 8 54568040 E-mail: info@magasin3.com Web: www.magasin3.com

Closed until further notice. Please visit magasin3.com for updates.

MAGASIN III JAFFA
Olei Zion 34, 68 13131 Tel Aviv-Yafo
E-mail: jaffa@magasin3.com

Please visit magasin3.com/en/jaffa/ for information.

MODERNA MUSEET
Box 16382, 10327 Stockholm
Visiting Address: Skeppsholmen
Tel: +46 8 52023500 Web: www.modernamuseet.se

Until September 8 Seven Rooms and a Garden: Rashid Johnson and the Moderna Museet collection
Until September 15 Vaginal Davis: Magnificent Product
Until January 1, 2025 Pink Sails: Swedish Modernism in the Moderna Museet collection
Until January 12, 2025 The Third Hand: Maurizio Cattelan and Moderna Museet's Collection

MODERNA MUSEET MALMÖ
Ola Billgrens Plats 2–4, 21129 Malmö
Tel: +46 40 6857937 E-mail: info.malmo@modernamuseet.se
Web: www.modernamuseet.se

Please contact museum for information.

NEVVEN
Molinsgatan 11, 411 33 Gothenburg
Tel: +46 76 0867305 E-mail: info@nevvengallery.com Web: www.nevvengallery.com

Until June 16 Minh Ngọc Nguyễn
August 1 – September 22 Summer Group Exhibition

NEVVEN BOLOGNA
Strada Maggiore 28/A, 40125 Bologna, Italy
E-mail: info@nevvengallery.com Web: www.nevvengallery.com
Tel: +39 375 85 07 197 E-mail: info@nevvengallery.com Web: www.nevvengallery.com

Until July 21 Naeun Kang
Until July 21 Oda Iselin Sønderland

WETTERLING GALLERY
Kungsträdgården 3, 111 47 Stockholm
Tel: +46 8 101009
E-mail: info@wetterlinggallery.com Web: www.wetterlinggallery.com

Until July 5 Group Show: Giulia Cretulescu, Iulia Toma, Gavril Pop, Lia Perjovschi, SABA, and Madalina Zaharia

Liste Art Fair Basel
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10–16 June 2024
10–16 June

Messe Basel, Hall 1.1

Main Partner since 1997
E. Gutzwiller & Cie, Banquiers, Basel

liste.ch

BELGIUM

ANTWERP

TIM VAN LAERE GALLERY
Jos Smolderenstraat 50, 2000 Antwerp
Tel: +32 3 251 14 17
E-mail: info@timvanlaeregallery.com
Web: www.timvanlaeregallery.com

Until July 6 Friedrich Kunath

BRUSSELS

BARONIAN
rue Isidore Verheyden 2, 1050 Bruxelles
rue de la Concorde 33, 1050 Bruxelles
Zeedijk 731, 8300 Knokke Heist
Tel: +32 2 512 92 95
E-mail: info@baronian.eu
Web: www.baronian.eu

Until July 13 Leen Voet

XAVIER HUFKENS
44 rue Van Eyck, 1050 Bruxelles
107 rue St-Georges, 1050 Bruxelles
6 rue St-Georges, 1050 Bruxelles
Tel: +32 2 639 67 30
E-mail: info@xavierhufkens.com
Web: www.xavierhufkens.com

Until June 15 Joan Semmel (Van Eyck)
Until July 27 Tracey Emin (St-Georges)
June 6 – August 3 Qiu Xiaofei (St-Georges)
June 11–16 Art Basel

RODOLPHE JANSSEN
rue Livourne 35, 1050 Bruxelles
rue Livourne 32, 1050 Bruxelles
Tel: +32 2 538 08 18
E-mail: info@rodolphejanssen.com
Web: www.rodolphejanssen.com

Until July 13 Cornelia Baltes (Livourne 35)
Until July 13 Matthew Hansel (Livourne 32)

IRÈNE LAUB GALLERY
29 rue Van Eyck, 1050 Bruxelles
Tel: +32 2 647 55 16
E-mail: info@irenelaubgallery.com
Web: www.irenelaubgallery.com

Until July 20 Group Show: Michèle Magema,
Cathryn Bosch, Younes Baba-Ali, and Lucile Bertrand

HARLAN LEVEY PROJECTS
Harlan Levy Projects 1080
rue Isidoor Teirlinckstraat 65, 1080 Bruxelles
Tel: +32 485 699 146 | +32 476 234 757
E-mail: info@hl-projects.com
Web: www.hl-projects.com

Until June 15 Ella Littwitz: Matter of Time
Until June 15 Emmanuel Van der Auwera:
Studio II – Nine Florida Stories
June 22 Book Launch: Sean Crossley – Excess Support
June 22 – July 13 The Gallery: Sean Crossley,
Adam Leech, Hadassa Ngamba, and Leander Shönweger

GALERIE GRETA MEERT
rue du Canal 13, 1000 Bruxelles
Tel: +32 2 219 14 22
E-mail: info@galeriegretameert.com
Web: www.galeriegretameert.com

Until July 6 Terry Adkins
Until July 6 Iñaki Bonillas
June 11–16 Art Basel

NOSBAUM REDING GALLERY
60 rue de la Concorde, 1050 Bruxelles
Tel: +32 2 411 11 85
E-mail: reding@nosbaumreding.lu
Web: www.nosbaumreding.lu

Until July 13 Stefaan De Croock

ALMINE RECH
Abdijstraat 20 rue de l'Abbaye, 1050 Bruxelles
Tel: +32 2 648 56 84
E-mail: contact.brussels@alminerech.com
Web: www.alminerech.com

June 6 – July 27 Ryoji Ikeda
June 13–16 Art Basel

SORRY WE'RE CLOSED / SEBASTIEN JANSSEN
39 rue des Minimes, 1000 Bruxelles
Tel: +32 478 354 213
E-mail: info@sorrywereclosed.com
Web: www.sorrywereclosed.com

Until July 6 Anastasia Bay: Maestra Lacrymae
Until July 6 Sean Gannon

GALERIE TEMPLON
rue Veydt 13, 1060 Bruxelles
Tel: +32 2 537 13 17
E-mail: brussels@templon.com
Web: www.templon.com

Until June 15 Abdoulaye Konaté
June 11–16 Art Basel
June 20 – July 20 Daniel Dezeuze

LUXEMBOURG

CEYSSON & BÉNÉTIÈRE
rue d'Arlon 13-15, L-8399 Koerich/Wandhaff, Luxembourg
Tel: +35 2 262 020 95
E-mail: maelle@ceysson.com
Web: www.ceyssonbenetiere.com

Until July 20 Nam Tchun-Mo

NOSBAUM REDING GALLERY
rue Wiltheim 2 + 4, L-2733 Luxembourg
Tel: +35 2 281 12 51
E-mail: reding@nosbaumreding.lu
Web: www.nosbaumreding.lu

Until June 15 Stephan Balkenhol

ZIDOUN-BOSSUYT GALLERY
rue Saint-Ulric 6, L-2651 Luxembourg
Tel: +35 2 262 964 49
E-mail: contact@zidoun-bossuyt.com
Web: www.zidoun-bossuyt.com

June 6 – September 14 José Parlá

30 YEARS OF
NEW
YORK'S
ART
FAIR

THE
ARMORY
SHOW
SEPTEMBER 6–8
JAVITS CENTER

Southwest

CHARLOTTE JACKSON FINE ART

554 South Guadalupe Street, Santa Fe, NM 87501
charlottejackson.com press554@charlottejackson.com
Instagram: @charlottejacksonfineart 505 989 8688

Until June 29 Joan Watts: Zazen
July 5 – August 3 Metal Mash-Up: Pard Morrison, Jeremy Thomas, and Elliot Norquist
August 9–31 Summer Group Show

GERALD PETERS CONTEMPORARY

1011 Paseo de Peralta, Santa Fe, NM 87501
gpgallery.com info@gpgallery.com
Instagram: @geraldpeterscontemporary 505 954 5800

Until June 15 Yoonjee Kwak: The Patterns of Time
Until June 15 Daniel Johnston: Now is Nowhere Else
Until June 15 Randall Wilson: Earth and Sky
Until June 15 Roger Winter: Jazz Set
Until June 15 Elizabeth Hohimer: Maps of Affection
Until June 15 Victoria Bell: To the Cobra
June 28 – August 31 X: GLTCH (in perpetual time)
June 28 – August 31 Janna Avner: Athabascan Aurora: Decolonizing Subarctic Light
June 28 – August 31 Michael Lundgren: Caldera
June 28 – August 31 Steven J. Yazzie: Elders

KIMBALL ART CENTER

1251 Kearns Blvd, Park City, UT 84060
kimballartcenter.org info@kimballartcenter.org
Instagram: @kimballartcenter 435 649 8882

June 7 – August 18 Group Show: In the Shadow of the Wall

KOURI + CORRAO GALLERY

3213 Calle Marie, Santa Fe, NM 87507
kouricorrao.com info@kouricorrao.com
Instagram: @kouricorrao 505 820 1888

Until June 15 Oliver Cain: Everything Is On Offer
June 21 – July 27 Apolo Gomez: Heartthrob
June 21 – July 27 Sophia Huang: Happy's House

PHOENIX ART MUSEUM

1625 North Central Avenue, Phoenix, AZ 85004
phxart.org info@phxart.org
Instagram: @phxart 602 257 1880

Until June 30 William Herbert "Buck" Dunton: A Mainer Goes West
Until July 7 Barbie®: A Cultural Icon Exhibition
Until July 7 The Power of Pink
Until August 11 Princely States of the Punjab: Sikh Art and History
May 22 – January 5, 2025 Larry Bell: Improvisations
Until September 15 Multiple Realities: Experimental Art in the Eastern Bloc, 1960s–1980s
Until November 17 Laura Aguilar: Nudes in Nature
Until December 1 Guarding the Art: A Frontline Perspective
Ongoing Yayoi Kusama: You Who are Getting Obliterated in the Dancing Swarm of Fireflies
Ongoing Collection Spotlight: American Modern
Ongoing Philip C. Curtis and the Landscapes of Arizona

PIE PROJECTS CONTEMPORARY ART

924B Shoofly Street, Santa Fe, NM 87505
pieprojects.org connect@pieprojects.org
Instagram: @pieprojects.santafe 505 372 7681

Until June 22 Mirage: Group Show, featuring Larry Bell
June 29 – July 13 Gay Block
June 29 – July 13 Tamarind Institute Lithographs
July 20 – August 17 Govinda Sah 'Azad' and Judy Tuwaletstiwa
August 24 – September 21 Arthur Drooker and August Muth

SCOTTSDALE MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY ART

7374 East Second Street, Scottsdale, AZ 85251
smoca.org SMoCA@ScottsdaleArts.org 480 874 4666

Until June 23 Tiffany Trenda: Beyond Performance
Until July 21 Dorothy Fratt: Color Mirage
Until July 28 Kenaim Al-Shatti: Dreams Don't Have Time
Until July 28 Roelof Knol: the space in between
Until July 28 Roelof Knol: paper shapes
Until August 1 Janel Garza: Environ
Until August 4 Carolina Aranibar-Fernández: Oleaje
August 10 – January 5, 2025 Exploding Native Inevitable
August 10 – March 23, 2025 poetics of dissonance
August 17 – January 19, 2025 Brains and Beauty: At the Intersection of Art and Neuroscience
August 24 – February 2, 2025 Cybele Lyle: Floating Seeds Make Deep Forms

SITE SANTA FE

1606 Paseo de Peralta, Santa Fe, NM 87501
sitesantafe.org info@sitesantafe.org
Instagram: @sitesantafe 505 989 1199

Until September 16 Carmen Herrera: I Am Nobody! Who Are You?
July 5 – October 28 Teresita Fernández / Robert Smithson

TUCSON MUSEUM OF ART AND HISTORIC BLOCK

140 North Main Avenue, Tucson, AZ 85701
tucsonmuseumofart.org info@tucsonmuseumofart.org
520 624 2333

Until October 6 Time Travelers: Foundations, Transformations, and Expansions at the Centennial
Ongoing Southwest Art: Contemporary Conversations

TURNER CARROLL GALLERY

725 Canyon Road, Santa Fe, NM 87501
turnercarrollgallery.com info@turnercarrollgallery.com
Instagram: @turnercarrollgallery 505 986 9800

Until June 30 Swoon: Gift in the Rupture

[CONTAINER]

1226 Flagman Way, Santa Fe, NM 87505
containertc.org info@containertc.org
Instagram: @container_turnercarroll 505 995 0012

Until July 21 The Weight We Carry: Shepard Fairey, Nadya Tolokonnikova, Douglas Miles, and Swoon

ZANE BENNETT CONTEMPORARY ART

435 South Guadalupe Street, Santa Fe, NM 87501
zanebennettgallery.com info@zanebennettgallery.com
Instagram: @zanebennettgallery 505 982 8111

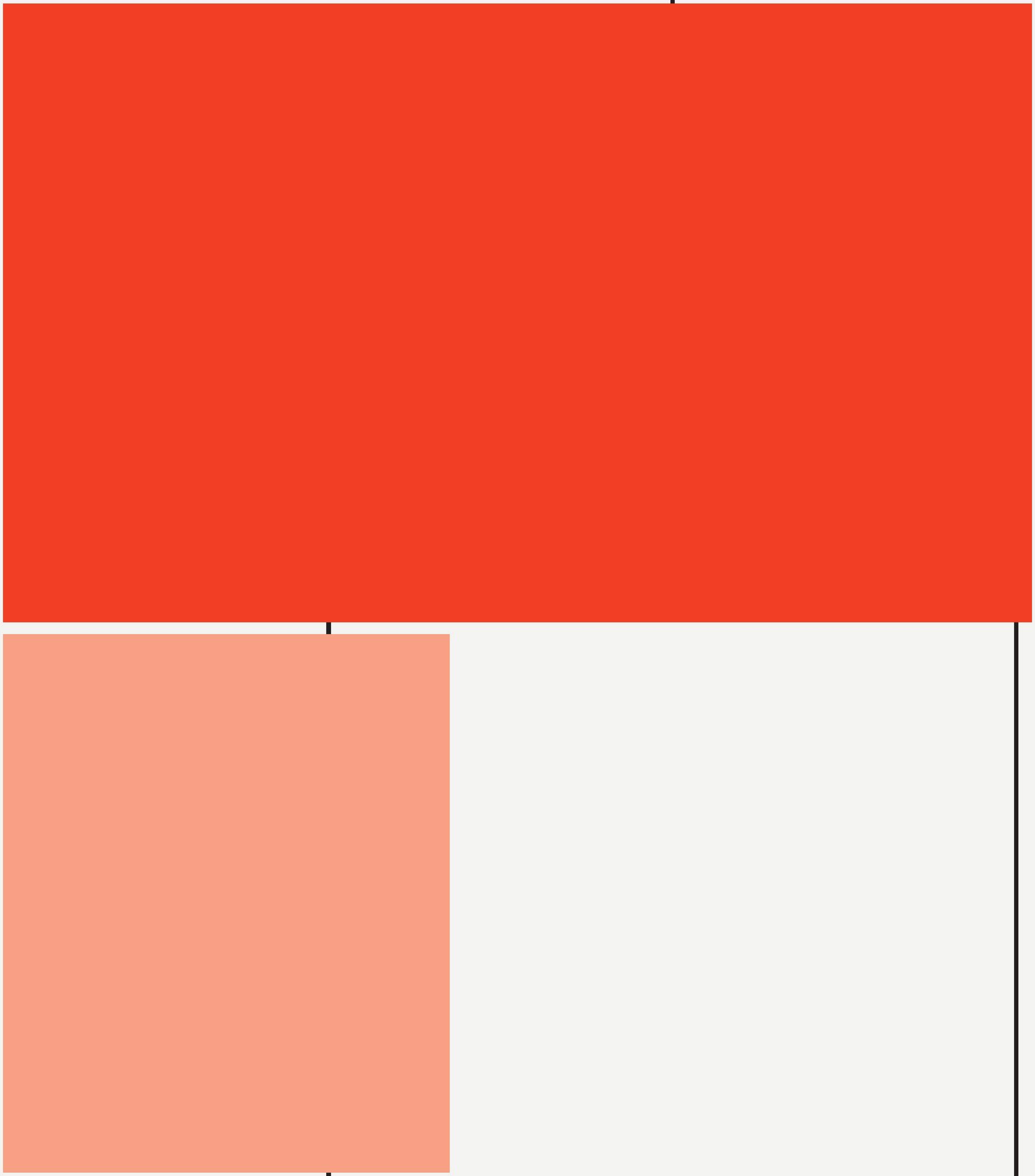
June 28 – August 31 Rosemary Meza-DesPlas: My Hair Story – from Brunette to Gray

FORM & CONCEPT

formandconcept.center info@formandconcept.center
Instagram: @formandconcept

Until June 15 IAIA MFA Thesis Exhibition: Joely BigEagle-Kequahtooway, Leah Mata, Erin Ggaadimits Ivalu Gingrich, Lozen Haozous, Mekko Harjo, Kéyah Henry, Hapistinna Horne, and Daisy Trudell-Mills
July 20 – September 28 Ebendorf and the Usual Suspects II
August 16 Native Max Magazine: Indigenous Fashion Show

Paris Photo



7-10 Nov. 2024 Grand Palais

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PORTUGAL

LISBOA

GALERIA 111
Rua Dr. João Soares, 5B, 1600-060
Tel: (+351) 217 977 418 E-mail: info@111.pt
Website: 111.pt/en/ Tuesday – Saturday 10–7

Please contact gallery for more information.

3+1 ARTE CONTEMPORÂNEA
Largo Hintze Ribeiro, 2E – F
Tel: (+351) 210 170 765 E-mail: galeria@3m1arte.com
Website: 3m1arte.com Tuesday – Friday 2–8, Saturday 11–4

Until June 29
Maria Laet: Infinita medida
July 5 – September 14
Feeling time: Javier Arce, Bobby Dowler, Miguel Marina, and Alberto Peral

GALERIA BRUNO MÚRIAS
Rua Capitão Leitão, 10–16, Marvila
Tel: (+351) 218 680 241 E-mail: info@brunomurias.com
Website: brunomurias.com Tuesday – Saturday 2–7, or by appointment

Until July 27
Henrique Pavão: Heavy Metal

DOCUMENT
Avenida António Augusto de Aguiar, 11 – 3º Esquerdo
Tel: (+351) 918 888 689 E-mail: info@documentspace.com
Website: documentspace.com Wednesday – Friday 11–6, Saturday 1–7

Until August 3
Wilfrid Almendra
September 13 – November 3
Laura Letinsky

GALERIA FILOMENA SOARES
Rua da Manutenção, 80
Tel: (+351) 218 624 122 E-mail: info@gfilomenasoares.com
Website: gfilomenasoares.com Tuesday – Saturday 10–7

Until July 31
Christine Streuli

GALERIA FRANCISCO FINO
Rua Capitão Leitão, 76
Tel: (+351) 215 842 211 E-mail: galeria@franciscofino.com
Website: franciscofino.com Tuesday – Friday 12–7, Saturday 2–7

Until June 15
Adrien Missika: La Pensée Sauvage
June 27 – September 14
Panmela Castro
August
Closed for summer break

CRISTINA GUERRA CONTEMPORARY ART
Rua Santo António à Estrela, 33
Tel: (+351) 213 959 559 E-mail: info@cristinaguerra.com
Web: cristinaguerra.com/en/ Tuesday – Friday 11–7, Saturday 3–7

Until July
Erwin Wurm
June 11–16
Art Basel
July – September
Group Show
September
Lawrence Weiner

LUMIAR CITÉ
Rua Tomás del Negro, 8A
Tel: (+351) 217 551 570 E-mail: lumiar.cite@maumaus.org
Website: maumaus.org Wednesday – Sunday 3–7, or by appointment

Until July 28
Once in a Hundred Years: Sid Iandovka, Leslie Thornton, Anya Tsyrlina, and Thomas Zummer

MADRAGOA
Rua dos Navegantes 53 A
Tel: (+351) 213 901 699 E-mail: info@galeriamadragoa.pt
Website: galeriamadragoa.pt Wednesday – Saturday 11–7

Until July 6
Joanna Piotrowska
July 10 – September 7
Alice Guittard

QUADRADO AZUL
Rua Reinaldo Ferreira, 20-A
Tel: (+351) 213 476 280 E-mail: lisboa@quadradoazul.pt
Web: www.quadradoazul.pt Tuesday – Saturday 2–7

Until June 15
Titania Seidl: easysleep
July 6–31
Group Show

SALGADEIRAS ARTE CONTEMPORÂNEA
Rua da Atalaia, 12 – 16
Tel: (+351) 213 460 881 E-mail: salgadeiras@sapo.pt
Web: salgadeiras.com Wednesday – Saturday 3–8

June 6 – September 12
Rita Gaspar Vieira: Água viva | Living water

PORTO

QUADRADO AZUL
Rua Miguel Bombarda, 553
Tel: (+351) 226 097 313 E-mail: porto@quadradoazul.pt
Web: quadradoazul.pt Monday – Saturday 3–7

Until June 29
Hugo Canoilas: Loyal, tentacle by tentacle
July 6–31
Group Show
August
Closed for summer break

HELLO
MY NAME IS
GSTAAD ART

14-16 FEB 2025
FESTIVAL-ZELT / GSTAAD
GSTAAD-ART.CH

F.P.JOURNE
Invenit et Fecit

PHILLIPS

ENGLAND

ALMINE RECH

Grosvenor Hill, Broadbent House, London W1K 3JH
Tel: +44 20 7287 3644
E-mail: contact.london@alminerech.com Web: www.alminerech.com
Tues. – Sat. 10–6

Until July 27 Ana Karkar: Whole Cookie
Until July 27 Hajime Sorayama: I, Robot

ANNELY JUDA FINE ART

23 Dering Street, 4th Floor, London W1S 1AW
Tel: +44 20 7629 7578
E-mail: ajfa@annelyjudafineart.co.uk Web: www.annelyjudafineart.co.uk
Mon. – Fri. 10–6, Sat. 11–5

Until July 6 Raku Kichizaemon XV Jikinyū: Homage to Alban Berg and Toru Takemitsu
Until July 6 Rie Nakajima: Air Recycle
July 11 – August 23 Changing the Subject: Sammi Lynch, Aaron Rigal, Florence Reekie, Noah Beyene, Poppy Pearce, Nina Silverberg, David aiu Servan-Shreiber, and Esme Hodsoll

BELMACZ

45 Davies Street, London W1K 4LX
Tel: +44 20 7629 7863
E-mail: gallery@belmacz.com Web: www.belmacz.com
Instagram: @belmaczlondon
Mon. – Fri. 10–6

Until July 5 Michela de Mattei & Toby Christian: Flash_Looking
July 12 – September 27 Carla Åhlander & Aaron Amar Bhamra: Holding Places

CECILIA BRUNSON PROJECTS

3G Royal Oak Yard, Bermondsey Street, London SE1 3GE
Tel: +44 20 8088 3696
E-mail: assistant@ceciliabrunsonprojects.com Web: www.ceciliabrunsonprojects.com
Tues. – Fri. 12–6

Until June 28 Eleonore Koch
Until July 12 Lucía Pizzani: Rites, seeds and refuge
July 9 – August 9 Eliza Kentridge

CELL PROJECT SPACE

258 Cambridge Heath Road, London E2 9DA
Tel: +44 20 8981 6336
E-mail: info@cellprojects.org Web: www.cellprojects.org
Thurs. – Sun. 12–6

Until June 2 Coumba Samba: Capital (with École des Sables)

CORVI-MORA

1A Kempsford Road, (off Wincott Street) London SE11 4NU
Tel: +44 20 7840 9111
E-mail: tcm@corvi-mora.com Web: www.corvi-mora.com
Tues. – Sat. 11–6

Until June 2 Sam Bakewell: dream-backed
June 5 – July 27 Robert Burnier: The Sea, Facing Gibraltar

FRITH STREET GALLERY

17–18 Golden Square, London W1F 9JJ
60 Frith Street, Soho Square, London W1D 3JJ
Tel: +44 20 7494 1550
E-mail: info@frithstreetgallery.com Web: www.frithstreetgallery.com
Tues. – Fri. 11–6, Sat. 11–5

Until June 29 Dayanita Singh (Golden Square)
July 5 – August 9 Alliances: Gallery Summer Show (Golden Square)

GAGOSIAN

17–19 Davies Street, London W1K 3DE
Tel: +44 20 7493 3020
20 Grosvenor Hill, London W1K 3QD
Tel: +44 20 7495 1500
E-mail: london@gagosian.com Web: www.gagosian.com
Mon. – Sat. 10–6 by appointment

Until June 23 Nan Goldin: Sisters, Saints, Sibyls (Gagosian Open, 83 Charing Cross Road)
June 6 – July 13 Alex Israel: REMEMBR (Davies Street)
June 6 – July 26 The Body as Matter: Giacometti, Nauman, Picasso (Grosvenor Hill)

HAUSER & WIRTH LONDON

23 Savile Row, London W1S 2ET
Tel: +44 20 7287 2300
E-mail: london@hauserwirth.com Web: www.hauserwirth.com
Tues. – Sat. 10–6

Until July 27 Harmony Korine: AGGRESSIVE DR1FTER PART II
Until July 27 Isa Genzken: Wasserspeier and Angels

HAUSER & WIRTH SOMERSET

Durslade Farm, Dropping Lane, Bruton, Somerset BA10 0NL
Tel: +44 1749 814 060
E-mail: somerset@hauserwirth.com Web: www.hauserwirth.com
Tues. – Sun. 10–5

Until January 5, 2025 Phyllida Barlow: unscripted

LONDON MITHRAEUM BLOOMBERG SPACE

12 Walbrook, London EC4N 8AA
E-mail: info@londonmithraeum.com   Web: www.londonmithraeum.com
Tues. – Sat. 10–6, Sun. 12–5

Until June 29   Leo Robinson: DREAM-BRIDGE-OMNIGLYPH
July 11 – January 18, 2025   Goshka Macuga: Born From Stone

MAUREEN PALEY

60 Three Colts Lane, London E2 6GQ
Tel: +44 20 7729 4112
E-mail: info@maureenpaley.com   Web: www.maureenpaley.com
Instagram: @maureenpaley
Wed. – Sun. 11–6

Until July 14   Hannah Starkey

STUDIO M
Rochelle School, 7 Playground Gardens, London E2 7FA
Wed. – Sun. 11–6

Until July 14   Daniel Correa Mejia: Cuando el depredador está lejos: los pájaros cantan (When the predator is far away: the birds sing)

MORENA DI LUNA
3 Adelaide Crescent, Hove BN3 2JD
Sat. – Sun. 12–6
E-mail: info@maureenpaley.com Web: www.maureenpaley.com

Until June 16   Studio K.O.S.: Where we have gone
June 29 – September 15   Group Show: Voyage

MAZZOLENI

15 Old Bond Street, Mayfair, London W1S 4AX
Tel: +44 20 7495 8805
E-mail: london@mazzoleniart.com   Web: www.mazzoleniart.com
Mon. – Fri. 10–6, Sat. by appointment

Until September 6   Iran do Espírito Santo

MOTHER'S TANKSTATION

58-64 Three Colts Lane, Bethnal Green, London E2 6 GP
Tel: +44 74 1258 1803
E-mail: gallery@motherstankstation.com   Web: www.motherstankstation.com
Thurs. – Sat. 12–6, and by appointment

Until June 29   Matt Bollinger: halftime

PACE GALLERY

5 Hanover Square, London W1S 1HQ
Tel: +44 20 3206 7600
E-mail: londoninfo@pacegallery.com   Web: www.pacegallery.com
Tues. – Sat. 10–6, Mon. by appointment; Summer hours starting June 28: Mon. – Thurs. 10–6, Fri. 10–4, Closed Sat. – Sun.

Until August 3   Kiki Kogelnik: The Dance

PIPPY HOULDSWORTH GALLERY

6 Heddon Street, London W1B 4BT
Tel: +44 20 7734 7760
E-mail: gallery@houldsworth.co.uk   Web: www.houldsworth.co.uk
Tues. – Fri. 10–6, Sat. 11–6

Until June 29   Jacqueline de Jong: La Petite Mort

SERPENTINE

Kensington Gardens, London W2 3XA
Tel: +44 20 7402 6075
E-mail: information@serpentinegalleries.org   Web: www.serpentinegalleries.org
Press: press@serpentinegalleries.org
By appointment only

Until September 1   Judy Chicago: Revelations (Serpentine North)
Until September 1   Yinka Shonibare CBE RA: Suspended States (Serpentine South)
Until October 27   Gerhard Richter: STRIP-TOWER (2023) (Serpentine South)
Ongoing   Atta Kwami: Maria Lassnig Prize Mural (Serpentine North)

SPROVIERI

23 Heddon Street, London W1B 4BQ
Tel: +44 20 7734 2066
E-mail: info@sprovieri.com   Web: www.sprovieri.com
Mon. – Fri. 10–6

Until June 21   Cinthia Marcelle: em-entre-para-perante (in-between-to-towards)

SPRÜTH MAGERS

7A Grafton Street, London W1S 4EJ
Tel: +44 20 7408 1613
E-mail: info@spruethmagers.com   Web: www.spruethmagers.com
Tues. – Sat. 10–6

Until July 27   John Baldessari: Ahmedabad 1992

THADDAEUS ROPAC

Ely House, 37 Dover Street, London W1S 4NJ
Tel: +44 20 3813 8400
E-mail: london@ropac.net   Web: www.ropac.net
Tues. – Sat. 10–6

Until June 15   Robert Rauschenberg: ROCI
June 27 – August 3   Heemin Chung: Umbra

TIMOTHY TAYLOR

15 Bolton Street, London W1J 8BG
Tel: +44 20 7409 3344
E-mail: info@timothytaylor.com   Web: www.timothytaylor.com
Tues. – Fri. 10–6, Sat. 11–5

Until June 2   Hayal Pozanti: Tender Mountain
June 6 – July 13   Sean Landers: Animal Portaits
July 19 – August 23   Eduardo Terrazas

WHITE CUBE

144–152 Bermondsey Street, Bermondsey, London SE1 3TQ
Bermondsey: Tues. – Sat. 10–6, Sun. 12–6
25–26 Mason's Yard, London SW1Y 6BU
Mason's Yard: Tues. – Sat. 10–6
Tel: +44 20 7930 5373
E-mail: enquiries@whitecube.com   Web: www.whitecube.com

Until June 16   Georg Baselitz: A Confession of My Sins (Bermondsey)
Until June 29   Danica Lundy (Mason's Yard)
June 27 – September 1   Al Held: About Space (Bermondsey)
July 10 – August 24   Minoru Nomata (Mason's Yard)

SCOTLAND

INGLEBY GALLERY

33 Barony Street, Edinburgh EH3 6NX
Tel: +44 131 556 4441
E-mail: info@inglebygallery.com   Web: www.inglebygallery.com
Wed. – Sat. 11–5

June 15 – August 31   Hayley Barker: The Ringing Stone

REPUBLIC OF IRELAND

HUGH LANE GALLERY

Charlemont House, Parnell Square North, Dublin 1
Tel: +353 1222 5564
E-mail: info.hughlane@dublincity.ie   Web: www.hughlane.ie
Tues. – Thurs. 10–6, Fri. – Sat. 10–5, Sun. 11–5

Until August 4   Sacred Trust: Donations and their Legacy
June 7 – September 6   High Expectations: Early Years
July 9 – September 6   Young Visionaries
July 10 – January 5   MORE POWER TO YOU: Sarah Purser – A Force for Irish Art
Ongoing   Francis Bacon's Studio
Ongoing   Sean Scully Room
Ongoing   Stained Glass Room

IMMA – IRISH MUSEUM OF MODERN ART

Royal Hospital, Military Road, Kilmainham, Dublin 8
Tel: +353 1612 9900
E-mail: info@imma.ie   Web: www.imma.ie
Tues. – Sat. 10–5:30, Wed. 11:30–5:30, Sun. 12–5:30

Until September 22   We realised the power of it: Derry Film & Video Workshop
Until October 28   Hilary Heron: A Retrospective
June 14 – March 17, 2025   Take a Breath
July 26 – October 27   melanie bonajo: When the body says Yes

KERLIN GALLERY

Anne's Lane, South Anne Street, Dublin 2
Tel: +353 1670 9093
E-mail: gallery@kerlin.ie   Web: www.kerlin.ie
Tues. – Fri. 10–5:30, Sat. 11–4:30

Until July 6   Dorothy Cross: Veins of Other
July 12 – August 24   Mark Francis

MOTHER'S TANKSTATION

41–43 Watling Street, Usher's Island, Dublin D08 NP48
Tel: +353 1671 7654
E-mail: gallery@motherstankstation.com   Web: www.motherstankstation.com
Thurs. – Sat. 12–6

Until June 15   Noel McKenna: to wink at the cat

5TH AVE AT 92ND ST, NYC

TICKETS AT THEJEWISHMUSEUM.ORG

Overflow, Afterglow: New Work in Chromatic Figuration

SASHA GORDON

CHELLA MAN

SARA ISSAKHARIAN

MAY 24–SEPTEMBER 15

AUSTIN MARTIN WHITE

SULA BERMÚDEZ-SILVERMAN

ILANA SAVDIE

ROSHA YAGHMAI

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Jewish Museum

Overflow, Afterglow: New Work in Chromatic Figuration is made possible by the Rockefeller Brothers Fund, Phyllis and Christine Mack, the Sudarsky Family Foundation, the Judith & Donald Rechler Foundation, White Cube, Michael Kohn Gallery, Los Angeles, the Jacques and Natasha Gelman Foundation, Craig Robins, and other generous donors.

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The Jewish Museum is under the auspices of The Jewish Theological Seminary.

CANADA

CALGARY

Esker Foundation
1011 9th Avenue SE, Fourth Floor, Calgary, Alberta T2G 0H7
Tel: 403 930 2490
E-mail: info@eskerfoundation.com
Web: www.eskerfoundation.art | www.permanentcollection.eskerfoundation.com
Instagram/Facebook/Twitter: @EskerFoundation

Until June 9 Wei Li: Skinbound (Project Space)
Until August 25 Deanna Bowen: Black Drones in the Hive,
curated by Crystal Mowry and organized by Kitchener-Waterloo Art Gallery
June 17 - October 20 Levin Ifko (Project Space)

HALIFAX

The Blue Building Gallery
2482 Maynard Street, Halifax, Nova Scotia B3K 3V4
Tel: 902 429 0134
E-mail: thebluebuildinggallery@gmail.com
Web: www.thebluebuilding.ca
Instagram: @thebluebuildinggallery

Until June 15 Krista-Leigh Davis: The Icehouse Architect

HAMILTON

Art Gallery of Hamilton
123 King Street West, Hamilton, Ontario L8P 4S8
Tel: 905 527 6610
E-mail: info@artgalleryofhamilton.com
Web: www.artgalleryofhamilton.com
Instagram: @at_theagh

July 27 – January 5, 2025 Director's Collect – 110 Years:
Nathan Eugene Carson, Tony Scherman, Lynn Donoghue,
Donna Ibing, and John Scott
July 27 – January 5, 2025 Radha S. Menon: Touched by Devil
July 27 – January 5, 2025 Jan Wade: Soul Power

MONTRÉAL

Blouin Division
2020 William Street, Montréal, Québec H3J 1R8
Tel: 514 938 3863
E-mail: info@blouin-division.com
Web: www.blouin-division.com

Until June 29 Théo Bignon
Until June 29 Wanda Koop: Flowers for Sonny Boy
July 5 – August 31 Marie-Claire Blais

Fonderie Darling
745 rue Ottawa, Montréal, Québec H3C 1R8
Tel: 514 392 1554
E-mail: info@fonderiedarling.org
Web: www.fonderiedarling.org
Instagram: @fonderiedarling

June 20 – August 18 Black Summer '91: Patrick F. Henry, Shaya Ishaq,
Aaron Jones, Michaëlle Sergile, and CP Simonise

Montreal Museum of Fine Arts
1380 Sherbrooke Street West, Montreal, Quebec H3G 1J5
Tel: 514 285 1600
E-mail: musee@mbamtl.org
Web: www.mbam.qc.ca

Until June 2 Georgia O'Keeffe and Henry Moore:
Giants of Modern Art
Until August 4 Wanda Koop: Who Owns the Moon
Until September 8 Tōkaidō (東海道): Dreamscapes by Andō Hiroshige
June 8 – October 27 Saints, Sinners, Lovers and Fools: Three Hundred
Years of Flemish Masterworks

MAC Musée d'art contemporain de Montréal
Place Ville Marie – Gallery Level, Montreal, Quebec H3B 3Y1
Tel: 514 847 6226
E-mail: info@macm.org
Web: www.macm.org
Instagram & Facebook: @macmontreal

Until August 18 femmes volcans forêts torrents
September 26 – January 26, 2025 Alanis Obomsawin: The Children
Have to Hear Another Story

Patel Brown | Montreal
372 Saint-Catherine Street West, Suite 412, Montreal, Quebec H3B 1A2
E-mail: info@patelbrown.com
Web: www.patelbrown.com
Instagram: @patelbrowngallery

June 6 – July 6 Group Show: Emilie Allard, B. Brookbank, Maya Fuhr,
Karen Kraven, Maddie McNeely, and Alberto Porro; co-curated by
Joséphine Rivard and Roxanne Arsenault
July 11 – August 17 Group Show – Part II, co-curated by
Joséphine Rivard and Roxanne Arsenault

Pierre-François Ouellette art contemporain
963 Rachel East, Montréal, Québec H2J 2J4
Tel: 514 395 6032
E-mail: info@pfoac.com Web: www.pfoac.com

Until June 22 Où l'écho précède la voix (Where the echo
precedes the voice): Caroline Boileau, Stéphane Gilot,
Hannah Sybille Müller, Alisha Piercy; co-curated by
Stéphane Gilot and Emmanuelle Choquette
July 13 – August 24 Erik Olson
July 13 – August 24 Group Show, curated by Matthew Sanderson

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CANADA

MONTRÉAL

PHI Foundation For Contemporary Art
451 & 465 Saint-Jean Street, Montreal, Québec H2Y 2R5
Tel: 514 849 3742
E-mail: info.foundation@phi.ca
Web: foundation.phi.ca
Instagram/Facebook/Twitter: @fondationphi

Until September 8 Sonia Boyce: FEELING HER WAY
Unitl September 8 Rajni Perera and Marigold Santos: Efflorescence/The Way We Wake

Galerie Robertson Arès
2454 Notre-Dame Ouest, Montréal, Québec H3J 1N5
Tel: 514 657 1221
E-mail: info@galerierobertsonares.com
Web: www.galerierobertsonares.com
Instagram: @robertsonaresgallery

June 6 – July 6 Sophie Victoria
July 11 – August 24 Group Show: New Era 2.0 | 5th Anniversary
September 5–28 Yasuaki Kuroda
September 5–28 Laura Payne

SASKATOON

Remai Modern
102 Spadina Crescent East, Saskatoon, Saskatchewan S7K 3L6
Tel: 306 975 7610
E-mail: info@remaimodern.org
Web: www.remaimodern.org

Until August 11 Live Editions: Jillian Ross, William Kentridge, and Wally Dion
Until September 22 Other Arrangements – Poetics of the Performance Score: Rodney Graham, Pierre Huyghe, Rodney LaTourelle, Heather Nicol, The Dim Coast, Tanya Lukin Linklater, Evgenia Mikhaylova, Brendan Fernandes, and Raven Chacon
Until December 29 Life in Print: William Kentridge and Pablo Picasso
Until December 31 Views from the Blue House: The Remai Modern Collection

TORONTO

Art Gallery of Ontario
317 Dundas Street West, Toronto, Ontario M5T 1G4
Tel: 416 979 6648
E-mail: contactus@ago.ca
Web: www.ago.ca
Instagram: @agotoronto

Until July 1 Making Her Mark: A History of Women Artists in Europe, 1400–1800
Until July 14 Sarindar Dhaliwal: When I grow up I want to be a namer of paint colours
Until August 5 KAWS: FAMILY
June 15 Moments in Modernism
June 22 Jinny Yu: at once
July Bright Signs: Spotlight on Video Art

Art Museum at the University of Toronto
7 Hart House Circle, Toronto, Ontario M5S 3H3
Tel: 416 978 1838
E-mail: artmuseum@utoronto.ca
Web: www.artmuseum.utoronto.ca
Instagram: @artmuseumuoft

Until July 27 Indiscernible thresholds, escaped veillances: Danielle Brathwaite-Shirley, Lucas LaRochelle, Joshua Schwebel, Chelsea Thompto, and Lan “Florence” Yee
Until July 27 Liberation in Four Movements: Erika DeFreitas, Ja’Tovia Gary, Amir George, Onyeka Igwe, Donna James, Elsa James, and Michaëlle Sergile
Until July 27 The Love that Remains: Par Nair, Julie Gladstone, and Carol Ann Apilado

Patel Brown | Toronto
21 Wade Avenue, Unit 2, Toronto, Ontario M6H 1P4
E-mail: info@patelbrown.com
Web: www.patelbrown.com
Instagram: @patelbrowngallery

Until June 15 Anique Jordan: Underbelly
Until June 15 Raúl Aguilar Canela: Smart like a sun
June 20 – July 27 Jessica Campbell and Heather Rule
June 20 – July 27 Laïla Mestari: Portraits et contenants

Blouin Division
45 Ernest Avenue, Toronto, Ontario M6P 3M7
Tel: 647 346 9082
E-mail: info@blouin-division.com
Web: www.blouin-division.com

Until June 29 Mathieu Grenier: Crystal Gazers
Until June 29 Renée Condo
Until June 29 Paula McLean: Both/And/Neither/Nor
July 4 – September 12 Sarah Stevenson

Corkin Gallery
7 Tank House Lane, Distillery District, Toronto, Ontario M5A 3C4
Tel: 416 979 1980
E-mail: info@corkingallery.com
Web: www.corkingallery.com
Instagram: @corkingallery

Until June 20 Larry Poons: Recent Paintings
July 24 – August 30 Barbara Astman, winner of the Governors General’s Award 2024: Self Portraits From 1973 – 2002
July 24 – August 30 Thaddeus Holownia–A Trilogy: Ova Aves, Icarus, Falling of Birds, of a feather

TOKYO METROPOLITAN ART MUSEUM

THE USA EXHIBITION

JACKSON POLLOCK – EXPLORED

CURATOR
JULIENNE JOHNSON

JUNE 2024

KATY BISHOP
PAMELA MERORY DERNHAM
LOUISE DUROCHER
NOOSHIN FARAHPOUR
LORI COZEN-GELLER
NIKOLAS SOREN GOODICH
ELIZABETH GORCEY
SHIZUKO GREENBLATT
LYNETTE K HENDERSON
DIANE HOLLAND
ALISON HYMAN
JULIENNE JOHNSON
JAN KESSEL
AUSTIN LUBETKIN
MAIDY MORHOUS
RICHARD H PROBERT
LAURIE RASKIN
VIKTORIA ROMANOVA
KAREN SAFER
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JESSICA SONNENTHAL
TAK SALMASTYAN
LORIEN SUAREZ-KANERVA
BIANCA TURNER, PHD
NANCY JO WARD
LAURIE YEHIA
TORIE ZALBEN

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CANADA

TORONTO

Daniel Faria Gallery
188 Saint Helens Avenue, Toronto, Ontario M6H 4A1
Tel: 416 538 1880
E-mail: info@danielfariagallery.com
Web: www.danielfariagallery.com
Instagram: @dfariagallery

June 6 – July 13 Nadia Belerique

Olga Korper Gallery
17 Morrow Avenue, Toronto, Ontario M6R 2H9
Tel: 416 538 8220
E-mail: info@olgakorpergallery.com
Web: www.olgakorpergallery.com

Until June 8 Sandra Brewster: Lullaby of Birdland
June 15 – July 20 Lois Andison
July 27 – August 17 Summer Group Show

MKG127
1445 Dundas Street West, Toronto, Ontario M6J 1Y7
Tel: 647 435 7682
E-mail: info@mkg127.com
Web: www.mkg127.com
Instagram: @mkg127

Until June 22 Bill Burns: The Donkey, the Goat, the Honey Bee
June 29 - August 17 Re-Make/Re-Model: Josh Callaghan, Kai Chan, Liam Crockard, Laura Kikauka, and Jason Lujan

Museum of Contemporary Art Toronto
158 Sterling Road, Toronto, Ontario M6R 2B7
Tel: 416 530 2500
E-mail: info@moca.ca
Web: www.moca.ca
Instagram: @mocatoronto

Until July 28 Greater Toronto Art 2024

Paul Petro Contemporary Art
980 Queen Street West, Toronto, Ontario M6J 1H1
Tel: 416 979 7874
E-mail: info@paulpetro.com
Web: www.paulpetro.com | www.multiplesandsmallworks.com
Instagram: @paulpetrocanada | @multiplesandsmallworks
Twitter: @paulpetrocanada
Facebook: @paulpetrocontemporaryart

Please contact gallery for information.

The Power Plant Contemporary Art Gallery
231 Queens Quay West, Toronto, Ontario M5J 2G8
Tel: 416 973 4949
E-mail: info@thepowerplant.org
Web: www.thepowerplant.org
Instagram: @thepowerplantto Facebook: @thepowerplantto
Twitter: @thepowerplantto

Please contact gallery for information.

VANCOUVER

Morris and Helen Belkin Art Gallery
1825 Main Mall, University of British Columbia, Vancouver, British Columbia V6T 1Z2
Tel: 604 822 2759
E-mail: belkin.gallery@ubc.ca
Web: www.belkin.ubc.ca

Until June 2 Aqueous Never: Francisco Berlanga, Alex Gibson, Tiffany Law, Jesse Ross, and Morgan Sears-Williams

Vancouver Art Gallery
750 Hornby Street, Vancouver, British Columbia V6Z 2H7
Tel: 604 662 4700
E-mail: customerservice@vanartgallery.bc.ca
Web: www.vanartgallery.bc.ca

Until September 8 Emily Carr: A Room of Her Own

WHISTLER

Audain Art Museum
4350 Blackcomb Way, Whistler, British Columbia V8E 1N3
Tel: 604 962 0413
E-mail: info@audainartmuseum.com
Web: audainartmuseum.com
Instagram: @audainartmuseum

Until September 9 Otherwise Disregarded – Capture Photography Festival
June 29 – October 14 Tom Thomson: North Star

WINNIPEG

Plug In Institute of Contemporary Art
1–460 Portage Avenue, Winnipeg, Manitoba R3C 0E8
Tel: 204 942 1043
E-mail: info@plugin.org
Web: www.plugin.org
Instagram: @pluginica

Until July 13 A Place of Memory – Contexts of Existence: Linda Lamignan, Dala Nasser, Jean Paul Riopelle, Silvia Rosi, and Samara Sallam

Second Nature

Photography in the Age of the Anthropocene

Aug 29, 2024 – Jan 05, 2025

Second Nature: Photography in the Age of the Anthropocene is organized by the Nasher Museum of Art at Duke University, Durham, North Carolina and the deCordova Sculpture Park and Museum, The Trustees of Reservations, Lincoln, Massachusetts. The exhibition is curated by Jessica May, Executive Director, Kemper Museum of Contemporary Art, and Marshall N. Price, Chief Curator and Nancy A. Nasher and David J. Haemisegger Curator of Modern and Contemporary Art, Nasher Museum of Art at Duke University.

At the Nasher Museum, this exhibition is made possible by the Marilyn M. Arthur Fund; the Nancy A. Nasher and David J. Haemisegger Family Fund for Exhibitions; the Frank Edward Hanscom Endowment Fund; the Prakash and Anjali Melwani Fund; the Derek and Christen Wilson Fund; and Parker & Otis.

Gideon Mendel, *Anchalee Koyama, Taweewattana District, Bangkok, Thailand, November 2011* (detail) from the series *Drowning World: Submerged Portraits*, 2011. Laser print on fabric, dimensions variable. Courtesy of the artist and Axis Gallery, New York & New Jersey. © Gideon Mendel.

nasher.duke.edu

NASHER
MUSEUM OF ART AT DUKE UNIVERSITY

Hamptons

The Arts Center at Duck Creek

127 Squaw Road, East Hampton, NY 11937
Tel: 631 604 8464 artandestate@gmail.com www.duckcreekarts.org
Thursday – Sunday 2–6

Until June 2 Francisco Daniel Cabrera: (Chemical) Paradise
Until June 2 Natalie Edgar: 1970's Paintings
June 8 – July 7 Allison Gildersleeve: Breathing Underwater
June 8 – July 7 Karen May: Artforum Interventions
July 13 – August 11 Erika Ranee: Feelings
July 13 – August 11 All the Things: Daniel John Gadd, Carl E. Hazlewood, Leeza Meksin, Nickola Pottinger, Jeanne Reynal, and Rachel Eulena Williams
August 31 – December 29 Jonathan Shlafer: Assembly Theory
August 31 – December 29 Eliza Lu Doyle and Em Gallagher: Movers and Bathers

Dia Bridgehampton

23 Corwith Avenue, Bridgehampton, NY 11932
Tel: 631 537 1476 info@diaart.org www.diaart.org
Friday – Sunday 12–6

June 21 Liliana Porter

The Drawing Room

55 Main Street, 2nd Floor, East Hampton, NY 11937
Tel: 631 324 5016 info@drawingroom-gallery.com
www.drawingroom-gallery.com
Friday, Saturday, Monday 11–5; Sunday 12–4. Please call to confirm hours

Until July 7 Saul Steinberg: On the Table – Works on paper and carved wood objects
July 14 – September 8 Costantino Nivola: Sculpture and Reliefs 1950s–1982

Eric Firestone Gallery

4 Newtown Lane, East Hampton, NY 11937
62 Newtown Lane, East Hampton, NY 11937
Tel: 631 604 2386 efg@ericfirestonegallery.com
www.ericfirestonegallery.com
Monday – Sunday 10–6

June Pass the Mic

Halsey McKay Gallery

79a Newtown Lane, East Hampton, NY 11937
Tel: 631 604 5770 info@halseymckay.com www.halseymckay.com

Until June 23 Miranda Fengyuan Zhang
Until June 23 Shaun O'Dell (Upstairs)
June 29 – July 22 As the sky changes tone, I'll be absolutely tender, curated by R. H. Lossin
June 29 – July 22 Raymie Iadevaia (Upstairs)

HARPER'S East Hampton

87 Newtown Lane, East Hampton, NY 11937
Tel: 631 324 1131 mail@harpersbooks.com
www.harpersbooks.com
Thursday – Saturday 10–6

Until June 19 36 Paintings
June 29 – July 24 Grant Levy-Lucero
June 29 – July 24 Shara Mays
August 10 – September 11 Ho Jae Kim
August 10 – September 11 Ish Lipman

Hauser & Wirth | Southampton

9 Main Street, Southampton, NY 11968
southampton@hauserwirth.com www.hauserwirth.com
Tuesday – Wednesday 11–6, Thursday 11–8
Friday – Saturday 11–6, Sunday 11–6

Please contact gallery for information.

Parrish Art Museum

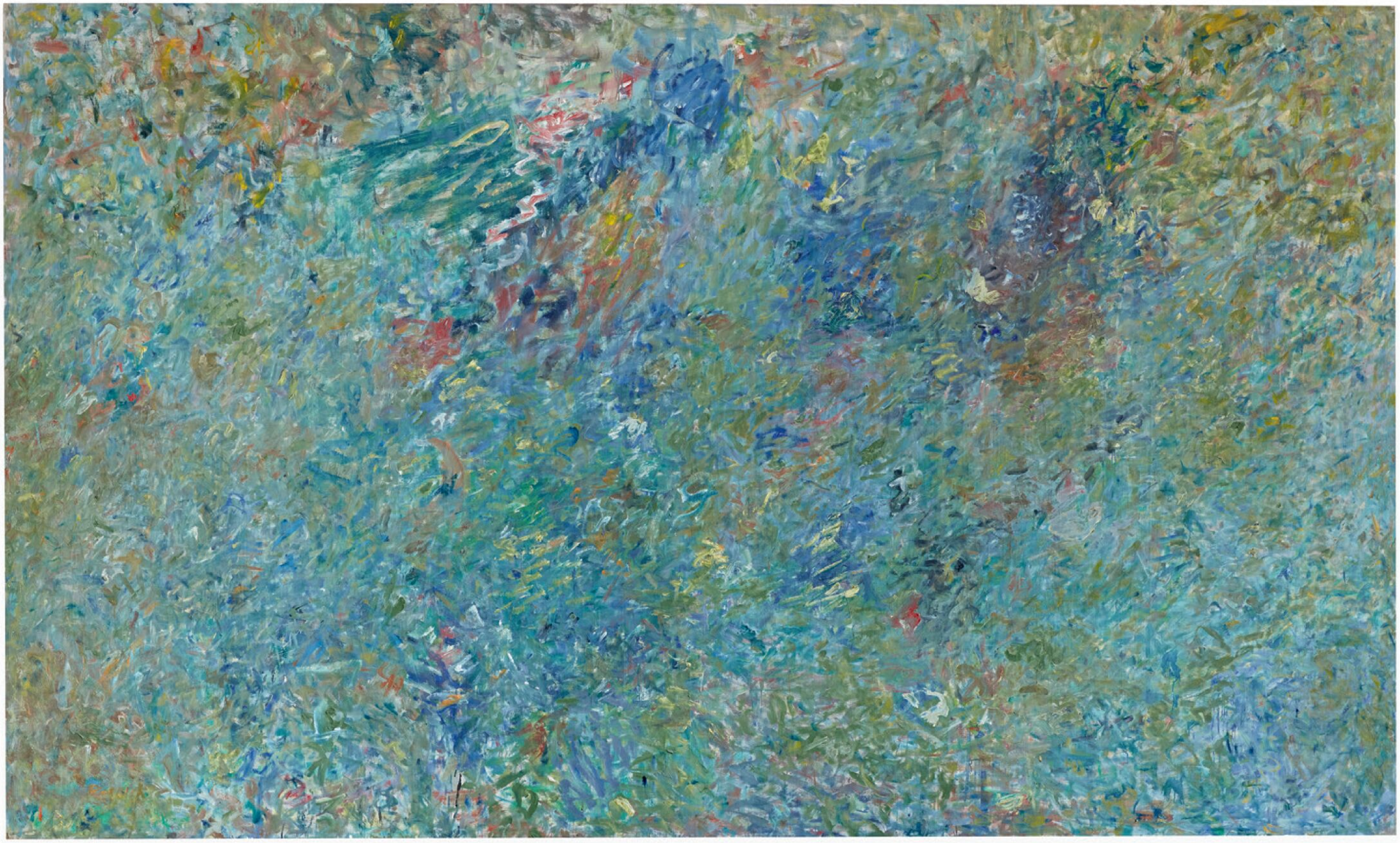
279 Montauk Highway, Water Mill, NY 11976
Tel: 631 283 2118 info@parrishart.org www.parrishart.org
Monday and Thursday 11–5, Friday 11–8, Saturday and Sunday 11–5

Until June 16 Across the Avenues: Fairfield Porter in New York
Until June 16 Beyond the Horizon: Interpretations of the Landscape from Women in the Permanent Collection
Until June 30 Simón Vega: Tropical Space Castaways
Until June 30 The Art of Food: From the Collections of Jordan D. Schnitzer and His Family Foundation
June 30 – September 29 Eddie Martinez
June 30 – September 29 Sam Moyer
July 14 – October 13 Julia Chiang
July 14 – October 13 KAWS: Time Off

Pollock-Krasner House

830 Springs-Fireplace Road, East Hampton, NY 11937
Tel: 631 324 4929 www.pkhouse.org
Open by reservation May 2 – October 31
Visit pkhouse.org to book your tour and Check our online calendar for lectures, workshops, and special events.

Until July 7 Cross Currents: Selections from the Permanent Collection
June 7 In Conversation with Matthew Yokobosky
July 12 – October 31 Han Qin: Little Images
July 25 Jackson Pollock and Jazz concert (Duck Creek Arts Center)
July 27 In concert with Emily Hopkins
August 15 Lee Krasner and Jazz concert (Duck Creek Arts Center)
August 24 Emily Hopkins harp workshop



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811 Broadway, 1959–1961

MARCH 7 – DECEMBER 21, 2024

**THE MILTON RESNICK AND
PAT PASSLOF FOUNDATION**

87 Eldridge Street
New York, NY 10002
resnickpasslof.org
+1 (646) 559-2513

Botany, 1960, oil on canvas, 104.725 x 176 inches (Collection of Johnny Kahlbetzer)

1 mira madrid
Argumosa 16, 28012 Madrid
Tel: +34 912 40 05 04   E-mail: info@1miramadrid.com
Web: www.1miramadrid.com

June 1 – July 30   Fernando Bryce

albarrán bourdais
Barquillo 13, 28004 Madrid
Tel: +34 611 555 693   E-mail: info@albarran-bourdais.com
Web: www.albarran-bourdais.com   Instagram: @albarran.bourdais

Until July 13   Olivier Mosset

Solo Houses, 44623 Cretas
Web: www.solo-houses.com   Instagram: @solo.houses

Until September   Solo Summer Group Show III

alzueta gallery
Main Gallery: Sèneca 9-11, 08006 Barcelona
Turó Park: Josep Bertrand 3, 08021 Barcelona
Madrid: Marques de Monasterio 1, 28004 Madrid
Palau de Casavells: Santa Llucia 1, 17121 Corçà
Tel: +34 93 238 97 50   E-mail: info@alzuetagallery.com
Web: www.alzuetagallery.com   Instagram: @alzueta_gallery

June 6   Mike Swaney (Turó Park Gallery)
June 20   Luis Vidal (Madrid Gallery)
June 22   Jordi Alcaraz (Palau de Casavells)
June 25   Rala Choi (Main Gallery)

galería ehrhardt flórez
San Lorenzo 11, 28004 Madrid
Tel: +34 91 310 4415   E-mail: galeria@ehrhardtflorez.com
Web: www.ehrhardtflorez.com   Instagram: @ehrhardtflorezgallery

Until July   Mauro Cerqueira
September   Peppi Bottrop

galería elba benítez
San Lorenzo 11, 28004 Madrid
Tel: +34 913 08 04 68   E-mail: info@elbabenitez.com
Web: www.elbabenitez.com   Instagram: @galeriaelbabenitez

June – July   David Goldblatt: Evidence of Immanence
August   Jack Pierson: 08, organised by Alejandro Cesarco

galería elvira gonzález
Hermanos Álvarez Quintero 1, 28004 Madrid
Tel: +34 913 19 59 00   E-mail: info@galeriaelviragonzalez.com
Web: www.galeriaelviragonzalez.com   Instagram: @galeriaelviragonzalez

Until July 7   Roger Ackling: Luz de sol sobre madera
June 13-16   Art Basel

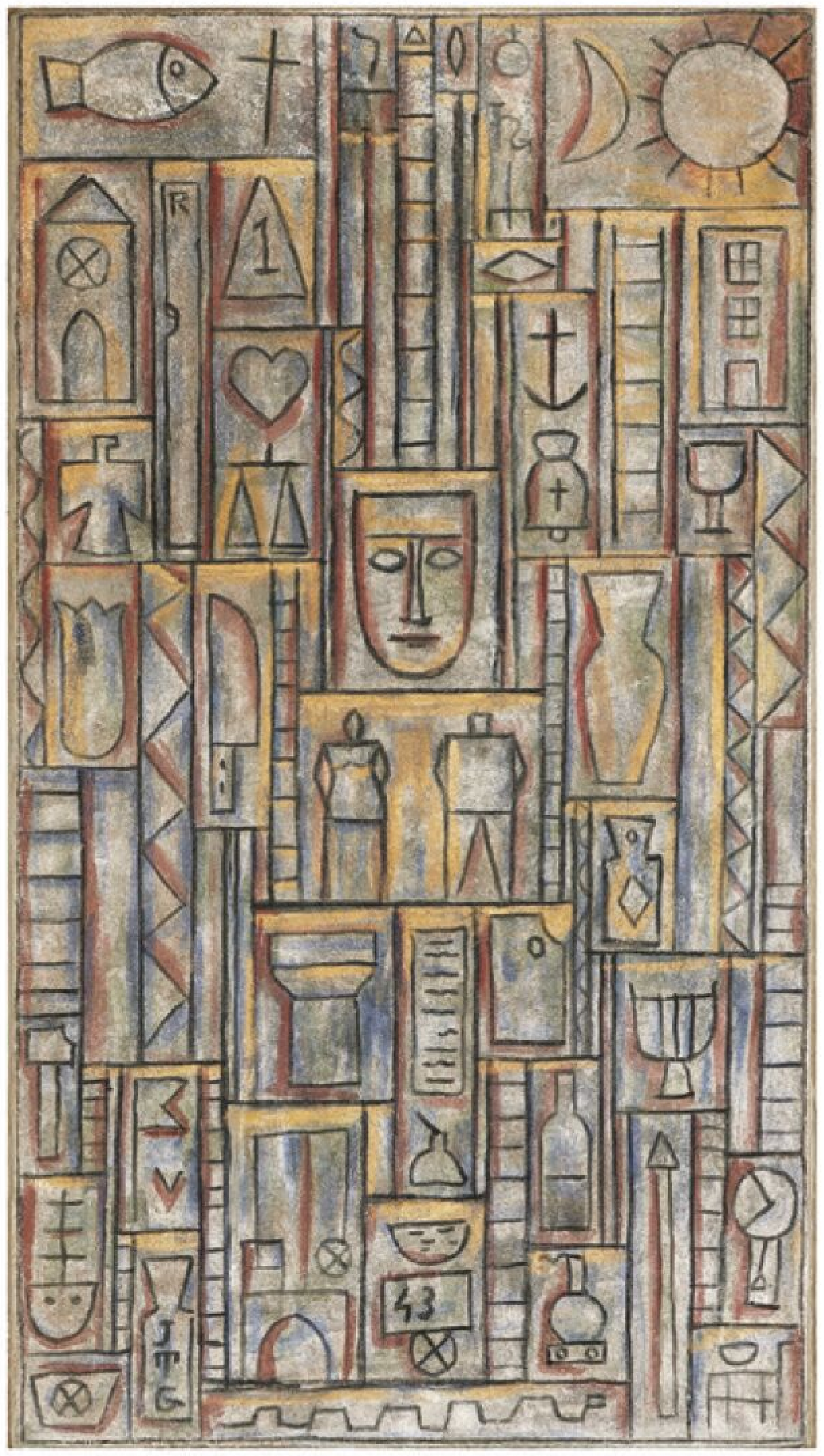
galería helga de alvear
Doctor Fourquet 12, 28012 Madrid
Tel: +34 914 68 05 06   E-mail: galeria@helgadealvear.com
Web: www.helgadealvear.com   Instagram: @galeriahelgadealvear

Until July 13   Candida Höfer: Memories in Fast Times
September   Santiago Sierra

galería hilario galguera
Doctor Fourquet 12, 28012 Madrid
Tel: +34 635 97 53 34   E-mail: madrid@galeriahilariogalguera.com
Web: www.galeriahilariogalguera.com

Until September 7   Mónica Kalach and Marie Cloquet: Probabilidades, registros, experimentos y técnica

spain



Joaquín Torres-García, *Constructivo piramidal*, 1943, fresco painting on a cement slab with a wooden and iron structure, 61⅜ × 33⅞ × 2¾".

mayoral
Consell de Cent 286, 08007 Barcelona
Tel: +34 934 88 02 83   E-mail: info@galeriamayoral.com
Web: www.galeriamayoral.com   Instagram: @galeriamayoral

June – July   Torres García
June   Sandra Gamarra, Taka Fernández, and José Carlos Martinat
July   Alicia Vogel
June 13–16   Art Basel

prats nogueras blanchard
Beneficencia 18B, 28004 Madrid
Tel: +34 915 06 34 84   E-mail: info@pratsnoguerasblanchard.com
Web: www.pratsnoguerasblanchard.com   Instagram: @pratsnoguerasblanchard

Until July   Antoni Tàpies: Tàpies and magic. Pro interpretatio
September   José María Sicilia

Mendez Nuñez, 14, 08003 Barcelona
Tel: +34 932 16 02 84

Until July   Mercedes Azpilicueta
Until September   Martí Madaula Esquirol
September   Richard Wentworth

L'Antiga Farinera, C-66, 304, 17121 La Bisbal d'Empordà, Girona

June 22 – August 30   Summer Group Show

travesía cuatro
Calle San Mateo 16, 28004 Madrid
Tel: +34 91 310 00 98   E-mail: galeria@travesiacuatro.com
Web: www.travesiacuatro.com   Instagram: @travesiacuatro

Until July 15   EIELSON quipucamayoc

He Art Museum

2024.4.8 - 7.21

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菅木志雄

HEM 和美術館

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10 A.M. ART
Corso San Gottardo 5
Tel: 39 02 9288 9164
info@10amart.it
www.10amart.it
Tues. – Fri. 10–12:30, 2–6

Please contact gallery for information.

GALLERIA CHRISTIAN STEIN
Corso Monforte 23
Tel: 39 02 7639 3301
Mon. – Sat. 10–7
Via Vincenzo Monti 46, Pero
By appointment only
info@galleriachristianstein.com
www.galleriachristianstein.it

June – October Luciano Fabro (Corso Monforte 23)

DEP ART GALLERY
Via Comelico 40

DEP ART OUT
Contrada Ulmo, 72013 Ceglie Messapica (BR)

Tel: 39 02 3653 5620
art@depart.it
www.depart.it
Tues. – Sat. 10:30–7

Until July 6 Regine Shumann: Iris,
curated By Alberto Mattia Martini
July 12–13 Gerold Miller (Dep Art Out)

C+N GALLERY CANEPANERI
Foro Buonaparte 48
Tel: 39 02 3676 8281
info@canepaneri.com
www.canepaneri.com
Tues. – Fri. 10–1, 2–6
Sat. by appointment

Until July 26 Deng Shiquing: Forgery of Reality,
curated by Charles Moore

CADOGAN GALLERY
Via Bramante 5
Tel: 39 02 8969 0152
info@cadogangallery.com
www.cadogangallery.com
Tues. – Fri. 11–7, Sat. 11–5:30

Until July 27 Richard Hearns: The Living Mountain

RENATA FABBRI
Via Antonio Stoppani 15/C
Tel: 39 02 4244 9047
info@renatafabbri.it
www.renatafabbri.it
Tues. – Sat. 3:30–7:30

Until September 8 Bea Bonafini

KAUFMANN REPETTO
Via di Porta Tenaglia 7
Tel: 39 02 7209 4331
info@kaufmannrepetto.com
www.kaufmannrepetto.com
Tues. – Sat. 10:30–7

June 6 – September 4 Cynthia Hawkins
June 6 – September 4 Dan Perjovschi

MAAB GALLERY
Via Nerino 3
Tel: 39 02 8928 1179
info@maabgallery.com
www.maabgallery.com
Mon. – Fri. 10:30–6

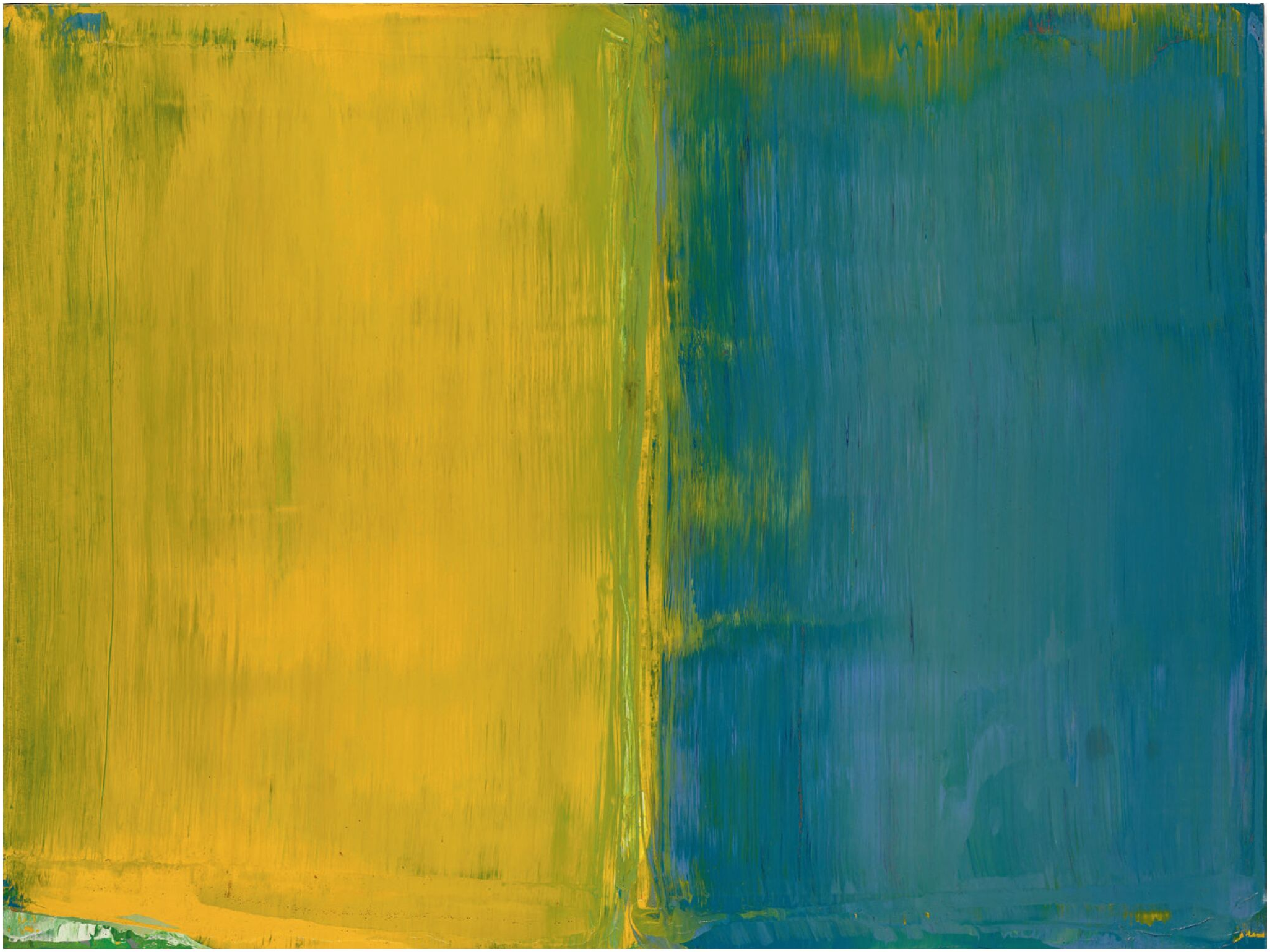
Until July 12 Hi, TECH: Will Cruickshank, Maurizio Mochetti,
Nam June Paik, Cornelia Parker, Gianni Piacentino, Franck Scurti,
Alain Urrutia, Peter Vogel, and Wolf Vostell

MONICA DE CARDENAS
Via Francesco Viganò 4
Tel: 39 02 2901 0068
info@monicadecardenas.com
www.monicadecardenas.com
Tues. – Sat. 11–7, July: Mon. – Fri. 11–7

Until July 31 Federico Tosi: Bonsai Riot

THE GREEN FAMILY ART FOUNDATION PRESENTS:

RUPTURE & CONNECTION



CURATED BY CHRISTOPHER Y. LEW

JUNE 8, 2024 - SEPTEMBER 22, 2024 | 2111 FLORA ST., STE 110, DALLAS, TX

FOR MORE INFORMATION VISIT: WWW.GREENFAMILYARTFOUNDATION.ORG

Image: David Diao, *The Finished Edge*, 1971, Acrylic on canvas, 71 7/8 x 96 1/8 inches.

İSTANBUL

ANNA LAUDEL

Gümüşsuyu Mahallesi, Kazancı Yokuşu No: 45, Beyoğlu 34437 İstanbul
+90 212 243 3257 info@annalaudel.gallery Instagram: @annalaudel.gallery
Tue – Sat 12–7, Sun 12–6

Until June 30
Tuğçe Diri: Underneath The Stones; Moment and Archive

ARTER

founded by the Vehbi Koç Foundation
Irmak Caddesi No: 13, Beyoğlu 34435 İstanbul
+90 212 708 5800 info@arter.org.tr arter.org.tr
Instagram: @arteristanbul Tue – Sun 11–7, Thu 11–8

Until July 28
Prix Pictet: Human – The tenth cycle of Prix Pictet, the world's leading award for photography and sustainability
Until August 4
GLOSSOLALALA: Johanna Gustafsson Fürst and Dilek Winchester, curated by Selen Ansen
Until November 10
Şakir Gökçebağ: As It Seems, curated by Emre Baykal
Until December 15
Jackie Matisse: Kite Time, curated by Gill Eatherley
Until December 29
Suppose You Are Not, curated by Selen Ansen

BORUSAN CONTEMPORARY / BORUSAN FOUNDATION

Perili Köşk, Rumelihisarı, Baltalimanı Hisar Caddesi No: 5, Sarıyer 34470 İstanbul
+90 212 393 5200 info@borusancontemporary.com borusancontemporary.com
Instagram: @borusancontemporary blog.borusancontemporary.com Sat – Sun 10–7

Until June 2
A Vision To Shape The Future, curated by İzzeddin Çalışlar (Galataport İstanbul 02 Block)
Until August 18
Mat Collishaw: Arrhythmia, curated by Alice Sharp
Until August 18
Hyper Digital Forces: Selections from the Borusan Contemporary Art Collection, curated by Dr. Necmi Sonmez

DIRIMART | DOLAPDERE

Hacıahmet Mahallesi, Irmak Cad. 1-9, Dolapdere 34440 İstanbul
+90 212 232 66 66 info@dirimart.com dirimart.com
Instagram: @dirimart Tue – Sat 10–7, Sun 12–7

Until June 2
Albert Bitran

DIRIMART | PERA

Meşrutiyet cad. No:99 Kat -1, Beyoğlu 34430 İstanbul
+90 212 232 66 66 info@dirimart.com dirimart.com
Instagram: @dirimart Tue – Sat 10–7, Sun 12–7

Until June 14
Jeniffer Ipekel

ISTANBUL MUSEUM OF MODERN ART

Kılıç Ali Paşa Mahallesi, Tophane İskele Caddesi, No:1/1, Beyoğlu 34433 Istanbul
+90 212 334 73 00 info@istanbulmodern.org istanbulmodern.org
Tue – Sun 10–6, Fri 10–8

Until August
Timeless Curiosities, curated by Ümit Mesci and Nilay Dursun
Until October
The Photographer's Testimony, curated by Demet Yıldız Dinçer and Merih Akoğul
Until November
Istanbul Modern Collection Exhibition: Floating Islands
June – February 2025
Olafur Eliasson: Your unexpected encounter, curated by Öykü Özsoy, Ümit Mesci, and Nilay Dursun
Permanent exhibition
Renzo Piano: Genius Loci, curated by Ümit Mesci

MEŞHER

founded by the Vehbi Koç Foundation
İstiklal Caddesi No: 211, Beyoğlu 34433 İstanbul
+90 212 708 59 00 info@mesher.org mesher.org
Instagram: @mesher_official Tue – Sun 11–7

Until September 29
İstanbul as Far as the Eye Can See: Views Across Five Centuries, curated by Şeyda Çetin and Ebru Esra Satıcı

SEVIL DOLMACI ISTANBUL

Cihannüma Mahallesi, Çömezler Sokağı, No: 16, Beşiktaş 34353 İstanbul
+90 212 258 9585 info@sevildolmaci.com sevildolmaci.com
Instagram: @sevildolmacigallery Tue – Sat 10:30–6, Sun 11–6:30

Until June 25
David Salle: Un-Accompanied Minors

ZILBERMAN ISTANBUL

İstiklal Caddesi, Mısır Apartmanı, No: 163 K.2 & 3 D.5 & 10,
Beyoğlu 34433 İstanbul
Zilberman Selected | Istanbul: İstiklal Mahallesi, Piyalepaşa Bulvarı, No: 32C,
Beyoğlu 34440 İstanbul
+90 212 251 1214 zilberman@zilbermangallery.com zilbermangallery.com
Instagram: @zilbermangallery Spotify: ZilbermanGallery Tue – Sat 11–7

Until July 20
Home is where one starts from: Hera Büyüktaşcıyan, Guido Casaretto, and Lucia Tallová; curated by Nazlı Yayla (Zilberman Selected)
Untl August 2
Erinç Seymen: Kīpuka (Zilberman Istanbul)

T.E.A.R.S

The Final Show

June 30th
to September 1st
2024

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www.traceyeminfoundation.com

Paris

AIR DE PARIS

43, rue de la Commune de Paris, 93230 Romainville
Tel: +33 1 87 66 44 06
E-mail: fan@airdeparis.com
Web: www.airdeparis.com

Until June 22 One artist film per week (Cinéma Le Klingon)
Until July 13 Rob Pruitt and Lizzi Bougatsos: Help Me Lift You Up, curated by Baptiste Pinteaux
June 13–16 Art Basel
June 29 – July 13 Group Show: Une mer de petites flammes, curated by Sebastián Quevedo Ramírez

GALERIE ALLEN

6 passage Sainte-Avoye, 75003 Paris
(entrance 8 rue Rambuteau)
Tel: +33 1 45 26 92 33
E-mail: contact@galerieallen.com
Web: www.galerieallen.com

Until June 15 Scott Covert: The Dead Supreme
June 10 – 16 Basel Social Club: Natsuko Uchino
June 29 – July 27 Realler and more thrilling 1963–2024 : Natsuko Uchino, Corita Kent, Mel O'Callaghan, Angelica Mesiti, and Jacqueline de Jong; curated by Natsuko Uchino

ART: CONCEPT

4, passage Sainte-Avoye, 75003 Paris
Tel: +33 1 53 60 90 30
E-mail: info@galerieartconcept.com
Web: www.galerieartconcept.com

Until July 22 Caroline Achaintre
June 13 – 16 Art Basel Basel

CEYSSON & BÉNÉTIÈRE

23, rue du Renard, 75004 Paris
Tel: +33 1 42 77 08 22
E-mail: galerie@ceysson.com
Web: www.ceyssonbenetiere.com

Until July 13 Tomona Matsukawa
July 5 – 7 Tokyo Gendai

GALERIE DVIR

13, rue des Arquebusiers, 75003 Paris
Tel: +33 9 81 07 44 08 | +33 6 03 57 07 45
E-mail: paris@dvirgallery.com
Web: www.dvirgallery.com

Until July 18 Aysha E Arar: Do not cut my wings, I have the right to fly

GAGOSIAN

9, rue de Castiglione, 75001 Paris
4, rue de Ponthieu, 75008 Paris
26, avenue de l'Europe, 93350 Le Bourget
Tel: +33 1 75 00 05 92
E-mail: paris@gagosian.com
Web: www.gagosian.com

June – August Theaster Gates: Black Mystic (Le Bourget)
June 6 – September 7 The Art of the Olympics, in association with the Olympic Museum (Ponthieu and Castiglione)

HUSSENOT

5 bis, rue des Haudriettes, 75003 Paris
Tel: +33 1 48 87 60 81
E-mail: info@galeriehussenot.com
Web: www.galeriehussenot.com

Until July 20 Annis Clem, Jon Pylypchuk, and Cum Wizard

MARIANE IBRAHIM

18, avenue Matignon, 75008 Paris
Tel: +33 1 81 72 24 60
E-mail: paris@marianeibrahim.com
Web: www.marianeibrahim.com

June 7 – July 27 Clotilde Jiménez

GALERIE JOUSSE ENTREPRISE

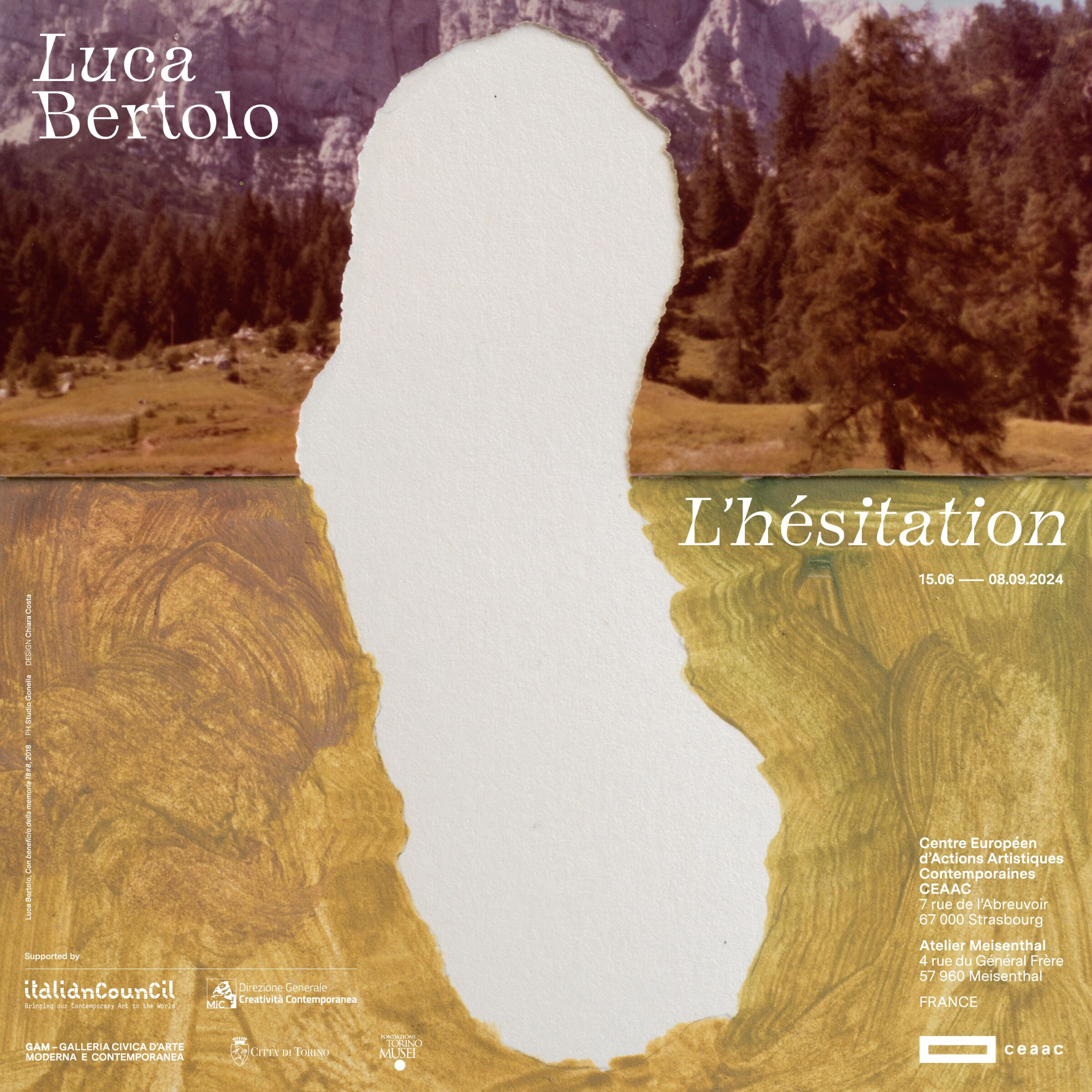
18, rue de Seine, 75006 Paris
6, rue Saint-Claude, 75003 Paris
Tel: +33 1 53 82 13 60
E-mail: infos@jousse-entreprise.com
Web: www.jousse-entreprise.com

Until June 15 Clément Borderie, Victoire Inchauspé, Julia Rometti (rue Saint-Claude)
June 6 – July 9 Superlimited: Ron Arad, Marc Newson, Rudy Ricciotti, Martin Szekely, Jasper Morrison, Ronan & Erwan Bourroulec, and Gaëlle Lauriot-Prévost & Dominique Perrault (rue de Seine)

GALERIE PETER KILCHMANN

11-13, rue des Arquebusiers, 75003 Paris
Tel: +33 1 86 76 05 50
E-mail: info@peterkilchmann.com
Web: www.peterkilchmann.com

Until July 6 Raffi Kalenderian
Until July 6 Travis Boyer (Project Room)
June 13 – 16 Art Basel
July 13 – September 21 Zilla Leutenegger: Rien de lourd



Luca Bertolo

L'hésitation

15.06 —— 08.09.2024

Centre Européen d'Actions Artistiques Contemporaines
CEAAC
7 rue de l'Abreuvoir
67 000 Strasbourg

Atelier Meisenthal
4 rue du Général Frère
57 960 Meisenthal

FRANCE

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Luca Bertolo, *Con beneficio della memoria 18#8*, 2018 PH Studio Gonella DESIGN Chiara Costa

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Paris

GALERIE LELONG & CO.
13, rue de Téhéran, 75008 Paris
38, avenue Matignon, 75008 Paris
Tel: +33 1 45 63 13 19
E-mail: info@galerie-lelong.com
Web: www.galerie-lelong.com

Until July 13 Jacqueline Dejong: Prints off (rue de Téhéran)
Until July 13 Leonardo Drew: Ubiquity (rue de Téhéran)
Until June 29 Marion Verboom: Da Coda (avenue Matignon)
June 13–16 Art Basel Basel
July 6–7 artmonte-carlo

GALERIE LOEVENBRUCK
6 & 12, rue Jacques Callot, 75006 Paris
Tel: +33 1 53 10 85 68
E-mail: contact@loevenbruck.com
Web: www.loevenbruck.com

Until July 13 Chloé Royer (6, rue Jacques-Callot)

MAYORAL
36, avenue Matignon, 75008 Paris
Tel: +33 1 42 99 61 79
E-mail: paris@galeriamayoral.com
Web: www.galeriamayoral.com

Until July 5 Rêve: Alexander Calder, Marc Chagall, Salvador Dalí, Óscar Domínguez, Georges Hugnet, Joan Miró, Francis Picabia, Joan Ponç, Man Ray, and Antoni Tàpies
June 13–16 Art Basel

GALERIE MITTERRAND
79, rue du Temple, 75003 Paris
Tel: +33 1 43 26 12 05
E-mail: info@galeriemitterrand.com
Web: www.galeriemitterrand.com

Until July 27 Raphaël Zarka: Tautochrone
Until July 27 My-Lan Hoang-Thuy: Notes
June 10–16 Design Miami Basel

GALERIE NATHALIE OBADIA
3, rue du Cloître Saint-Merri, 75004 Paris
91, rue du Faubourg Saint-Honoré, 75008 Paris
Tel: +33 1 42 74 67 68 Web: www.nathalieobadia.com

Until July 27 Roger-Edgar Gillet (rue du Faubourg Saint-Honoré)
June – July Group Show (rue du Cloître St-Merri)
June 7 – July Roland Flexner (rue du Cloître St-Merri, space II)
June 13 – 16 Art Basel
July 6–7 artmonte-carlo

PERROTIN
76, rue de Turenne, 75003 Paris
2bis, avenue Matignon, 75008 Paris
Tel: +33 1 42 16 79 79
E-mail: paris@perrotin.com
Web: www.perrotin.com

Until June 29 Kelly Beeman (avenue Matignon)
June 6 – July 27 JR (rue de Turenne)
June 13–16 Art Basel
July 3–26 Group Show (avenue Matignon)
July 5–7 Tokyo Gendai
July 6–7 artmonte-carlo
July 29 – August 2 Aspen Art Fair
August 31 – October 5 Koak (rue de Turenne)
August 31 – September 21 Nick Goss (rue de Turenne)
August 31 – September 21 Katherina Olschbaur (rue de Turenne)

GALERIE PRAZ DELAVALLADE
5, rue des Haudriettes, 75003 Paris
Tel: +33 1 45 86 20 00
E-mail: info@praz-delavallade.com
Web: www.praz-delavallade.com

Until June 8 Pauline Bazignan: Momentum
June 29 – July 20 Group Show

ALMINE RECH
64, rue de Turenne, 75003 Paris
18, avenue Matignon, 75008 Paris
Tel: +33 1 45 83 71 90
E-mail: contact.paris@alminerech.com
Web: www.alminerech.com

Until June 14 Gwen O'Neil (rue de Turenne, Front Space)
June 7 – July 25 Tom Wesselmann (avenue Matignon)
June 7 – July 25 Andrea Marie Breiling (rue de Turenne)
June 7 – July 25 Dr. Esther Mahlangu (rue de Turenne)
June 13–16 Art Basel
June 29 – August 15 Group Show (rue de Turenne, Front Space)
July 5–7 Tokyo Gendai
July 6–7 artmonte-carlo

MICHEL REIN
42, rue de Turenne, 75003 Paris
Tel: +33 1 42 72 68 13
E-mail: galerie@michelrein.com
Web: www.michelrein.com

Until July 20 Edgar Sarin: Ewww

BUSAN BIENNALE 2024

SEEING IN THE DARK

어둠에서 보기

2024.8.17. - 10.20.

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BUSAN BIENNALE ORGANIZING COMMITTEE

Paris

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7, rue Debelleyme, 75003 Paris
69, avenue du Général Leclerc, 93500 Pantin
Tel: +33 1 42 72 99 00
E-mail: paris.marais@ropac.net   Web: www.ropac.net

Until July 27   Sean Scully: Carbon and Air
Until July 27   Not Vital
June 27 – July 12   Irving Penn
Until July 27   Alex Katz: 60 Years of Printmaking (Pantin)

GALERIE RICHARD

74, rue de Turenne, 3 impasse Saint-Claude, 75003 Paris
Tel: +33 1 43 35 27 22
E-mail: info@galerierichard.com
Web: www.galerierichard.com

Until June 15   Shirley Kaneda: Eccentric Pleasure
Until June 15   Sven-Ole Frahm: Back and Forth
June 29 – July 27   Jérôme Boutterin: Synapse
June 29 – July 27   Marc Renard

GALERIE PATRICK SEGUIN

5, rue des Taillandiers, 75011 Paris
Tel: +33 1 47 00 32 35
E-mail: info@patrickseguin.com
Web: www.patrickseguin.com

June 11 – 16   Design Miami Basel: Jean Prouvé
June – August   Jean Prouvé, Charlotte Perriand,
Pierre Jeanneret, Le Corbusier and Jean Royère

GALERIE SUZANNE TARASIEVE

7, rue Pastourelle, 75003 Paris
Tel: +33 1 42 71 76 54
E-mail: info@suzanne-tarasieve.com
Web: www.suzanne-tarasieve.com

Until June 15   Jürgen Klauke
Until June 15   Group Show: Marcella Barceló, Hugo Guérin,
and Isaac Lythgoe; curated by Barbara Lagié (Project Room)
August 30 – September 1   Art-o-rama, Marseille
August 30 – September 1   Paréidolie, Marseille

TEMPLON

30, rue Beaubourg, 75003 Paris
28, rue du Grenier Saint-Lazare, 75003 Paris
Tel: +33 1 42 72 14 10
E-mail: info@templon.com
Web: www.templon.com

Until July 13   Michael Ray Charles, Afrochemistry
(rue du Grenier-Saint-Lazare)
Until July 13   François Rouan: Après-coup
(rue Beaubourg)
June 13 – 16   Art Basel

GALERIE GEORGES-PHILIPPE & NATHALIE VALLOIS

33 & 36, rue de Seine, 75006 Paris
Tel: +33 1 46 34 61 07
E-mail: info@galerie-vallois.com
Web: www.galerie-vallois.com

June 7 – July 20   Alain Bublex: Landscaping
풍경조망중 (36 rue de Seine)
June 7 – July 20   Peybak (33 rue de Seine)
June 13–16   Art Basel
July 6–7   artmonte-carlo
August 30 – September 1   Art-o-rama, Marseille

ZANDER GALLERIE

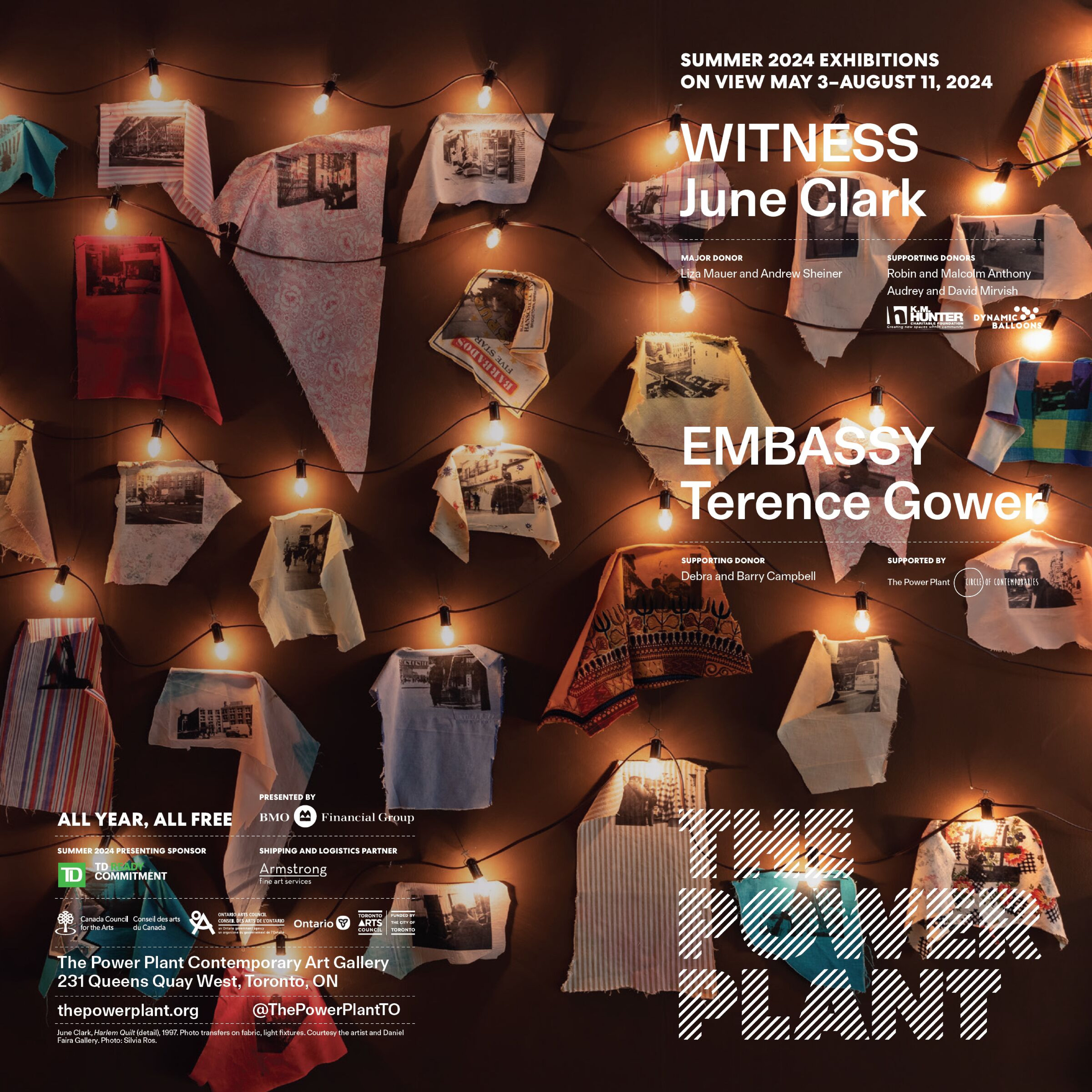
6, rue Jacob, 75006 Paris
Tel +33 6 95 71 60 37
E-mail: paris@zandergalerie.com
Web: www.galeriezander.com

Until June 30   Dan Flavin – Bruce Nauman
June 13–16   Art Basel

ZIDOUN BOSSUYT GALLERY

51, rue de Seine, 75006 Paris
Tel: +33 1 87 44 78 81
E-mail: contact@zidoun-bossuyt.com
Web: www.zidoun-bossuyt.com

Until July 18   Feipel & Bechameil: Déplacer la Lune,
curated by Jean-Marc Dimanche



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ON VIEW MAY 3–AUGUST 11, 2024

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June Clark, *Harlem Quilt* (detail), 1997. Photo transfers on fabric, light fixtures. Courtesy the artist and Daniel Faira Gallery. Photo: Silvia Ros.

Hudson Valley

MIDDLE

1053 Gallery
1053 Main Street, Fleischmanns, NY 12430
info@1053gallery.com 845 254 3461
1053gallery.com
Fri. – Sun. 11–5, and by appointment

June 15 – July 28 **Dave Ortiz: COLOREDS**
August 10 **Ken Hiratsuka and Michael McGrath**

Dia Beacon
3 Beekman Street, Beacon, NY 12508
info@diaart.org 845 440 0100
diaart.org
Fri – Mon 10–5

Now open **Felix Gonzalez-Torres**
Now open **Steve McQueen**
Now open **Meg Webster**

Frances Lehman Loeb Art Center
124 Raymond Avenue, Poughkeepsie, NY 12604
theloeb@vassar.edu 845 437 5237 vassar.edu/theloeb
Tue – Wed 10–5, Thu 10–9, Fri – Sun 10–5

Until June 2 **Making a Life in Photography: Rollie McKenna**
Until September 15 **Photography as Data: Augmentation, Extraction, Objectification**

Geary
34 Main Street, Millerton, NY 12546
info@geary.nyc 518 592 1503 geary.nyc
Fri – Sun 11–5

Until June 2 **ransome: The Bitter and the Sweet**
June 8 – July 28 **Catherine Haggarty: Just Drawing**

Headstone Gallery
28 Hurley Ave, Kingston, NY 12401
headstonegalleryny@gmail.com
headstonegalleryny.com
Fri – Sun 12–5

June 1–30 **Joe Sinness: Love Letters**
June 6 – September 1 **Michael Royce**

Hessel Museum of Art | CCS Bard Galleries
33 Garden Road, Bard College, Center for Curatorial Studies,
Annandale-on-Hudson, NY 12504
ccs@bard.edu 845 758 7598 ccs.bard.edu
Spring: Wed – Sun 11–5; Summer: Wed – Mon 12–6

June 22 – October 20 **Start Making Sense**
June 22 – December 1 **Ho Tzu Nyen: Time & the Tiger**
June 22 – December 1 **Carrie Mae Weems: Remember to Dream**

Samuel Dorsky Museum of Art
State University of New York at New Paltz,
1 Hawk Drive, New Paltz, NY 12561
sdma@newpaltz.edu 845 257 3844
newpaltz.edu/dorskymuseum
Wed. – Sun. 11–5

Until July 21 **Global Connections: Miguel Covarrubias, Isami Doi, Aaron Douglas, and Winold Reiss; curated by Tom Wolf**
Ongoing **A Living Collection**
Ongoing **R & R: A Space to Create**

UPPER

Bill Arning Exhibitions | Hudson Valley
17 Broad Street, Kinderhook, NY 12106
bill@billarning.com 617 359 9643
billarning.com
Fri – Sun 12–5

Until June 23 **Other Realities, embracing proximate mysticisms: Jesse Bransford, Fred Kahl, Paula Hayes, Elizabeth Insogna, Lionel Cruet, and Justin Vivian Bond**

Carrie Haddad Gallery
622 Warren Street, Hudson, NY 12534
info@carriehaddadgallery.com 518 828 1915
carriehaddadgallery.com
Mon 11–5, Wed – Sun 11–5

Until June 16 **All Figured Out: Mark Beard, William Clutz, Carl Grauer, Robert Goldstrom, Lauren Hamilton, ransome, and Caitlin Winner**
Until June 16 **Alaina Enslen: Encaustics (Upstairs Gallery)**

Catskill Art Space
48 Main Street, Livingston Manor, NY 12758
info@catskillartspace.org
catskillartspace.org
Fri – Sat 11–5, Sun 11–3

Until June 22 **Lenore Malen and Debra Pearlman, Samantha Modder, and Amy Yoes**
June 29 – August 24 **Mary Lucier**
Ongoing **Ellen Brooks, Francis Cape, Sol LeWitt, and James Turrell**

CRAFTING THE BALLETS RUSSES

THE ROBERT OWEN LEHMAN COLLECTION

JUNE 28 THROUGH
SEPTEMBER 22, 2024

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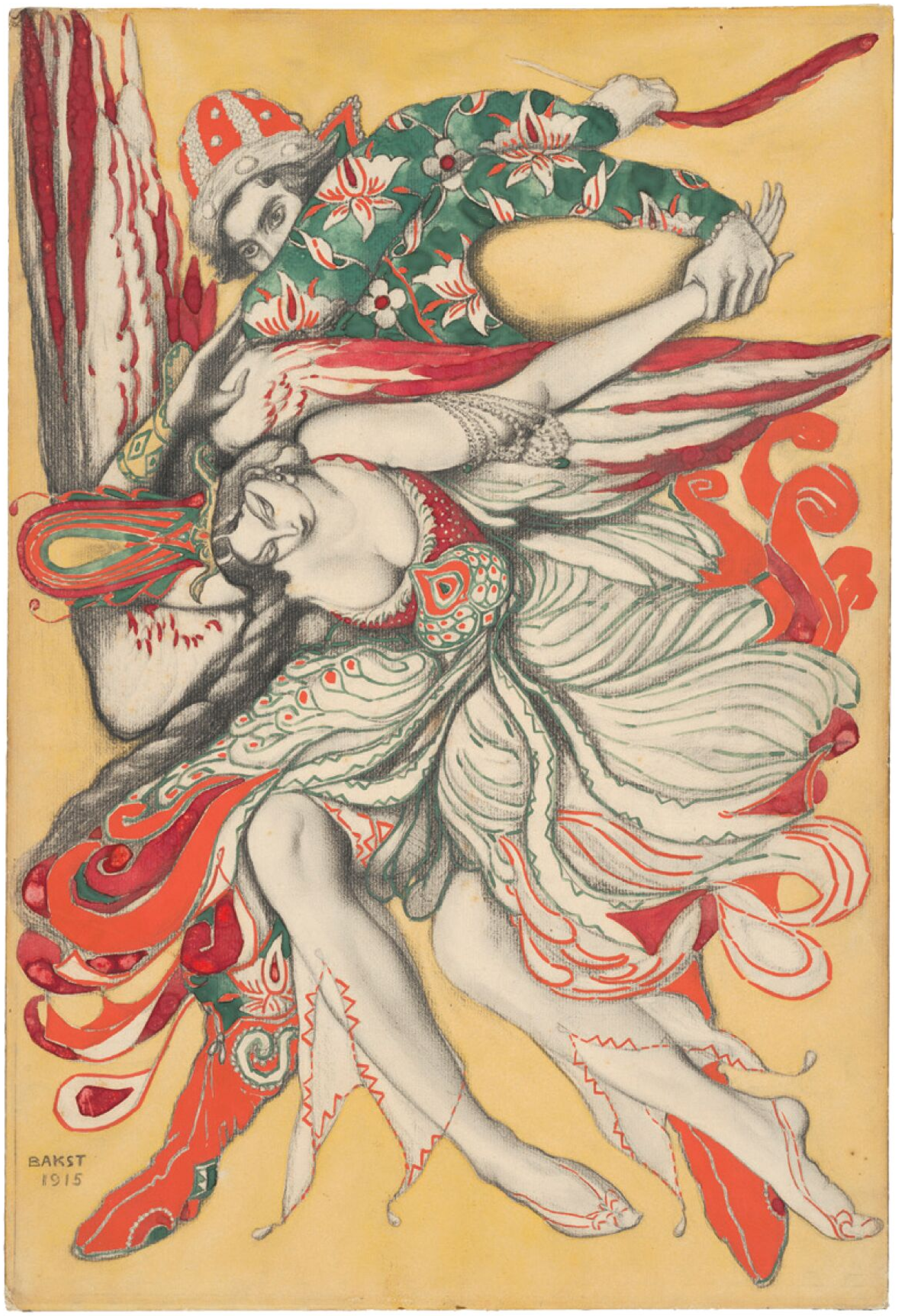

Léon Bakst (1866–1924), “Firebird and the Prince (Tsarevitch),” poster design for *Firebird*, 1915. Harvard Theatre Collection, Houghton Library, Howard D. Rothschild Collection.

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BEIJING 北京

BEIJING COMMUNE | 北京公社

No. 4 Jiuxianqiao Road, 798 Art Zone,
Chaoyang District, 100015 Beijing
Tel: +86 10 8456 2862
info@beijingcommune.com
www.beijingcommune.com
Hours: Tues – Sat, 10–6

Until July **Zhou Yilun: SANLIANZMK**

GALLERIA CONTINUA BEIJING | 北京常青画廊

No. 2 Jiuxianqiao Road, Dashanzi Art District 798,
Chaoyang District, 100015 Beijing
Tel: +86 10 5978 9505
beijing@galleriacontinua.cn
www.galleriacontinua.com
Hours: Tues – Sun, 11–6

June **Qiu Zhijie: ECO-LAB**

HUA INTERNATIONAL BEIJING

D08-3, 798 East Street, 798 Art District,
No. 2 Jiuxianqiao Road, Chaoyang District, 100015 Beijing
Tel: +86 10 5762 6326
info@hua-international.com
www.hua-international.com
Hours: Tues – Sat, 10:30–6:30

Until August 10 **Jenkin van Zyl**

LONG MARCH SPACE | 长征空间

No. 4 Jiuxianqiao Road, 798 Art Zone,
Chaoyang District, 100015 Beijing
Tel: +86 10 5978 9768
lm@longmarchspace.com
www.longmarchspace.com
Hours: Tues – Sun, 10–6

Until June 2 **Inga Svala Thorsdottir and Wu Shanzhuan: from paper to paper**
Until June 30 **Expeditionary Botanics: Cheng Xinhao, Liu Xinyi, Liu Yu, Isadora Neves Marques, Pianpian He and Max Harvey, Wang Ye, and Tant Yunshu Zhong**
June 22 – October **Wu Shanzhuan: Chinese Characters Square the World**

MAGICIAN SPACE | 魔金石空间

East Road, 798 Art Zone, 2 Jiuxianqiao Road
Chaoyang District, 100015 Beijing
Tel: +86 10 5978 9635
info@magician-space.com
www.magician.space
Hours: Tues – Sat, 10:30–6:30

Until July **Timur Si-Qin**
July – September **Guo Cheng**

PIFO GALLERY | 偏锋画廊

No. 2 Jiuxianqiao Road, B11, 798 Art Zone,
Chaoyang District, 100015 Beijing
Tel: +86 10 5978 9562
info@pifo.cn
www.pifo.cn
Hours: Tues – Sun, 10–6

Please contact gallery for information.

PLATFORM CHINA CONTEMPORARY ART INSTITUTE | 站台中国当代艺术机构

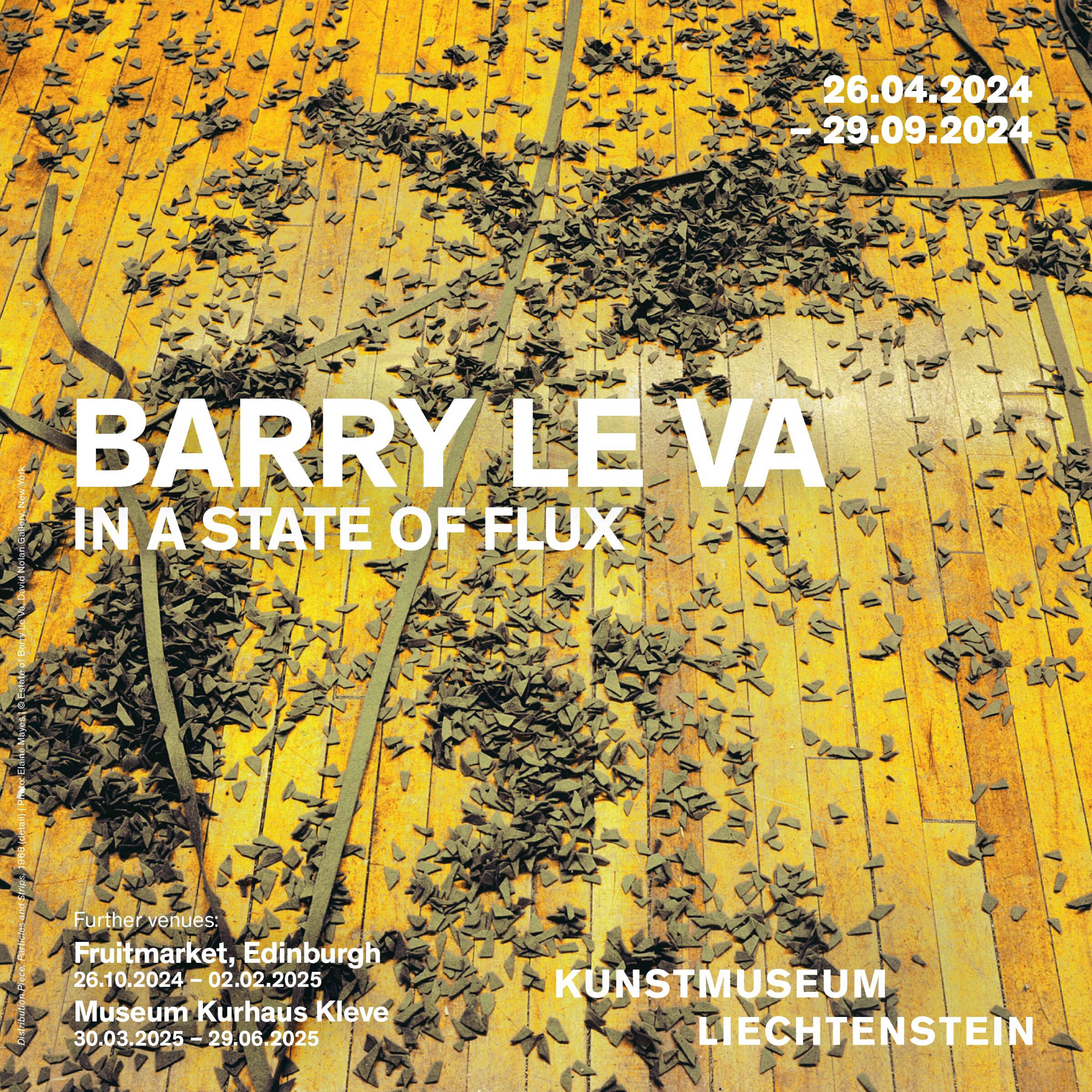
No. 2 Jiuxianqiao Road, 798 Art District,
D07 798 Main 2nd Street,
Chaoyang District, 100015 Beijing
info@platformchina.cn
www.platformchina.cn
Hours: Tues – Sun, 11–6

Please contact gallery for information.

SHANGHART BEIJING | 香格纳画廊(北京)

No. 261 Caochangdi, Old Airport Road,
Chaoyang District, 100015 Beijing
Tel: +86 10 6432 3202
licheng@shanghartgallery.com
www.shanghartgallery.com
Hours: Tues – Sun, 11–6

Until June 30 **STUDY II: Natural History, Alternative Knowledge and Deep Learning**



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Distribution Piece, Particles and Strips, 1968 (detail) | Photo: Elaine Mayes | © Estate of Barry Le Va, David Nolan Gallery, New York

BEIJING 北京

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No. 2 Jiuxianqiao Road, D06, 798 Art Zone,
Chaoyang District, 100015 Beijing
Tel: +86 10 5762 6012
info@spursgallery.com
www.spursgallery.com
Hours: Tues – Sun, 11–6

Until July 7 **Roksana Pirouzmand**
Until July 7 **Zhou Yan: Cloud 9**
July 23 –August 25 **Hou Zichao**

TRIUMPH GALLERY | 凯旋画廊

A-05, No. 2 Jiuxianqiao Road, 798 Art Zone,
Chaoyang District, 100015 Beijing
Tel: +86 10 5762 3012
info@triumphart.com.cn
www.triumphart.com.cn
Hours: Tues – Sun, 10–6:30

Until June 10 **Guan Yinfu: Skin Whisper, Muscle Poetry, and Narratage**
June – August **Zhimin**

UCCA CENTER FOR CONTEMPORARY ART
UCCA尤伦斯当代艺术中心

No. 4 Jiuxianqiao Road, 798 Art District,
Chaoyang District, 100015 Beijing
Tel: +86 10 5780 0200
press@ucca.org.cn
www.ucca.org.cn
Hours: Tues – Sun, 10–7

Until June 23 **Hiroshi Sugimoto: Time Machine**
Until September 8 **Miguel Ángel Payano Jr.: Woo-Woo**
Until September 8 **Liang Hao: Pacing the Void**
July 19 – October 20 **Lawrence Weiner**
September 28 – December 29 **Mo Yi: Me in My Landscape**

GALERIE URS MEILE | 麦勒画廊

D10, 798 East Street, 798 Art District,
No. 2 Jiuxianqiao Road,
Chaoyang District, 100015 Beijing
Tel: +86 10 576 260 51
beijing@galerieursmeile.com
www.galerieursmeile.com
Hours: Tues – Sun, 11–6:30

June – August **Cao Yu**

WHITE SPACE | 空白空间

F1, Bldg D7, Yard No. 3, Jinhang East Road,
Shunyi District, 101316 Beijing
Tel: +86 10 8456 2054
info@whitespace-beijing.com
www.whitespace.cn
Hours: Tues – Sat, 11–6

Until July 13 **Christine Sun Kim and Thomas Mader: Lighter than Air**

SHANGHAI 上海

ALMINE RECH | 阿尔敏・莱希上海

2F, 27 Huqiu Road, Huangpu District,
200002 Shanghai
Tel: +86 21 6312 0260
contact.shanghai@alminerech.com
www.alminerech.com
Hours: Tues – Sat, 11–7

Until July 6 **Inès Longevial: Les Silences du Désir**

BANK

Building 2, Lane 298, Anfu Road,
Xuhui District, 200031 Shanghai
Tel: +86 21 6301 3622
info@mabsociety.com
www.bankmabsociety.com
Hours: Tues – Sat, 10:30–6:30

June 1 – July 13 **Andrew Chapman (THE VAULT)**
June 1 – July 13 **Shi Hui**

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AFTER THE SUN—
Forecasts from the North

April 26–August 19, 2024

Apichaya Wanthiang. *Some Body Else*, 2022. Installation consisting of sixteen Agar (red algae) sheets on sixteen steel frames, a 38-minute soundtrack, and light sequence, looped. Dimensions variable. Photo: Ove Kvavik

This exhibition is made possible through the generosity of the New Carlsberg Foundation and NorthCape Wealth Management. Individual artist support is granted by the Office of Contemporary Art Norway.

After the Sun—Forecasts from the North is co-organized by the Buffalo AKG Art Museum and Gammel Strand, Copenhagen, Denmark.

SHANGHAI 上海

CAPSULE SHANGHAI | 胶囊上海

1st Floor, Building 16, Anfu Lu 275 Nong,
Xuhui District, 200031 Shanghai
Tel: +86 21 6417 0700
info@capsuleshanghai.com
www.capsuleshanghai.com
Hours: Tues – Sat, 10–6

Until August 10 **Yan Xinyue**

DON GALLERY | 东画廊

2555-9 Longteng Avenue, West Bund,
200232 Shanghai
Tel: +86 21 6473 1533
info@dongallery.net
www.dongallery.net
Hours: Tues – Sat, 10–6; Sun, 1–6

Until June 28 **Wang Ningde: The Deluge**

LEO GALLERY | 狮語画廊

Ferguson Lane, 376 Wu Kang Road, Xuhui District,
200031 Shanghai
Tel: +86 21 5465 3261
shanghai@leogallery.com.cn
www.leogallery.com.cn
Hours: Tues – Sun, 11–6:30

Until July 14 **Cécile Lempert: Der Albtraum der Bienenkönigin**

LIANG PROJECT

Room 104, Building 4, No. 50 Moganshan Road,
200060 Shanghai
Tel: +86 21 5292 0166
info@liangproject.com
www.liangproject.art
Hours: Tues – Sun, 11–6

Until June 23 **Zheng Zaidong**
June 29 – July 28 **Zhang Xinquan**
August 3 – September 1 **LAOWANG1102**

SHANGHART SHANGHAI | 香格纳上海

West Bund, 2555-10 Longteng Avenue,
Xuhui District, 200232 Shanghai
M50, Bldg 16, 50 Moganshan Road, 200060 Shanghai
Tel: +86 21 6359 3923
info@shanghartgallery.com
www.shanghartgallery.com

Until June 16 **Su Chang: Across**
Until July 6 **Su Chang: Across (M50)**

UCCA EDGE

2F, No. 88 Xizang Bei Lu,
Jing'an District, 200085 Shanghai
Tel: +86 21 6628 6861
press@ucca.org.cn
www.ucca.org.cn
Hours: Tues – Sun, 10–7

Please contact gallery for information.

GALLERY VACANCY | 吉屋 上海

6F, 261 S Yunnan Road,
Huangpu District, 200021 Shanghai
Tel: +86 21 6241 1239
info@galleryvacancy.com
www.galleryvacancy.com
Hours: Tues – Sat, 10–6

Until June 22 **Stephanie Temma Hier: CORRIDORS**
Until June 22 **Natalia Gonzalez Martin: Rite of Passage**

Ambienti 1956–2010
Environments by Women Artists II
10.4.24–20.10.24

MAXXI
Museo nazionale
delle arti
del XXI secolo

curated by Andrea Lissoni, Marina Pugliese, Francesco Stocchi

Inside Other Spaces. Environments by Women Artists 1956–1976.
Aleksandra Kasuba: Spectral Passage, 1975- 2023.
Haus der Kunst München, 2023. Photo: Agostino Osio – Alto Piano

Design by Tomo Tomo

MAXXI Museo nazionale delle arti del XXI secolo
Roma via Guido Reni, 4A | maxxi.art

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An exhibition by MAXXI and Haus der Kunst München.
The original exhibition Inside Other Spaces. Environments by Women Artists 1956-1976
is conceived and produced by Haus der Kunst München 2023

Switzerland

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E-mail: galerie@galerieursmeile.com   Web: www.galerieursmeile.com
By appointment only

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Basel

GAGOSIAN
Rheinsprung 1, 4051
Tel: 41 61 262 00 80
E-mail: basel@gagosian.com   Web: www.gagosian.com

Please contact gallery for information.

HAUSER & WIRTH
Luftgässlein 4, 4051
Tel: +41 43 547 46 30
E-mail: basel@hauserwirth.com   Web: www.hauserwirth.com

June 1 – July 13   Vilhelm Hammershøi: Silence

STAMPA
Spalenberg 2, 4051
Tel: 041 61 261 79 10   Fax: 041 61 261 79 19
E-mail: info@stampa-galerie.ch   Web: www.stampa-galerie.ch

Please check our website for information.

WILDE
Angensteinstrasse 37, 4052
Tel: 041 61 311 70 51
E-mail: basel@wildegallery.ch   Web: www.wildegallery.ch

June 10 – August 17   Kendell Geers: The Oculist Witness
August 31 – October 26   Yann Gross (Project Room)

Geneva

GAGOSIAN
19, place de Longemalle, 1204
Tel: 041 22 319 36 19
E-mail: geneva@gagosian.com   Web: www.gagosian.com

Please contact gallery for information.

PACE GALLERY
15–17, Quai des Bergues, 1201
Tel: 041 22 900 16 50
E-mail: geneva@pacegallery.com   Web: www.pacegallery.com

Please contact gallery for information.

SKOPIA ART CONTEMPORAIN
9, rue des Vieux-Grenadiers, 1205
Tel: 041 22 321 61 61   Fax: 041 22 321 02 33
E-mail: info@skopia.ch   Web: www.skopia.ch

Until June 29   Leanne Picthall: I Forgot I'm not Twelve Anymore
July 11 – August 31   Summer Group Show

WILDE
24, rue des Vieux-Billard, 1205
Tel: 041 22 310 00 13
E-mail: geneve@wildegallery.ch   Web: www.wildegallery.ch

July 4 – August 28   Valentin Carron
July 4 – August 28   Delphine Renault (Project Room)

Gstaad

GAGOSIAN
Promenade 79 3780
Tel: 41 33 748 49 80
E-mail: gstaad@gagosian.com   Web: www.gagosian.com

Please contact gallery for information.

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Vieux Chalet
E-mail: gstaad@hauserwirth.com   Web: www.hauserwirth.com

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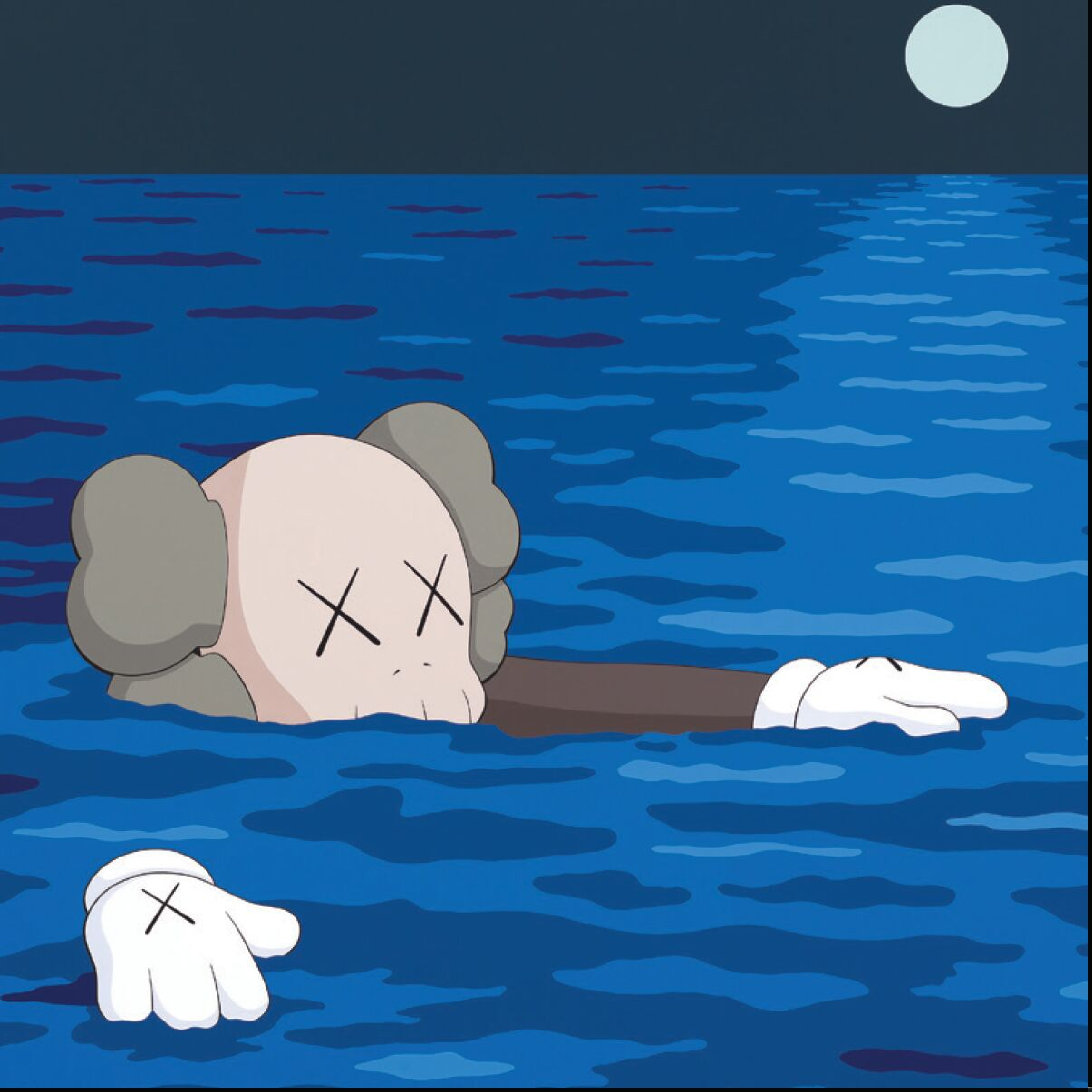
Lucerne

GALERIE URS MEILE Beijing-Lucerne
Rosenberghöhe 4, 6004
Tel: 041 420 33 18   Fax: 041 420 21 69
E-mail: galerie@galerieursmeile.com   Web: www.galerieursmeile.com

Until July 30   Ju Ting



KAWS, *TIDE* (detail), 2020, © KAWS, Photo Farzad Owrang

KAWS + WARHOL

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On view through
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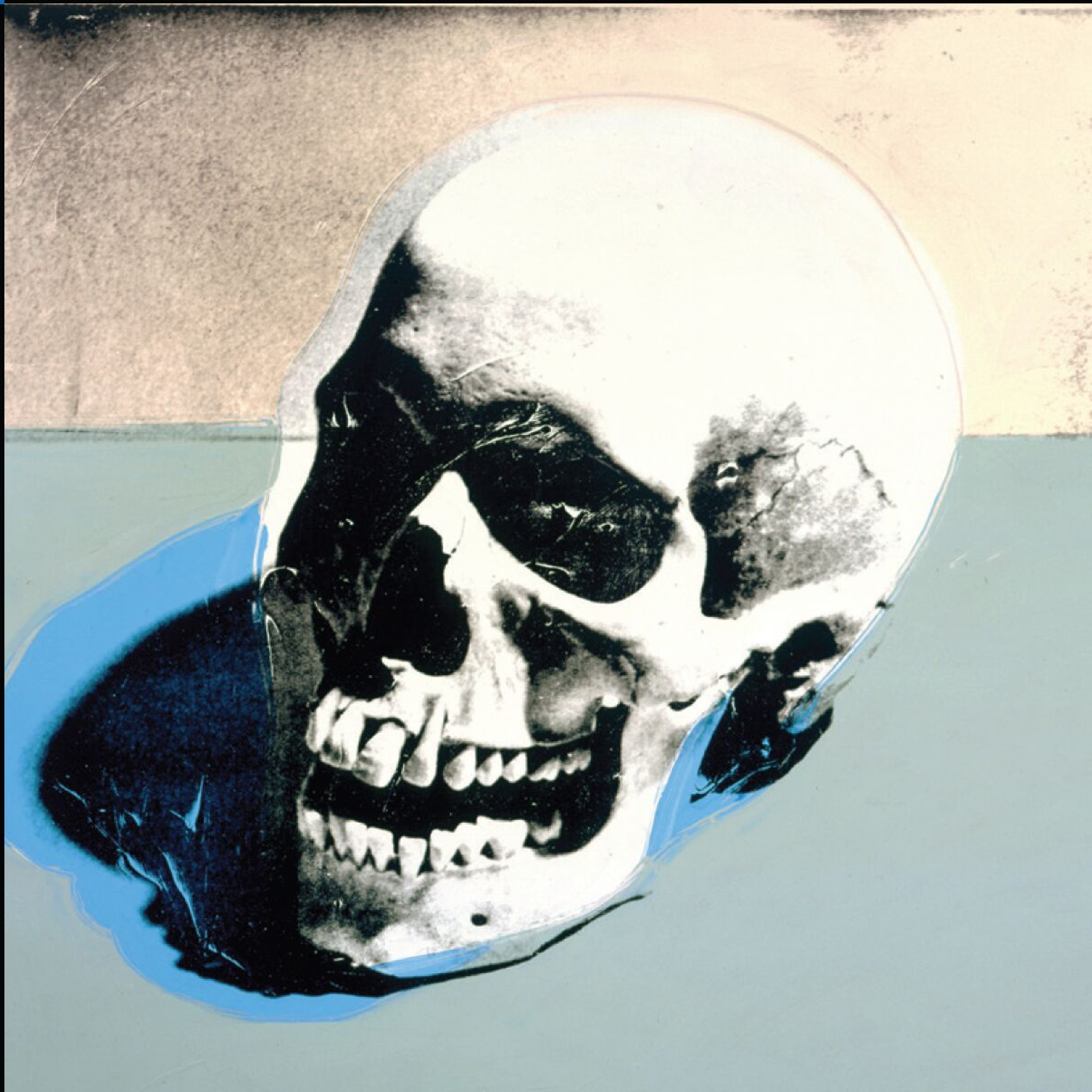
warhol.org

Andy Warhol, *Skull* (detail), 1976, © The Andy Warhol Foundation for the Visual Arts, Inc.



Switzerland

St. Moritz

HAUSER & WIRTH
Via Serlas 22, 7500
Tel: +41 81 522 10 00
E-mail: stmoritz@hauserwirth.com   Web: www.hauserwirth.com

Please contact gallery for information.

Zürich

ANNEMARIE VERNA
Neptunstrasse 42, 8032
Tel: 044 262 38 20   Fax: 044 201 32 35
E-mail: office@annemarie-verna.ch   Web: www.annemarie-verna.ch

Summer   Project with Gallery Artists

GALERIE BRUNO BISCHOFBERGER
Weissenreistrasse 1, 8708 Männedorf
Tel: 044 250 77 77   Fax: 044 250 77 88
Web: www.brunobischofberger.com

Please contact gallery for information.

GALERIE ERICH STORRER
Scheuchzerstrasse 25, 8006
Tel: 044 362 73 14
Web: www.galeriestorrer.com
By appointment only

Please contact gallery for information.

GALERIE EVA PRESENHUBER
Waldemannstrasse 6, 8001
Zahnradstrasse 21, 8005
Tel: 043 444 70 50
E-mail: info@presenhuber.com   Web: www.presenhuber.com

June 7 – July 20   Shara Hughes: Tree Farm (Waldemannstrasse)
June 7 – July 20   Tobias Pils: Happy Days (Zahnradstrasse)

GALERIE GMURZYNSKA
Paradeplatz 2, 8001
Talstrasse 37, 8001
Tel: 044 226 70 70   Fax: 044 226 70 90
E-mail: galerie@gmurzynska.com   Web: www.gmurzynska.com

Summer   Attersee-Schön wie seine Bilder (Talstrasse)
Summer   Miró: Painting and Sculpture (Paradeplatz)

HAUSER & WIRTH
Bahnhofstrasse 1, 8001
Tel: 043 547 18 99
Limmatstrasse 270, 8005
Bahnhofstrasse 1, 8001
Tel: 044 446 80 50   Fax: 044 446 80 55
E-mail: zurich@hauserwirth.com   Web: www.hauserwirth.com

June 7 – September 7   Nairy Baghramian: Modèle vivant (se ployant) (Limmatstrasse)
June 7 – September 7   Philip Guston: Singularities (Limmatstrasse)

MAI 36 GALERIE
Ramistrasse 37, 8001
Tel: 044 261 68 80   Fax: 044 261 68 81
E-mail: mail@mai36.com   Web: www.mai36.com

June 7 – August 10   Poppy Jones
June 7 – August 10   Matt Mullican
June 12–15   Art Basel

PETER KILCHMANN
Rämistrasse 33, 8001
Zahnradstrasse 21, 8005
Tel: 044 278 10 10   Fax: 044 278 10 11
E-mail: info@peterkilchmann.com   Web: www.peterkilchmann.com

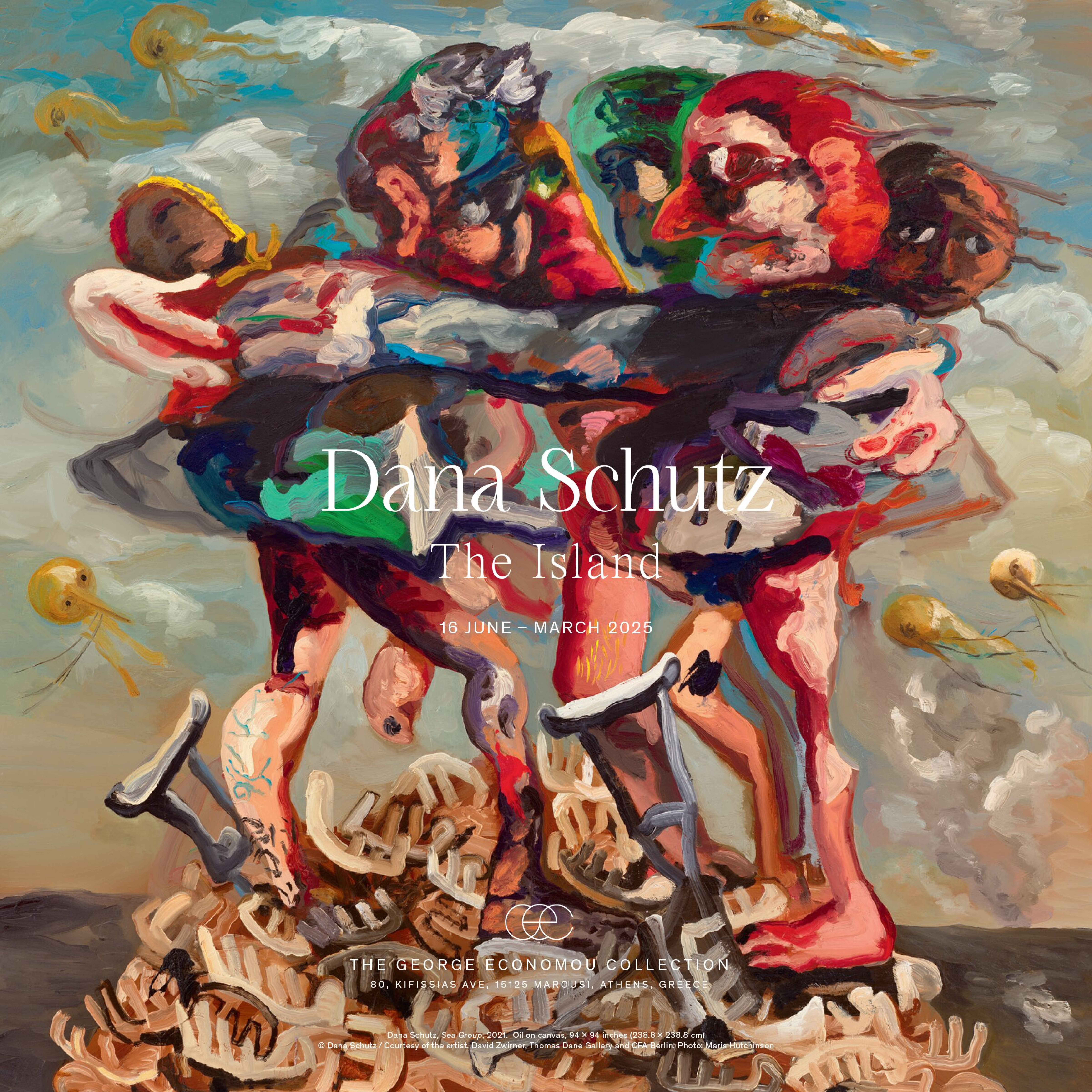
June 7 – July 26   Didier William: Fire Flight (Zahnradstrasse)
June 7 – July 26   Grace Schwindt: When She Move (Rämmistrasse)
June 13–16   Art Basel

WILDE PRIVATE
Waldmannstrasse 6, 8001
E-mail: zurich@wildegallery.ch   Web: www.wildegallery.ch

Please contact gallery for information.

GALERIE URS MEILE Zürich
Rämistrasse 33, 8001
Tel: 041 76 320 24 43
E-mail: galerie@galerieursmeile.com   Web: www.galerieursmeile.com

June 7 – July 27   Shao Fan



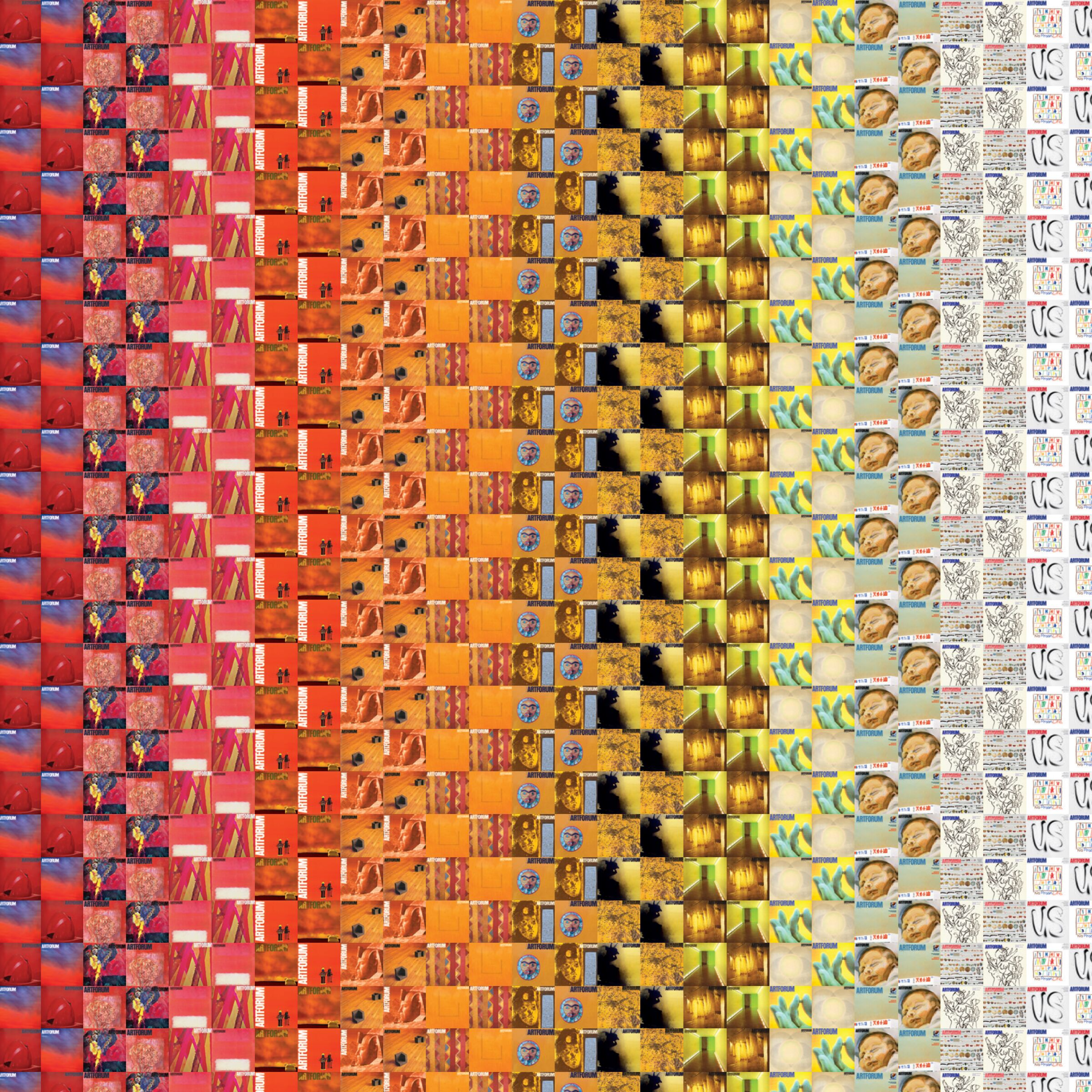
Dana Schutz

The Island

16 JUNE – MARCH 2025

THE GEORGE ECONOMOU COLLECTION
80, KIFISSIAS AVE, 15125 MAROUSI, ATHENS, GREECE

Dana Schutz, *Sea Group*, 2021. Oil on canvas, 94 × 94 inches (238.8 × 238.8 cm)
© Dana Schutz / Courtesy of the artist, David Zwirner, Thomas Dane Gallery and CFA Berlin. Photo: Maris Hutchinson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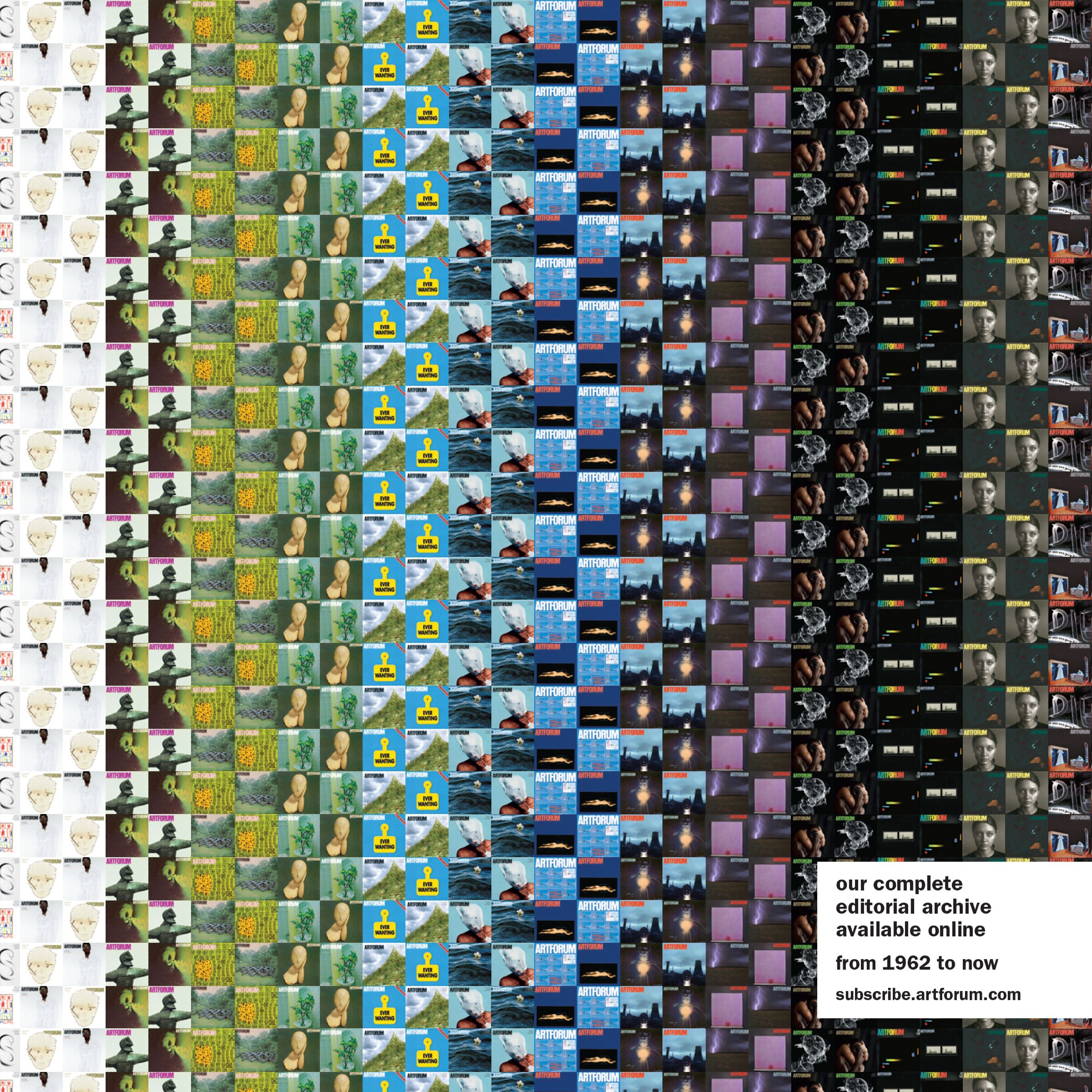

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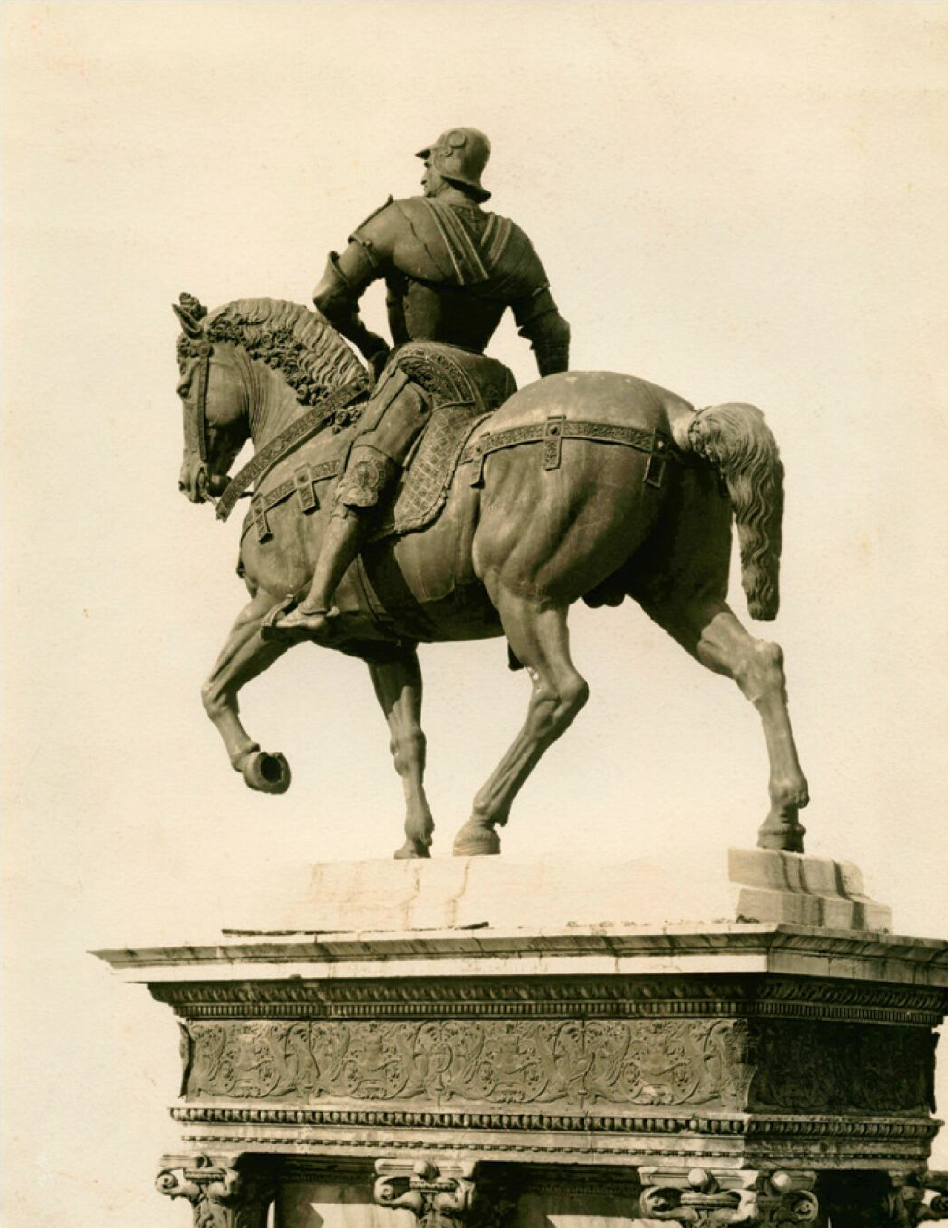
THE CRITIC REFLECTS

MAX KOZLOFF AT NINETY



Born in 1933, the writer and photographer Max Kozloff was a leading art critic of the 1960s and '70s, when writing by critics and artists shaped developments in art to an unparalleled extent. His most significant essays from those years are gathered in two volumes: Renderings: Critical Essays on a Century of Modern Art *(1968) and* Cultivated Impasses: Essays on the Waning of the Avant-Garde, 1964–1975 *(2000). Kozloff began reviewing for* The Nation *and* Art International *in 1961, and two years later became a contributor and associate editor at* Artforum, *where he eventually served as executive editor in 1975 and 1976. He has taught, lectured, and published extensively and is a recipient of many honors, grants, and fellowships.*

In the summer of 2023, I began interviewing Kozloff about his early years in Chicago, his activity as an art critic in New York, and his influential—sometimes turbulent—years at Artforum *in the 1970s. Early encounters with art and friendships with politically engaged artists, including his close friend Irving Petlin, nourished Kozloff's conviction that social and political contexts are fundamentally important for a critical response to art—a position many of his contemporaries did not share. That understanding blossomed in the 1970s in influential essays in* Artforum, *including "American Painting During the Cold War" (1973), and in Kozloff's turn to the practice and criticism of photography.*

An edited transcript of Kozloff's comments appears here.

—Christopher Lyon

I COME FROM THE NORTH SIDE OF CHICAGO, a block from Evanston. My family was comfortable, with a background in Eastern Europe. Ours was a middle-class environment, hospitable to artistic doctrines and traditions. My parents enjoyed music particularly: Their taste encompassed songs of the Red Army Chorus and Brahms. There were four sons; I was the youngest.

For me, the Art Institute of Chicago became a kind of sacred spot, a sanctuary of inspirations, the cultural place that singled itself out for me. In the 1940s, I remember well, one walked through the doors of the Art Institute and, proceeding east, saw a huge equestrian statue of an Italian soldier named Bartolomeo Colleoni, who was a mercenary enlisted by the Venetian government to take charge of its aggressive fifteenth-century military affairs. The statue was a plaster cast of the original bronze by Andrea del Verrocchio in Venice.

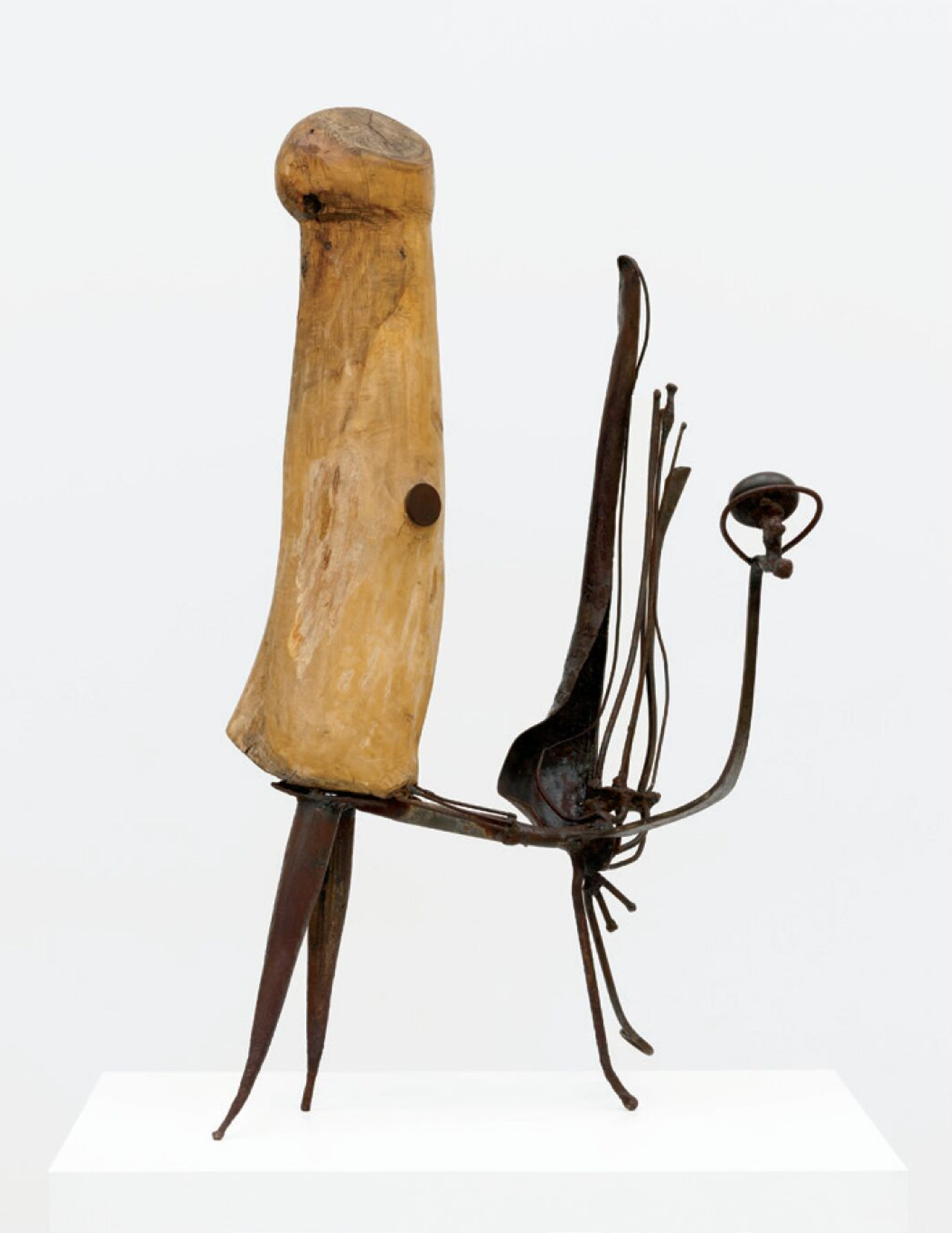
Over life-size and on a pedestal, it stood near the causeway leading toward the School of the Art Institute. It was a threatening presence and one that even now is unforgettable. It was a fierce image meant, propagandistically, to be intimidating, so one of my first experiences of the Art Institute was learning that in art there were "angrified" moments that became monumental.

In other halls of the Art Institute, there were works that could be called canonic in the culture of our country. One was Edward Hopper's *Nighthawks* [1942], a painting of metropolitan solitude. Another was Grant Wood's *American Gothic* [1930]. And a third was, rather spectacularly, Georges Seurat's *A Sunday on La Grande Jatte* [1884]. Other than these three standouts, there was a huge supply of Monets, Pissarros, and their ilk.

However, the main impetus for me continuing art studies dates to something that may have happened earlier than my first visits to the Art Institute. It must have been about 1945. I went to a movie, a black-and-white one, based on a novel, and I have to describe the shock I experienced at its explosive climax. The movie was *The Picture of Dorian Gray*, based on the novel by Oscar Wilde. A young dandy is behaving badly but concealing it by genteel manners. One of the things he does to maintain his status in society is to commission a portrait of himself, painted in a salon style.

The portrait was shown in the movie as something that organized and oriented this young man's mendacious life and manners. As an adolescent, I was interested in a story about social malpractice concealing itself. The portrait began to change, growing more horrible-looking as Dorian's

Opposite page: **Andrea del Verrocchio, Bartolomeo Colleoni equestrian statue, 1488–95,** bronze. Installation view, Venice, ca. 1930s.



Left: **Richard Hunt, *Construction N*, 1956,** welded steel, cottonwood, 38 × 26 × 25".

behavior grew more vicious. The climactic moment came when the ghastly portrait is revealed to the artist who painted it, Gray's acquaintance Basil. When the portrait now suddenly appears, it is in color and fills the whole screen. Gray murders Basil and blackmails another friend, Allen, to take the body away. I felt blown out of my seat because Dorian had become instantly "ancient," lunatic, ferocious, and threatening, even though there were still some remnants in his appearance of the social life he had been maintaining.

The object was to show that a portrait had its own animus, in that it could reveal what was covered up by elitist idioms. I got excited by that, after my initial scare calmed down. This experience of sudden color and radical change being conversant with each other was a fundamental experience. It elicited my tremendous involvement subsequently with art, all the more because the artist who made the painting shown in the film, Ivan Albright, was someone who lived nearby. He could have been considered a local talent! I mention this at some length because, in retrospect, I consider Albright to be a major visionary, a "visionarian," in a way of speaking, for what was to come, which is called, modestly, "Chicago art." Albright was transmitting his imagery in terms of texture. He invested painting with a ferocious tactility, a sense of tissue and surface, that got out of hand, if you'll excuse the pun. This tactility infused later artistic developments in the city: An obsession with surfaces runs through works by a number of artists—think of Leon Golub—characterizing the kind of venomous subject matter that intrigued them and imparting feelings of imminent mortality and the morbid presence of disease.

Another artist with a lasting impact on my thinking is Diego Rivera. My earliest encounter with his work was in Detroit, the destination of a family trip we usually would make each year. There I saw the Detroit Industry Murals by Rivera at the Detroit Institute of Arts. It was a knockout, and something that later impressed me about that work was how it was patronized and subsidized by Edsel Ford, the son of Henry Ford, who was not at all what you would call a liberal. But he didn't interfere, regardless of his possible attitudes, so the work survived, although it was roundly criticized by locals in Detroit. It was an interesting foretaste of controversies today in many art museums. I later wrote a long piece for *Artforum* about the Rivera frescoes in Detroit, with the subtitle "Proletarian Art Under Capitalist Patronage" [1973].

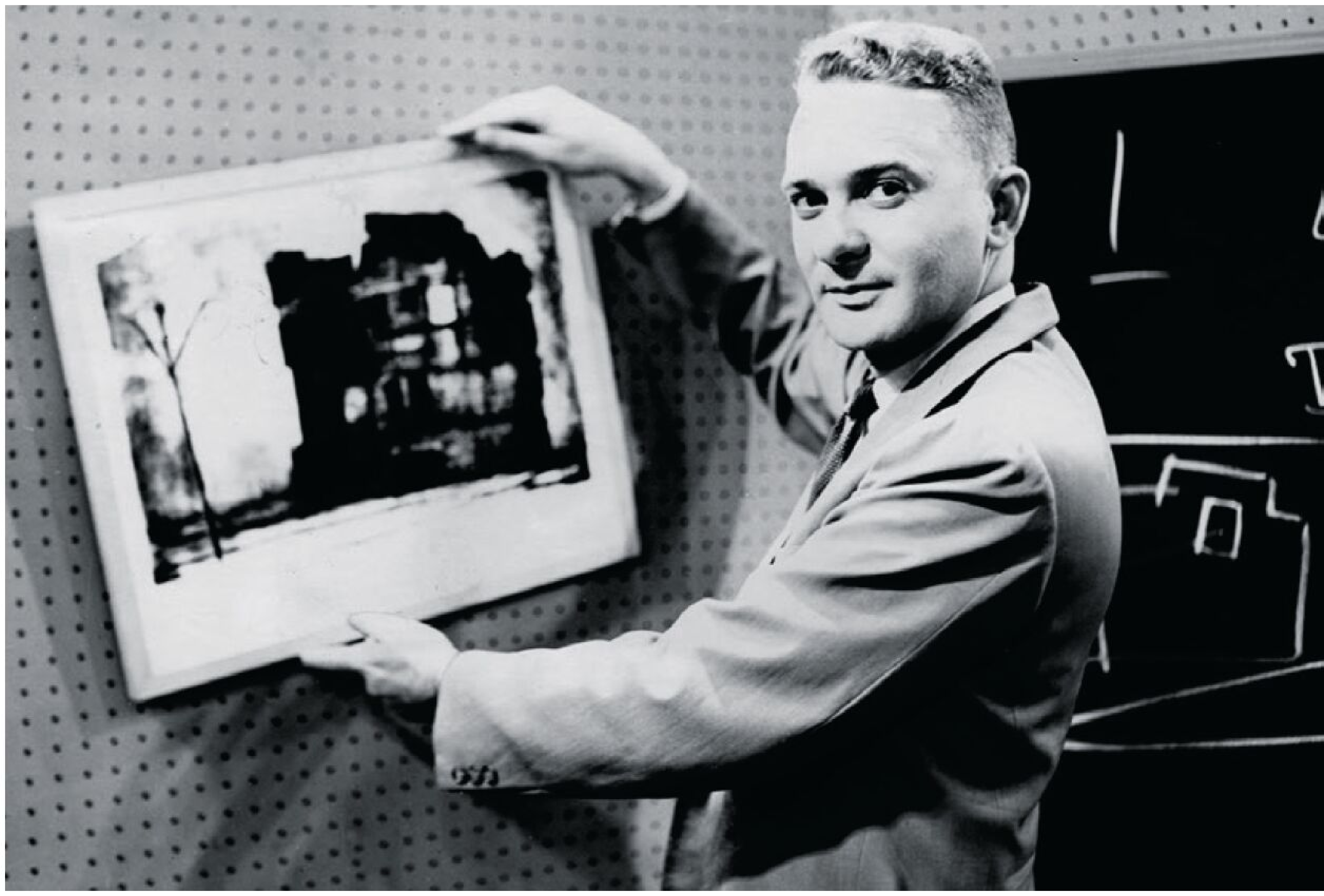
My first piece of orthodox art criticism was written on a sculptor I encountered in the '50s, a sculptor working in wrought iron named Richard Hunt. I thought his work was very strong. I submitted a review to *Arts* magazine, which was edited at the time by Hilton Kramer, who turned it down. Hunt went on to have a substantial career, including a mid-career retrospective at New York's Museum of Modern Art in 1971, and he did major commissions. He may have been an anomaly in Chicago in the '50s as a Black sculptor, not exactly a presence that people knew. Perhaps he was still a student somewhere when I came across examples of his work in local installations.

After graduating from the University of Chicago, before going into the army, I took classes part-time at the School of the Art Institute—where I met and was impressed by the teaching of people like Whitney Halstead and Kathleen Blackshear—and at the Institute of Design, where I encountered a photographer named Harry Callahan. This was before I had decided on some personal and permanent label to characterize what I was doing. I was looking around in a random way and being impressed, sometimes overly so, by impulses and icons that suggested a collective sensibility, if not yet one that could be called a "Chicago" school.

I was close to a few of the artists in that moment, including Seymour Rosofsky, June Leaf, and Irving Petlin, who was my closest long-standing friend, as well as Cosmo Campoli, Golub, and Nancy Spero. They were politically committed votaries of protest at an early period in the history of such behavior. I sometimes joined them, and I understood that it was the atmosphere they created, not just the locale of their activities in Chicago, that made their art, which proved itself to be individual and singular. The European artist whose work most convincingly exemplifies this macabre, comical, absurd, ridiculous atmosphere—and transfuses it very thoroughly—is James Ensor, whom the Chicago artists loved. Without Ensor, there's a lot in Chicago art that wouldn't have been done.

I don't think that my regard for these innovative Chicago artists, some still unacclaimed, has been diminished by the passage of time. As a matter of fact, I regard them more highly now, as responders to a desperate situation that got worse. Take, for example, the Gigantomachies of Golub. He was showing not just gestures, as in Franz Kline, but murderous gestures. In his Vietnam paintings, he revealed—after the fact, but still "immediate-ized"—images of brutality, misery, disaster, committed by people on our side. But the Gigantomachies aren't historically specific; they're more allegorical, with a classical past that characterizes many traditions of Western art.

I think the job of criticism when dealing with local manifestations of art is to speculate responsibly about the relations of the image to the culture at the time, from a moral and political as well as taste and aesthetic standpoint. It makes things richer if you know when and how the artists were responding to their immediate situation. I've written that on no principle should an artist be accountable to critics' politics because openness on both sides can facilitate a more jolting personification of the art in question. With the art that I'm talking about, I'd say a major impetus is what I call animalist desire—to infuse inert materialistic imagery with the sense, the immanent sense, that it could wake up, behave badly, and disturb our notions of reality. I think some of the art does that or tries to do that. Not always rhetorically, but poetically.



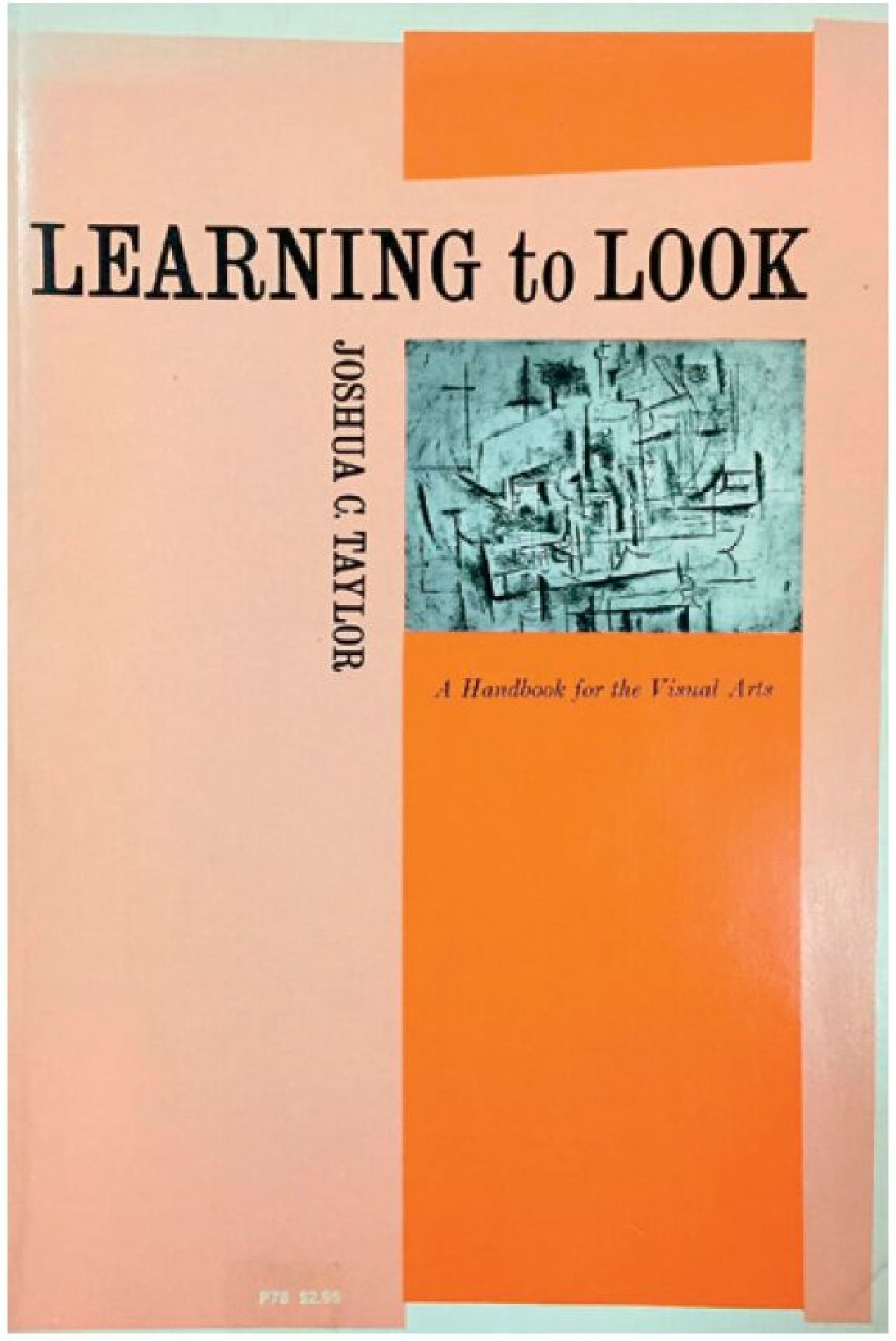
Below: **Cover of Joshua Taylor's *Learning to Look: A Handbook for the Visual Arts*** (University of Chicago Press, 1957).

Above: **Joshua C. Taylor hangs a picture for a television audience while discussing the principles of art, Chicago, 1956.** Photo: Joan Kohn.

Opposite page: **Frank Stella, *Die Fahne hoch!*, 1959**, enamel on canvas, 10' 1⅝" × 6' ⅞".

When I came back from the service, I returned to the University of Chicago for graduate study. Joshua Taylor was my most important teacher, and we not only had a good teacher-student relationship but also became friends. Taylor wrote a little book on art criticism, *Learning to Look: A Handbook for the Visual Arts*. It would be fair to say that Taylor's teaching encouraged paying close attention to the physical specifics of a work of art, formally, in terms of color, and so on. His approaches to art were mingled with his historian's grasp. He responded to art with neutral but engaged commentary, which I respected and tried to emulate. Peter Selz also taught at Chicago and was later instrumental in helping me to obtain my first teaching position in New York, at Cooper Union.

IN NEW YORK, I resumed graduate studies in art history at New York University's Institute of Fine Arts in 1959. My professors included Robert Goldwater, the noted authority on non-Western art and the author of an influential book on primitivism in modern art. In the early '60s, there was still a chasm between serious art history and recording the goings-on of contemporary artists. I recall running into Goldwater in 1961 and telling him proudly that I had just been named the art writer for *The Nation* magazine. Goldwater quickly deflated me, asking, "Is it for the money or the kicks?" I wrote for *The Nation* until 1970, and I also was the New York correspondent for *Art International* from 1961 to 1964, when I left NYU without a degree and began working at *Artforum* as an associate editor. I became a contributing editor for *Artforum* in 1967.

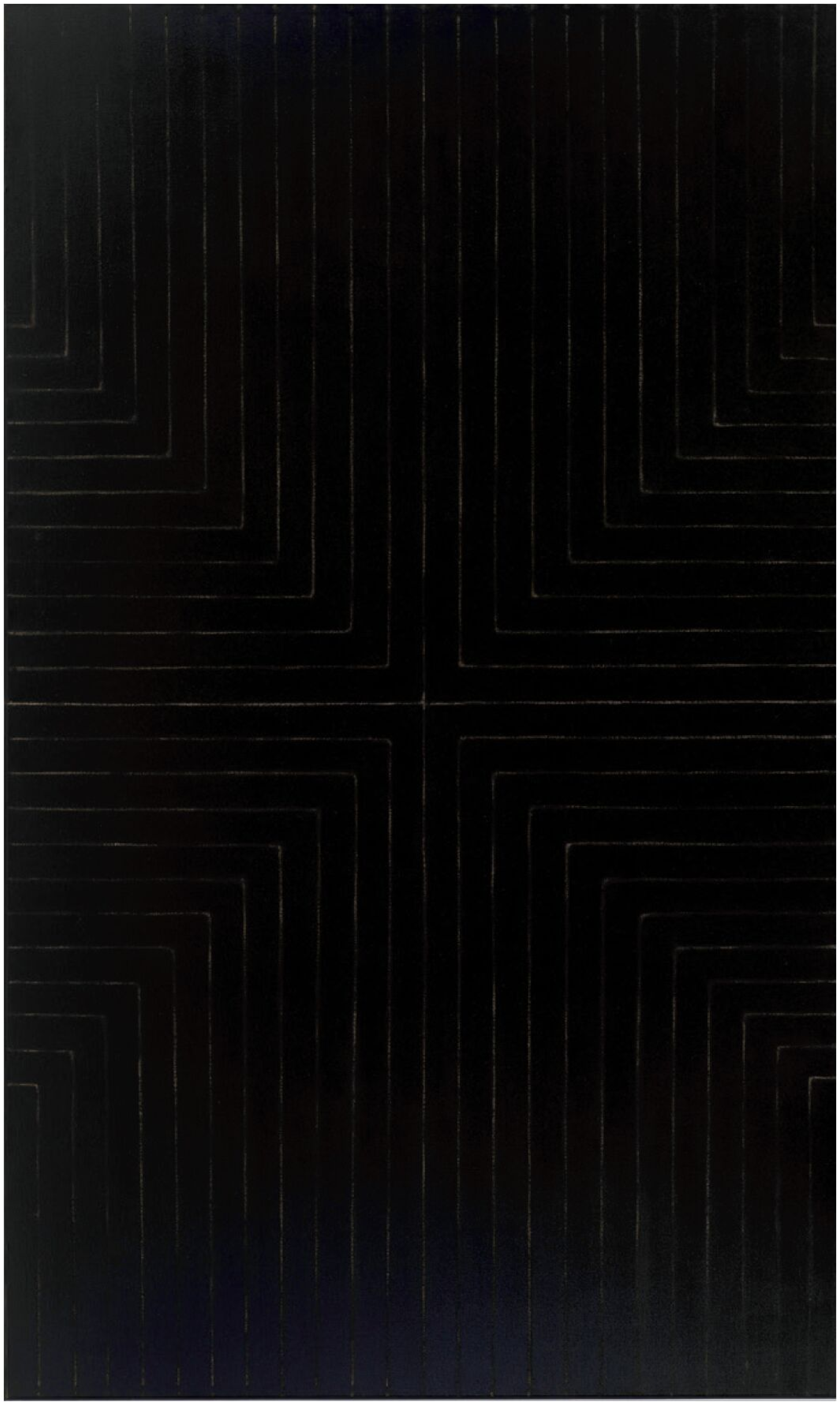


That year I wrote an essay for the magazine, "Venetian Art and Florentine Criticism," in which I criticized my colleagues for not attending to color. I expressed my irritation with the, shall I say, bloodlessness of the critical scene. It was an obstacle to obtaining naturalistic commentary about objects created in our own culture and in the past. There was a kind of vacancy that announced itself unconsciously or subconsciously due to various prejudices and attitudes in the cultures—but also perspectives that go back almost to ancient times, undermining color as a constructive agent in imaginative productions. But what would you expect from a man who wrote his master's thesis on Pierre Bonnard?

In the mid-'60s I even gave some thought to writing a history of criticism—a passing conceit and fancy of my more ambitious years. Writing a history of art criticism could only have tempted me as an idea when I was involved in a fracas with colleagues who were trying to figure out a sensible and productive approach to art criticism. None of us accepted the possibility that there was no history, but we didn't know very much.

This was a formative period for art criticism, which lacked convincing articulation in its early stages. The history of art criticism was a self-legitimizing topic, introducing itself through the efforts of onetime academics looking to be recognized as writers, observers, and intellectuals,

What we're talking about is a kind of a transition or a mutation from one thing to another.



attempting to clarify their status, their authority, their freelance ability, you might say. And they should be given a little bit of sympathy in retrospect for trying to find a stable occupation, or at least some stability, to continue in that occupation.

What we were dealing with in New York was an open-ended inquiry into socially created artifacts whose making required some rationale in their context, unlike objects with conspicuous usefulness. Artists were equivocal artificers in a questionable environment. We needed to assuage the skepticism of viewers and make it possible for them to enjoy or be instructed by these questionable objects called works of art. In a sense, we were trying to invent not merely a language of description, where it was needed, but also to imply that these objects were justified in their existence, which was a more difficult task and brought us back to the question of cause and effect in describing things that people produced under this rubric. It caused many discussions, as I said, but also a repositioning of observers who would be rewarded, if possible, by status as authorities. But they had to, as it were, prove their capacity and resources to enjoy whatever standing they got in retrospect when they did their work. I found this a very exciting environment and was glad to join the investigative part of it as well as the expeditionary aspects of the criticism.

For my part, I felt I had two constituencies. One was the reader of some social consciousness who wanted works of art, when considered, to be eloquent about something that was existing in people's real lives, even in indirect and circuitous distillations of the problem. They were the lay readers. Then there were the schooled specialists, insider commentators who not only dealt with the evolution of a vocabulary that described the work but were analytic about the rationale of creating an idiom, or a style, an obstacle, a refrain, a dereliction, all kinds of possibilities running through what was shown in galleries and museums.

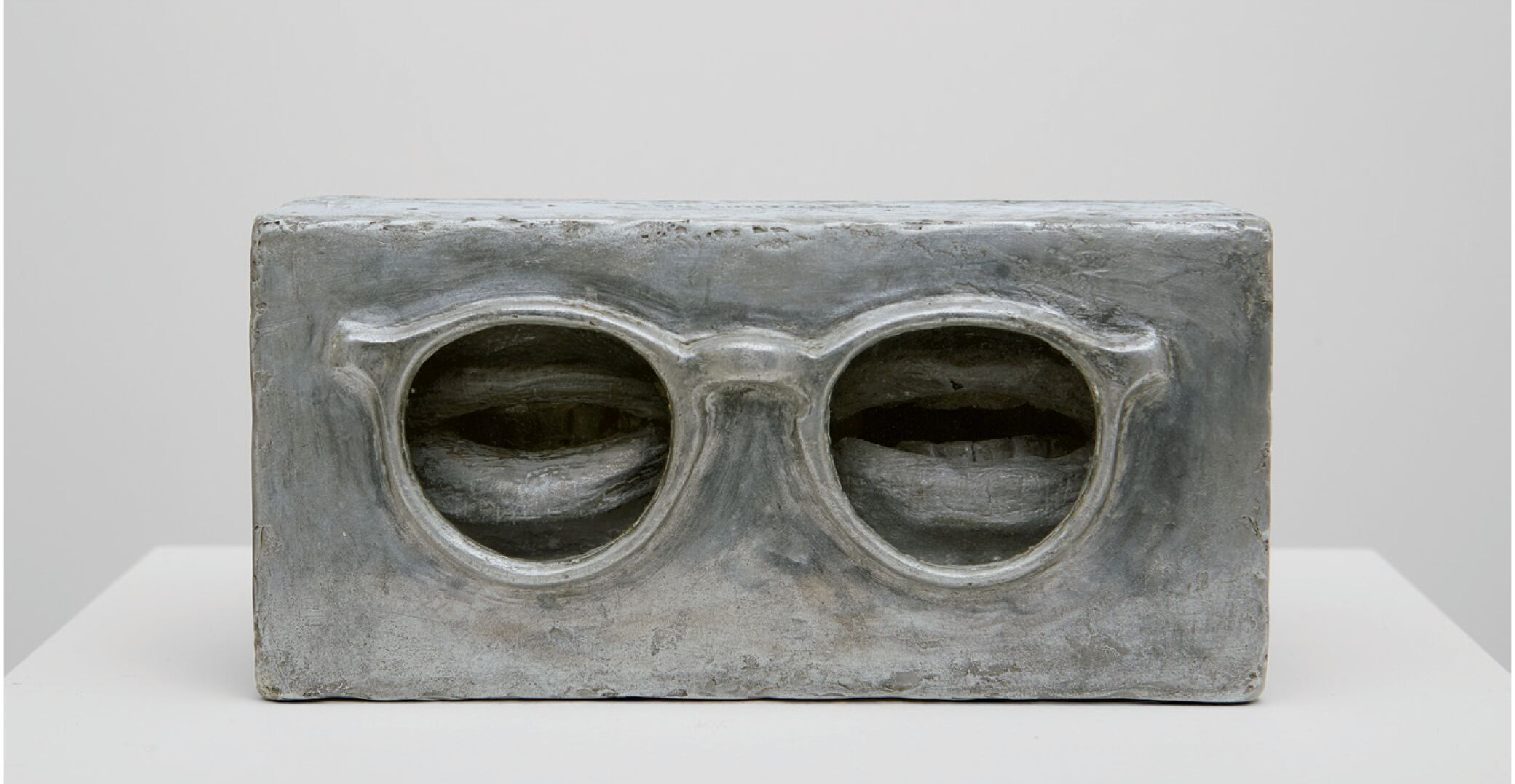
And I can go further. One can look at an object—think of an early Frank Stella painting such as *Die Fahne hoch!* [1959]—and ask oneself, "What am I going to do with this? Why am I looking at it? What does it mean? Does it have any value?" These questions arise not as in a secure continuum, but as a fitful spectacle. And there's a reason. When you look at a work of art—contemporary, let's say—you see two things. You see what it looks like, how it shows itself, and the thing itself as an object. The Stella represented a closed system with familiar dimensions. Then suddenly you realize there's something not quite familiar or expected about it: the thickness of the stretchers, about three inches. When the work is properly presented to the public, it's thicker than it needs to be to have an impact; it has a sculptural presence. It didn't have to have that thickness, that support, that structure, and once you perceive the difference, you are ingesting something of the content of the work. That is, it tries to partake of two perspectives in approaching objects: what one can do with it and what it looks like when it is contemplated by itself. They may not be convergent perspectives, but if they are considered by the public, the work begins to fulfill itself as an enigma, a deliberate, purposeful enigma: Is it a painting that has gotten a little bit egotistical? Or is it simply a more withheld proposition that is worth thinking about?

What we're talking about is a kind of a transition or a mutation from one thing to another. If we looked around at other artists, we might see parallel appropriations of genres, ordinarily kept separate from each other, coalescing not necessarily as pictorial puzzles, but as imagistic enhancements of conception. This tendency became more widely embraced and problematic in twentieth-century modernism. I was particularly enchanted when I first perceived this binary overhaul of idioms in the work of Jasper Johns. I didn't realize it at the time, in the way it's possible to understand now, that Johns was a pioneer in juxtaposing rather than blending images and objects that had different statuses into the same integral work of art—painting, brushstrokes, gestures, brushy marks together with objects of common use. They shared the same invented metaphorical space. There was something radical and irrational about Johns. He insisted on two antithetical things: the reality of the common objects included in the work and the artistic embodiment around and next to the objects. That realization was for me the invitation to become more operative as an art critic.

Historically speaking, the work he produced in the '60s was not without precedent in the tradition of collage initiated by the Cubists and later innovators, like Schwitters, for example. But when we come to an artist like Johns, something else happens in the tradition that we didn't expect: his implied comment on common objects, that their real job was to function as receptacles of paint marks. The paint marks were separate from the kind of action going on in the same work. One felt that he was de- or reevaluating the status of things that could be handled and seen, replacing their evident locale with objects of intrinsic concentration and focus that had no motivation for being there.

Might his work itself be thought of as implicit art criticism? I think we have to credit him with a realization that this could be the case because of a work of his, *The Critic Sees* [1961], a Sculp-metal brick with one side of it made into a bas-relief, glasses with mouths behind them rather than eyes, suggested that criticism was really not an observant function of the art world, but a trait that could be dissociated and degraded for ironic purposes.

John Coplans and I were seen by some of the magazine's writers as wanting *Artforum* to be more explicitly concerned with art's social context, and that was contentious.



This page: **Jasper Johns, *The Critic Sees*, 1961,** Sculp-metal on plaster, glass, 3⅛ × 6½ × 2⅛".

Opposite page: **Cover of *Artforum*, February 1973.** Jasper Johns, *The Critic Sees*, 1961.

IF ONE IS ASKED, after a professional experience of some length, where you came from, what you admired, how you were influenced, it sometimes nets interesting responses. In my case, I was impressed by a small but nearby evolution of approaches, of which people with names that included "berg" were contributors. Leo Steinberg was one of them. Another was John Berger. And Harold Rosenberg was not without his pull in my environment.

They were of an older generation, and they were in unison in a way that could not easily be detected, but you felt. They were narrative observers of artmaking, recent artists or old masters. I liked the idea of fashioning stories to fill out the implied content of the framed image. But I also couldn't help noticing that these writers, self-conscious artists in their prose, were also either outright activists or supportive of political systems. They were people sometimes of the extreme left, and I was repelled by their reliance on systems analysis of human activity that included cultural activity in intolerant contexts.

John Berger was a good example of that: sensitive in his storytelling interest to imagining human content, but at the same time, in dealing with art, extending too far the use of intolerant political systems as justification when his taste was already good enough for us. He was an unreconstructed Marxist, maybe a Stalinist. Far from being bashful or hesitant about it, he constantly worked out his own belief system, but he often transcended the narrowness and sterility of aesthetics under those conditions by his enthusiasm as a writer, a filmmaker, a pedagogue.

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I felt that I was in dissident territory when engaging with that tradition, as compared to just writing about what was pictured. I thought when I was reading these people for the first time that they were very positive, being constructive guides of public opinion into sophisticated matters, and that their politics were admirable coefficients of this mission they had assigned themselves. But I remembered that in 1953 something had happened that affected my outlook on these matters. It was the death of Stalin, and when I was first informed of it in the media, like everyone else, I felt grief was appropriate. Then suddenly I realized that I couldn't mourn the death of a man who had caused so many deaths in his own right and had been so authoritarian. I had mistaken the whole presence of left-wing criticism as a monumental rebuke of capitalist excesses and therefore of a worldview.

I think a lot of people were affected either negatively or positively by this endless fear of uncritical acceptance of tradition, you might say. These guys were votaries of that psychic temperament and I tried to imagine what a criticism would be like that was conscious of political difficulties but did not mindlessly stoop to advocating them. That was part of repudiating an element of our tradition.

After a year spent teaching at the California Institute of the Arts during its first year, I returned to New York in 1971 and resumed working with *Artforum.* John Coplans had taken over the editorship from Phil Leider, and it was a new situation.* The writers were becoming polarized. I was seen as having a similar outlook to that of Lawrence Alloway, though he was more of a populist and more generous as a critic than I was. He came here from across the ocean and with a reputation already because he had coined the term "Pop art." Lawrence and I did well together personally, although I was aware that a lot of the people in the *Artforum* office would be glad if he went away. But I thought he was more open, frank, liberal, polymathic than any of our fellow writers.

He developed an idea of the art world as a system, or a series of systems [*see "Network: The Art World Described as a System,"* Artforum, *September 1972*], which provided some clarity to our dialogue with each other. He meant that there was a structural mechanism that the artist took advantage of to obtain attention in hierarchies. Lawrence was not reactionary or terribly conservative politically, but he was disciplined in his own ideas of that structure and system. Some of this didn't apply to American vicissitudes, so he was treated ambivalently by colleagues who had business with him.

Coplans was a social guy but on different levels than Lawrence. He was outspoken, opinionated, divisive, and self-discovering. He published a lot of work above his level of understanding, but he was adaptable and he had definite opinions about how people should behave. He was someone who had no tolerance for fools or pomposities or vague and arrogant pronouncements; he was a practical guy with resources and responsibilities. I liked that as a model. He was nonacademic and didn't regard me as academic either; we were able to talk to each other without footnotes.

My time there as executive editor, from 1975 through the end of 1976, was relatively brief but intense and memorable. I was given the strange and interesting role of scouting the scene, and if I found anyone who looked capable of writing art criticism who was interesting, I was permitted to introduce them to see what would happen if they wrote something. That happened a few times. Lucy Lippard was one of the writers whose presence in *Artforum* probably was owed to me. Another was Amy Goldin, a very good writer whose extraordinary range encompassed outsider creativity and revaluing the "decorative." Both were outspokenly on the left.

Coplans and I were seen by some of the magazine's writers as wanting *Artforum* to be more explicitly concerned with art's social context, and that was contentious. He found it very difficult to deal with his polarized and chaotically antagonistic staff writers. To put out monthly issues with some coherence became difficult. There were terrific fights in editorial meetings at his apartment. In one meeting, the debate became so heated that I got up in some irritation and moved my chair closer to his, away from my fellow writers and colleagues. Later he told me that that gesture meant a great deal to him. John was rather combative, and I was maybe more attentive to the details, but we were seen as together resisting those who were more focused on structure than on society.

Artforum was always a trade publication in commercial terms, but it was possible at that time to reject the excesses of commercialism without being called sanctimonious. John and I were aligned against common practices in the art world. We wanted to reduce the influence that ad revenue gave to galleries wanting to highlight artists they represented. We also aimed to cut back on favoritism, where staff writers would give their friends or allies special attention. I discouraged monographic articles, which favored personal friendships, and commissioned pieces that were revisionist and critical of the system.

All of this annoyed and angered Charlie Cowles, the magazine's publisher. Finally he decided that he had had enough of the difficulties and the buffetings

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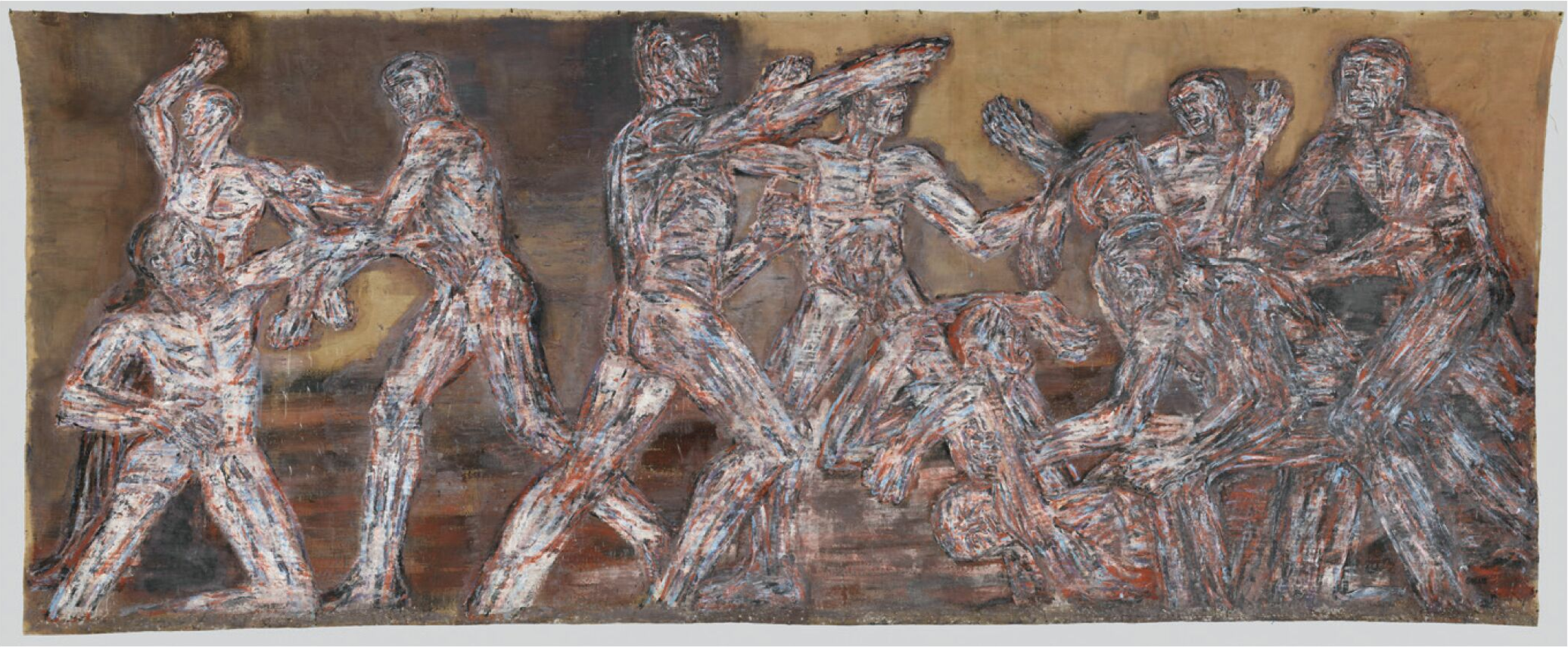
* The following recollections of *Artforum* in the 1970s include comments by Kozloff in an interview conducted by Annette Leddy (Oral history interview with Max Kozloff, May 19, 2014–Jan. 20, 2015. Archives of American Art, Smithsonian Institution).



Our departures from *Artforum* caused a surprising uproar in the art community of that time.

that *Artforum* was suffering due to its reformist positions. He told Coplans that he was being let go at the end of his contract. John announced to us in the office that he was obliged to leave within a few months. This affected me negatively because I needed his support to continue under fire from different sectors. I also thought that letting him go was indirectly aimed at me, because I was the essential author of many policies that were not exactly bringing in revenue or raising spirits in the gallery world. I had lunch with Cowles to announce that I would leave.

He wasn't expecting it, nor did anyone else when I made it public. People were taken aback, friends as well as inimical characters. Charlie wanted me to stay because I was knowledgeable about the continuities, and they had a drawer full of pieces we had commissioned. I knew how to press the buttons and so forth. But I didn't think that was sufficient warranty for my staying because he was tacitly conveying the fact that he was going to have a different editorial staff, which he put into place shortly after I left. Our departures from *Artforum* caused a surprising uproar in the art community of that time.

If I were asked what piece I would recommend to someone who wanted to know my thought about the political context of art, I would say "American Painting During the Cold War," published in *Artforum* in 1973. It is something that I'm pleased with; it made a difference. It was partly inspired by Meyer Schapiro's essay "Nature of Abstract Art," originally published in *Marxist Quarterly* in 1937. There are worthwhile essays on artists—Joseph Cornell, Leon Golub—and my book on Jasper Johns, of course. The text of my first book on photography, *Photography and Fascination*, is a lengthy piece. It wanders, it's speculative, it goes off the cliff at times. But all the same, it has some ideas, fresh thoughts; it provokes.

I can think of my worst pieces, too, like a polemic against Clement Greenberg from the early '60s. I was so pissed at Clem's writings that I wrote a long, long essay, complaining, criticizing, instigating arguments, being angry. I sent it off to my publisher and editor, Jim Fitzsimmons at *Art International*. He then published it [in the June 1963 issue], not as an article, but as a letter. Very strange. Turns out he and Greenberg were buddies, and Fitzsimmons didn't want to alienate Greenberg. So he let me do it as a condescending gesture, publishing it as a letter and writing, to me, "I want to relieve the congestion of your cortical area."

But the impact of Greenberg's writing is something we're still dealing with. He had a good eye in the '40s—there's no question about that. But then what happened? He became more rigid, more doctrinaire. He divided works of art into right and wrong. The ones he liked were considered right. The ones he didn't like he was indifferent to, was uninterested in them, they were "wrong." That was an appeal to a notion of truth that didn't apply. It was irrelevant to my story, even though he influenced a lot of my colleagues. I knew I wanted to deal with *why* something was pictured and *why* the picture held sway over us who are in contact with it or would want to deal with it. And such questions, I think, are not yet answered, but we try to do what we can.

AMERICAN PAINTING DURING THE COLD WAR

MAX KOZLOFF

WHAT TRIGGERED MY SHIFT to a focus on photography in the ’70s was, on an elemental level, an emotional response to pictorial language in photography because of its credibility, its decisiveness in framing, and its ubiquity as a communicative news medium, which elevated it, in my opinion, to something that deserved—but wasn’t getting—the treatment of a full-time observer with professional aims.

There were not many writers on photography at the time. John Szarkowski at MOMA was a major—not the sole, but a major curator of photographic production, so his treatment of it got automatic high marks because of his authoritative position. I undervalued his writing style and his curatorial acumen, so I was not exactly friendly with him. But we did have some contact, and he bore my cool manner, I might say, with good grace.

In May 1967 I reviewed in *The Nation* an exhibition at MOMA called “New Documents,” organized by Szarkowski, which featured three young photographers, Diane Arbus, Lee Friedlander, and Gary Winogrand. There was no catalogue, but fifty years later, MOMA produced one with my original review and essays by their curators. The book is called *Arbus Friedlander Winogrand: New Documents, 1967.*

I knew Friedlander, and we had some conversations. I suspect without real knowledge that he regrets I didn’t pay more attention to his work. I discussed it but not with ultimate enthusiasm. But his was a better position to be in than how I treated Winogrand, who was a kind of omnivorous gatherer of inconsequential systems of unexpected notice. I didn’t respond to his pictures, but he became a major character in photographic aesthetics. There was a genius in Szarkowski’s perspective, though—Diane Arbus. I was caught up in her work like everyone else. It seemed to me contemporary and challenging in a human way about modes of life and being that were native and unstable in our existence: physical disfigurement, minority status, economic woes.

Let me interject here that a photograph has a very different relationship than a painting does to its originating context. When we view a painting or an actual photograph, there is typically an isolating element called a frame. The frame of a painting is a statement, a declaration pertaining to the work’s origin, a statement that what is outside the frame is excluded. Whereas for photographs, frames are necessary containers of subject matter but are more arbitrary, typically intimating an extension of space beyond the frame. Photography is helplessly candid in the intimation of what lies beyond the frame. The relationship of the photographic image to an appearance is conditional and binary, so that we can have a sense of the world as our eyes expose it.

By the mid-’70s there was a surge of interest in the medium; among the outstanding writers were A. D. Coleman, Vicki Goldberg, Susan Sontag, and Colin Westerbeck, Jr. I was writing more frequently about photography in *Artforum,* and in September 1976 I devoted an entire issue to it, with a portrait by the intrepid French photographer Félix Tournachon, called Nadar, on the magazine’s cover. In my feature essay on Nadar in that issue, I found one of my sustained interests in that medium, the photographic portrait. Photography offered me the chance to be subversive once again because of the lack of color in photographic practice at that time. My favorite photographers were those with a greater palette, ones who excited me pictorially.

I think photographs also attracted me at that time with some power because they dealt with events often enough and in a much more direct way than painters or sculptors, which was the founding function of photography. And that made a difference to me at a time when I was feeling discouraged or shortchanged by obscure practices in the art world that were beginning to irritate me. Irritating art. It was possible to be irritated by arrogance, self-righteousness, gullibility, opportunism.

Does an active critic have a sell-by date? Is there a limit to how long one can write authoritatively about the art of one’s time? There is a limit, which could be discussed as a temporal one. That is to say, the amount of time that an idiom takes to reach its apogee or its apex of attention and approval before it descends into something blindsided and immaterial and irrelevant and out of date. Different types of art have different life spans in terms of those criteria. And then you discover much more abundantly in photography than in art that there are merits and virtues, overlooked careers that no one knows about or has heard of. And so, for me, the possibilities of discovery became an incentive to look around, find out things for myself. I liked that. ☐

Opposite page: **Leon Golub, *Gigantomachy II*, 1966,** acrylic on linen, 9' 11½" × 24' 10½".

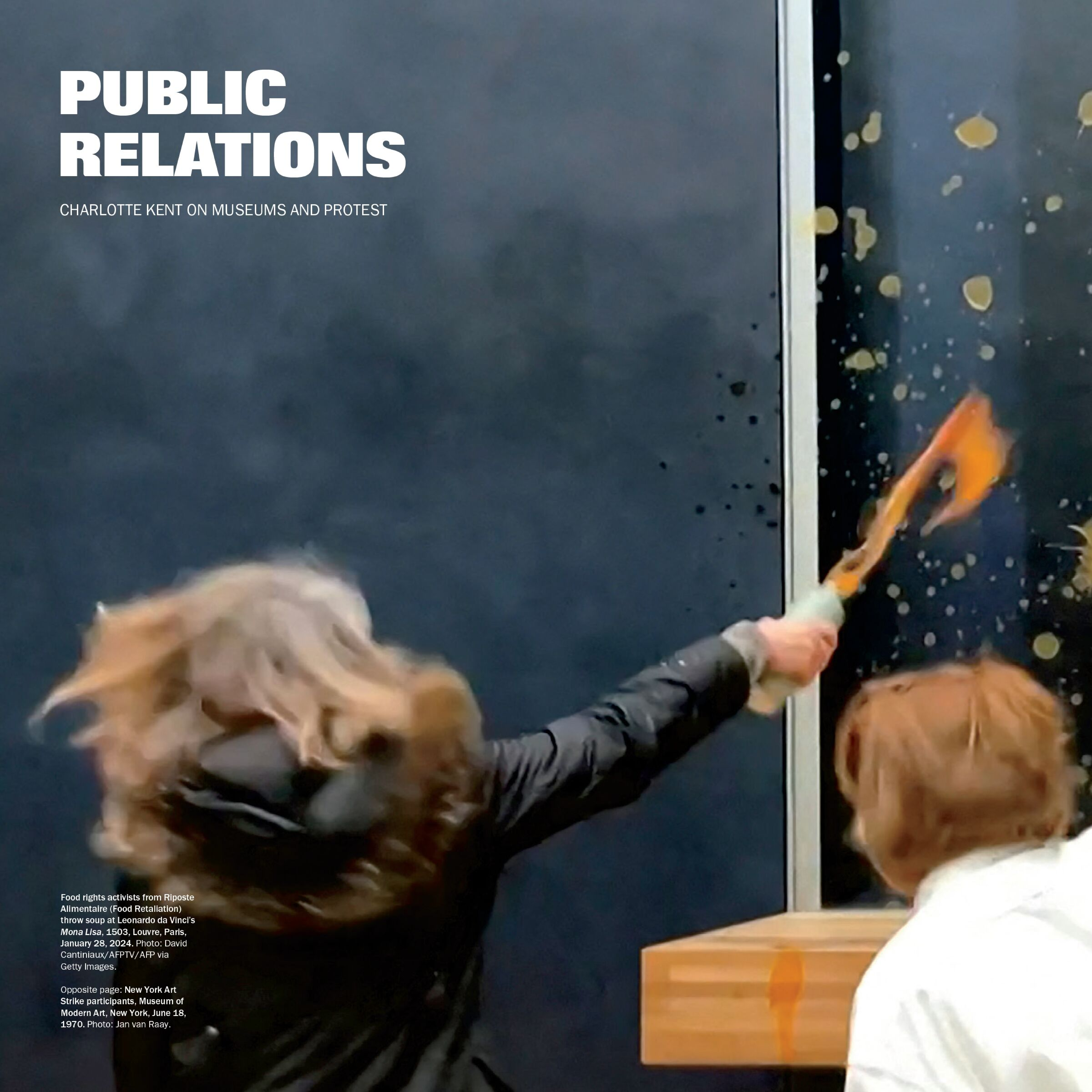
Below: **View of “New Documents,” 1967,** Museum of Modern Art, New York. Works by Diane Arbus.

Above: **Page from *Artforum*, May 1973.** Max Kozloff, “American Painting During The Cold War.”

DIANE ARBUS

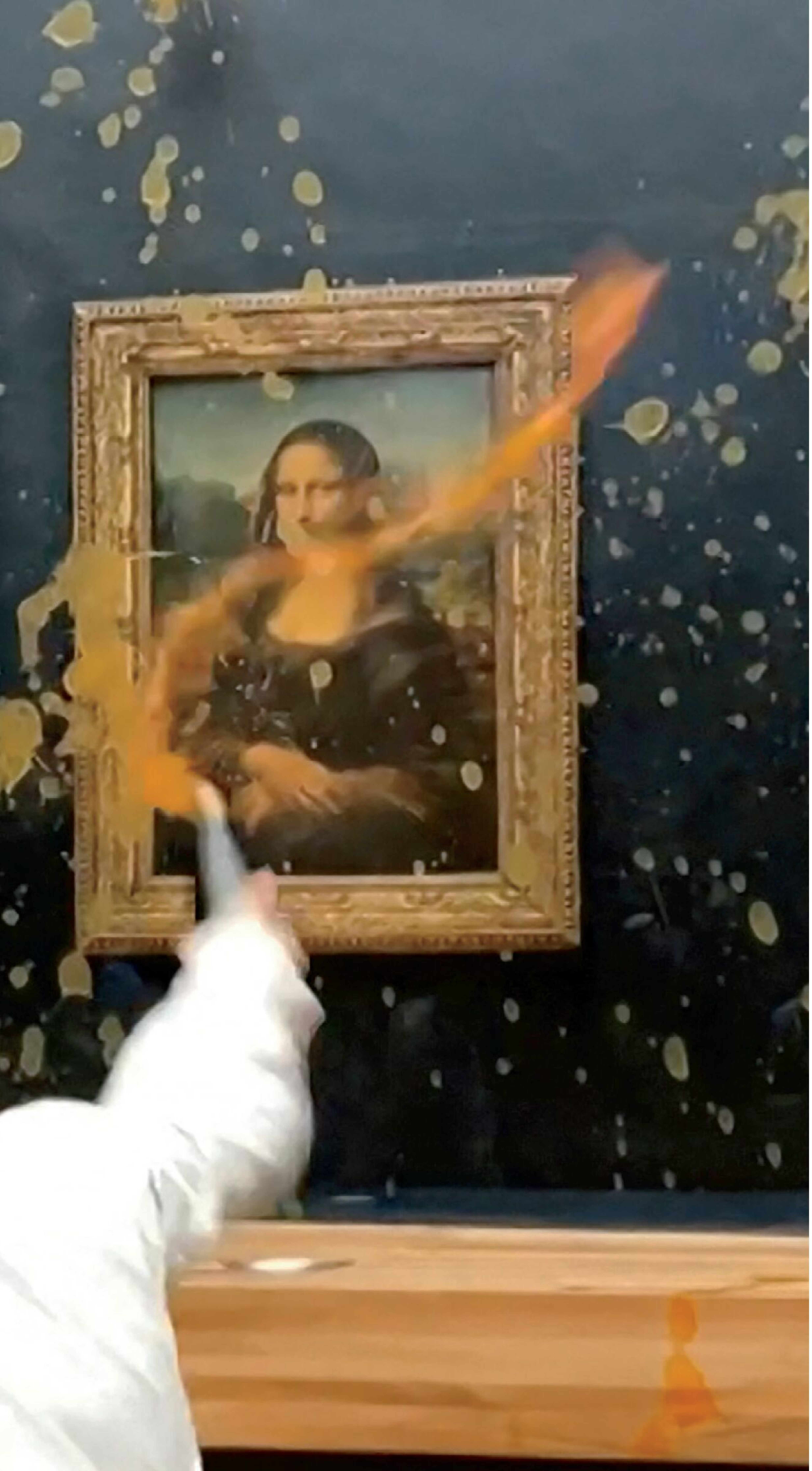
PUBLIC RELATIONS

CHARLOTTE KENT ON MUSEUMS AND PROTEST



Food rights activists from Riposte Alimentaire (Food Retaliation) throw soup at Leonardo da Vinci's *Mona Lisa*, 1503, Louvre, Paris, January 28, 2024. Photo: David Cantiniaux/AFPTV/AFP via Getty Images.

Opposite page: **New York Art Strike participants, Museum of Modern Art, New York, June 18, 1970.** Photo: Jan van Raay.



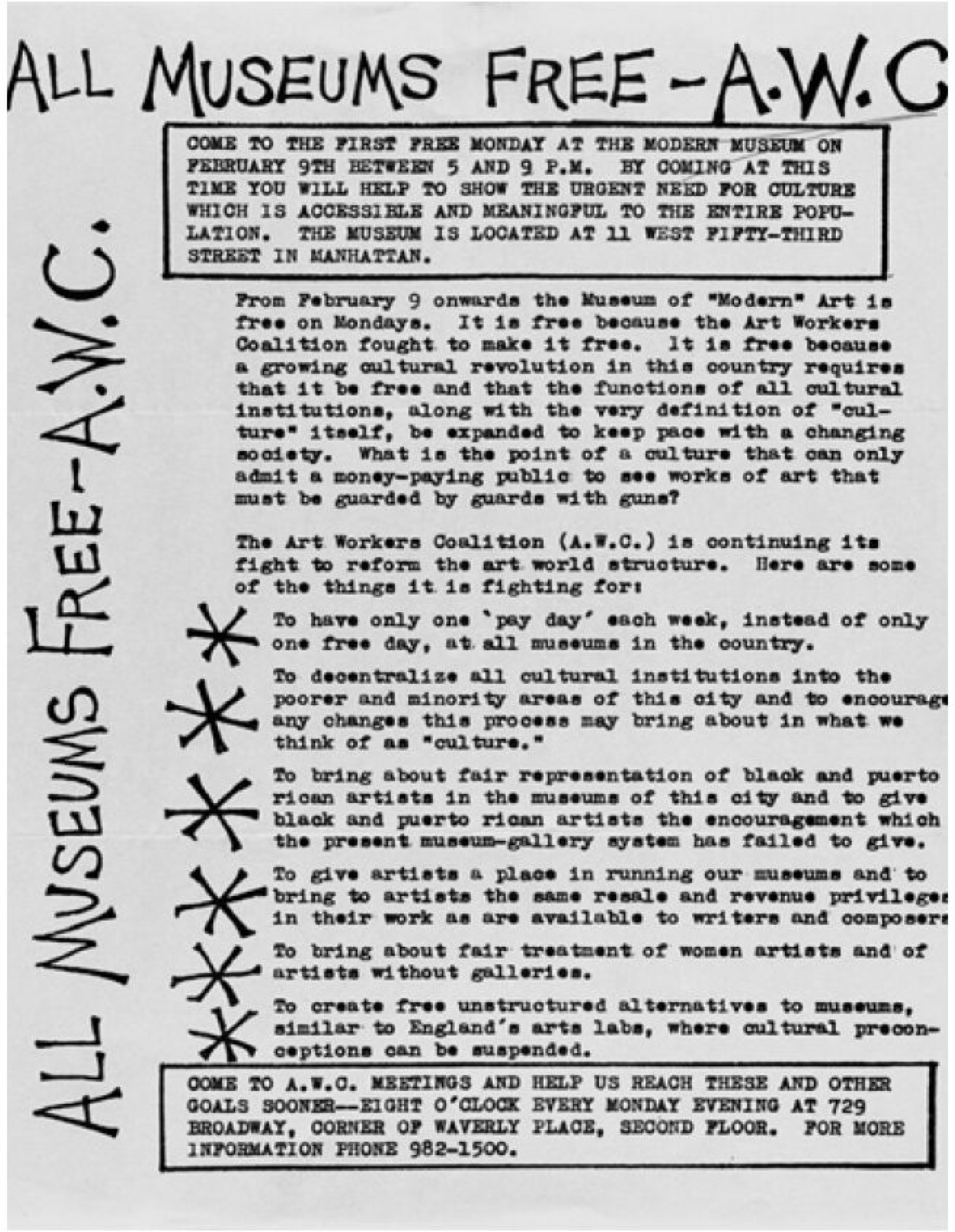
IN OCTOBER 2023—that is to say, in the immediate aftermath of the Hamas attacks on Israel on October 7 and Israel's violent response—the Frick Pittsburgh postponed the opening of "Treasured Ornament: 10 Centuries of Islamic Art" (now scheduled for August 10, 2024) to avoid putting staff in "the impossible position of discussing the war" with the diverse publics who would come through its doors. Though the institution later clarified that it simply wanted to provide training and support for its staff, that "impossible position" is precisely one that all museums now occupy. Decades of curatorial activism, artist-led institutional critique, and scholarship exposing archival silences have shifted the role of the museum. In fact, in 2022, the International Council of Museums (ICOM), a global organization for museum professionals, approved a new definition of *museum*: "A museum is . . . an institution in the service of society. . . . Open to the public, accessible and inclusive, museums foster diversity and sustainability. They operate and communicate ethically, professionally and with the participation of communities." As reflected by this revision, institutions have come to see their visitors as a public ranging in scale from the museum's immediate neighbors to the citizens of the nation. These visitors in turn engage museums as sites for public discourse . . . and protest. That protests occur in museums speaks volumes about the extent to which the role of cultural institutions has shifted over the past few decades, in tandem with the loss of a larger public square. Though some may bemoan the increasingly regular vandalization of artworks—ranging in violence from the smearing of paint on the Plexiglas covering Monet's 1900 *The Artist's Garden at Giverny* at the National Museum in Stockholm in 2023, to efforts to hammer the glass protecting *The Toilet of Venus*, ca. 1647–51, commonly known as the "Rokeby Venus," by Velázquez at London's National Gallery that same year—those very acts powerfully signify the reconstitution of museums as an active public sphere, inviting questions about museums' consequent responsibility, and perhaps even obligation, to hold space for their varied publics.

Museums have never not been political. The first modern museum, the Louvre in Paris, was symbolically linked to the founding of the

WHY WONT MOMA BE LIBERATED?
SUPPORT SEXISM DONT
WHY WONT MOMA BE LIBERATED?
DOES MOMA SUPPORT WAR RACISM SEXISM REPRESSION? WE DONT

nation state: It opened its doors on August 10, 1793, the anniversary of the fall of the monarchy, and occupied the former king's palace. As Didier Maleuvre notes in his 1999 book *Museum Memories: History, Technology, Art*, "[The museum's] ecumenical mission of encompassing history is political insofar as it fulfills the essence of politics, to wit, the fantasy projection of a reconciled polis." The first curators of the Louvre projected this fantasy by installing the art in consideration of "civic, republican values" that promoted, educated, and molded audiences into a new national identity. That these ideals and values were deemed transhistorical and petrified as bourgeois ideology is now well-understood. Easier to forget is that these efforts were not intended, as Maleuvre puts it, "to maintain the past but to assert the rights of the present over the past."[1]

But in the twentieth century, the museum transformed from a site of top-down moral and civic instruction to a contested site with to-be-determined values. In short, it became a *public sphere*. The public sphere as we know it, which emerged in the eighteenth century, served as the means for private views to be shared, debated, and resolved with a community, whether in person or mediated via the press and other forms of publicity. The state could not be involved in the public sphere of café society and news outlets precisely because citizens needed to use this space to question the state's own behavior. But a public sphere depends on the semblance of an evenly distributed and accessible space for debate, and in recent decades—thanks to the shrinking and corporatization of news outlets and increasingly strict permitting regimes in parks and other public spaces—such spaces have become few and far between. But citizens still demand, and seek out, venues for discourse and debate. Museums have sought to fill the void left by the failure of other civic institutions by presenting themselves as a neutral backdrop, hosting panels, workshops, and artistic interventions on challenging topics. (In some cases, they may not even be allowed to pick sides, whether by law or by custom: for example, museums that are incorporated as nonprofit 501c3 organizations in the United States are barred from endorsing political candidates at the risk of losing their nonprofit status—i.e., tax breaks.) That said—and as protesters are pointing out—these museums are not as neutral as they might claim: They are variously beholden to private donors, government offices, and corporate funders, and in some cases are literally an extension of the state (which makes them both more partisan in practice and more democratic or pluralist in principle). Thus, their efforts at hosting dialogues don't always work well, but that museums have tried to host them at all—even inviting criticism in the process—is more than can be said for many other public institutions. A museum represents an imperfect public sphere but is at least occasionally willing to acknowledge that fact.



ALL MUSEUMS FREE - A.W.C

ALL MUSEUMS FREE-A.W.C.

COME TO THE FIRST FREE MONDAY AT THE MODERN MUSEUM ON FEBRUARY 9TH BETWEEN 5 AND 9 P.M. BY COMING AT THIS TIME YOU WILL HELP TO SHOW THE URGENT NEED FOR CULTURE WHICH IS ACCESSIBLE AND MEANINGFUL TO THE ENTIRE POPULATION. THE MUSEUM IS LOCATED AT 11 WEST FIFTY-THIRD STREET IN MANHATTAN.

From February 9 onwards the Museum of "Modern" Art is free on Mondays. It is free because the Art Workers Coalition fought to make it free. It is free because a growing cultural revolution in this country requires that it be free and that the functions of all cultural institutions, along with the very definition of "culture" itself, be expanded to keep pace with a changing society. What is the point of a culture that can only admit a money-paying public to see works of art that must be guarded by guards with guns?

The Art Workers Coalition (A.W.C.) is continuing its fight to reform the art world structure. Here are some of the things it is fighting for:

* To have only one 'pay day' each week, instead of only one free day, at all museums in the country.

* To decentralize all cultural institutions into the poorer and minority areas of this city and to encourag any changes this process may bring about in what we think of as "culture."

* To bring about fair representation of black and puerto rican artists in the museums of this city and to give black and puerto rican artists the encouragement which the present museum-gallery system has failed to give.

* To give artists a place in running our museums and to bring to artists the same resale and revenue privilege in their work as are available to writers and composer

* To bring about fair treatment of women artists and of artists without galleries.

* To create free unstructured alternatives to museums, similar to England's arts labs, where cultural preconceptions can be suspended.

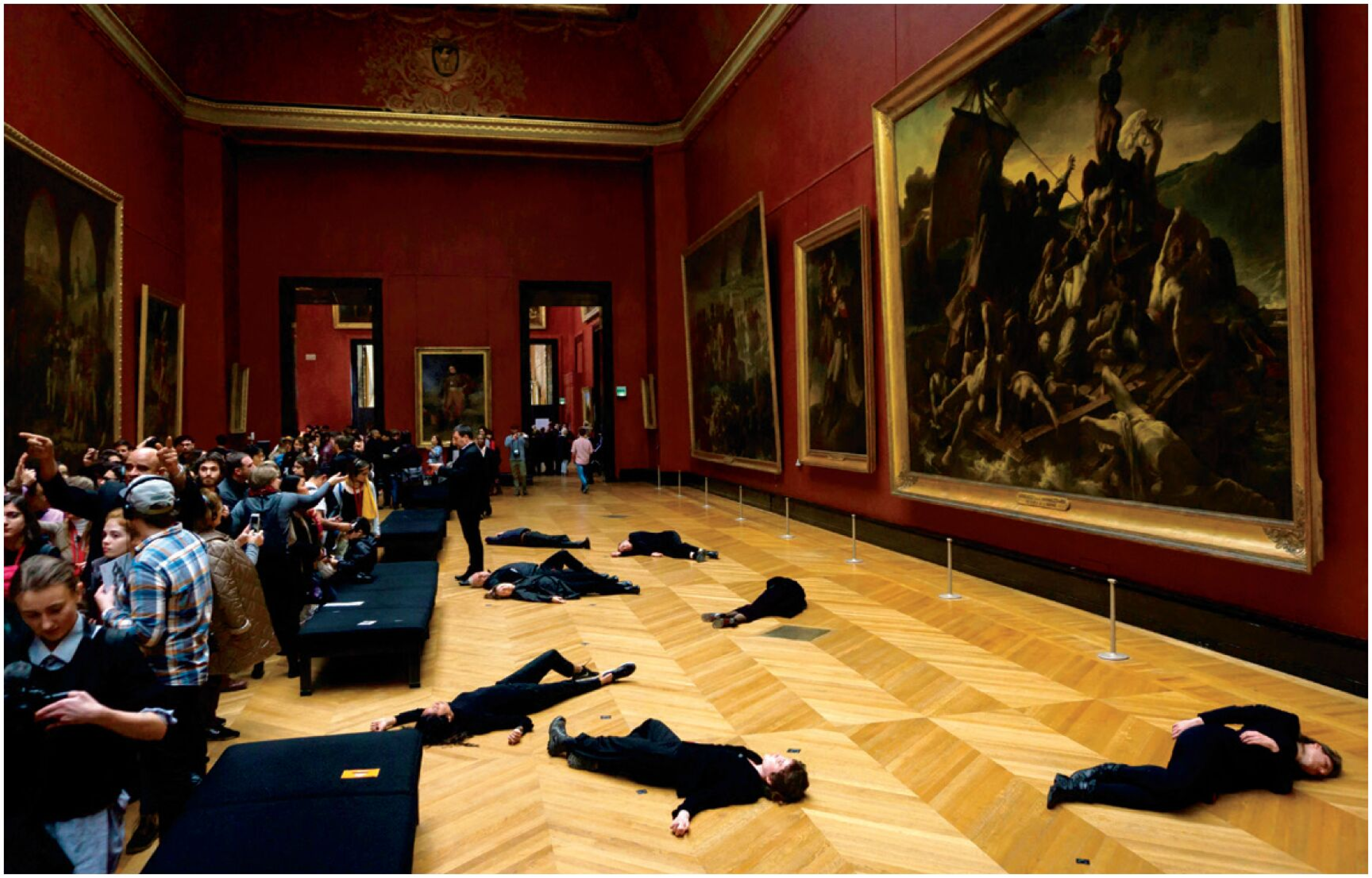
COME TO A.W.C. MEETINGS AND HELP US REACH THESE AND OTHER GOALS SOONER—EIGHT O'CLOCK EVERY MONDAY EVENING AT 729 BROADWAY, CORNER OF WAVERLY PLACE, SECOND FLOOR. FOR MORE INFORMATION PHONE 982-1500.

Even if a museum attempts to step into the role of public sphere, its public is necessarily diverse, with competing identities and aims. The public specific to museums is in some way invested in ideas about art, aesthetics, and culture, though these notions may not align across its members. In his 2002 book *Publics and Counterpublics*, Michael Warner articulates the "ambiguities, even contradictions" of a public. "The idea of a public is a cultural form, a kind of practical fiction, present in the modern world," he writes.[2] A public, in other words, is not a group of distinct individuals but a generic ideological construct that each of its members also willingly identifies with, divesting themselves of other aspects of their identity. Hence, when artists, arts workers, and varied art audiences who see themselves as part of the museum's public invoke other publics of which they are a part, a crisis occurs. In 1970, the Art Workers' Coalition deemed it crucial that the museum's public expand to include a broader range of economic classes: The collective successfully advocated for the institution of free Mondays at the Museum of Modern Art, New York, stating in their manifesto that "the functions of all cultural institutions, along with the very definition of 'culture' itself, be expanded to keep pace with changing society."[3] More recent demands have focused on the decolonization of museums: Activists such as the MTL Collective (Amin Husain and Nitasha Dhillon) have insisted that museums reimagine their exhibitions, collections, and programming to give equal weight to marginalized groups otherwise suppressed by dominant Eurocentric approaches.

Melanie Bühler has written about how artists affiliated with institutional critique have contributed to the museum's transformation into a "critical" site, connecting to "an ideal of public space as theorized by Jürgen Habermas: . . . a space where subjects engage in rational-critical debates among equals."[4] But a public coalesces around more than rationality: In the context of museum protests, we would do well to remember that the drive to address and redress specific histories is also steeped in affect, which modernity's hierarchy of faculties dismissed to a fault. My point isn't to raise feeling above reason, which merely reiterates modernity's structural antagonism, but to consider how we address the public sphere's personal dimension. Ultimately, the demand that the museum "keep pace with society" reflects an awareness that the present cannot be dehistoricized. Protesters actualize the museum for a public that is broader, more ideologically heterogeneous, and more cognizant of the rhetorical role of pathos alongside logos than the public the museum intended.[5] In other words, the museum "is a model of subjectivity caught in history," as Maleuvre writes.[6]

Complicating matters is the museum's own lack of neutrality: It has its own agenda. This is never clearer than when museums shut down in response to protests and eject the visitors inside, as happened at Museum of Modern Art on February 11 in response to a peaceful sit-in by pro-Palestine activists, and also at the British Museum on February 24 in response to the actions of Energy Embargo for Palestine. In these moments, the institution shows its own hand, exposing the rift between its own concerns and those of its publics. Imagining, generously, that such shutdowns express the concern of museums for the safety of the artworks and other visitors, they also reveal what many environmental protesters have repeatedly declaimed: Museums have a greater concern for the preservation of their artifacts than for the present (or future) of the planet, and their values of conservation and preservation are not as broad or fundamental as they purport. In this sense, the relationship between the public and the museum is analogous to that between many citizens and their government, insofar as people feel as if the institutions are failing to properly represent their particular interests. In short, shutdowns throw into sharp relief the degree to which museums have reconciled their values (or not) with those of their diverse publics.

Part of the challenge museums face is resolving their inherent, if not explicit, partisanship with the demands of protesters who expect the museum's touted neutrality to encompass their own historical conditions. The J20 Art Strike, for instance, demanded solidarity from art institutions, arguing that "the art world

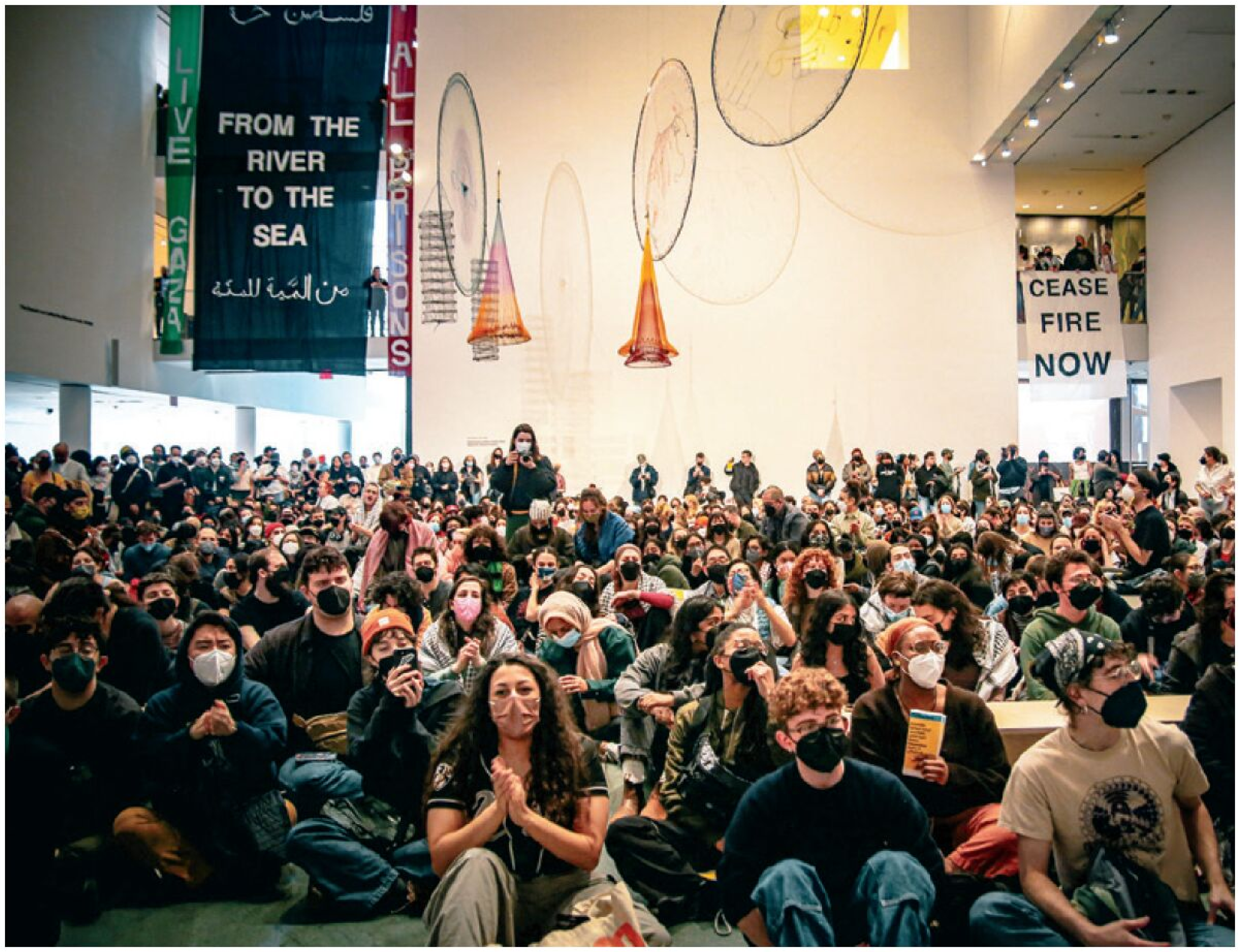


Opposite page: **Members of the environmental activist group 350.org lie in front of Théodore Géricault's 1818–19 *The Raft of the Medusa*, Louvre, Paris, March 12, 2018.** Photo: Thomas Samson/AFP via Getty Images.

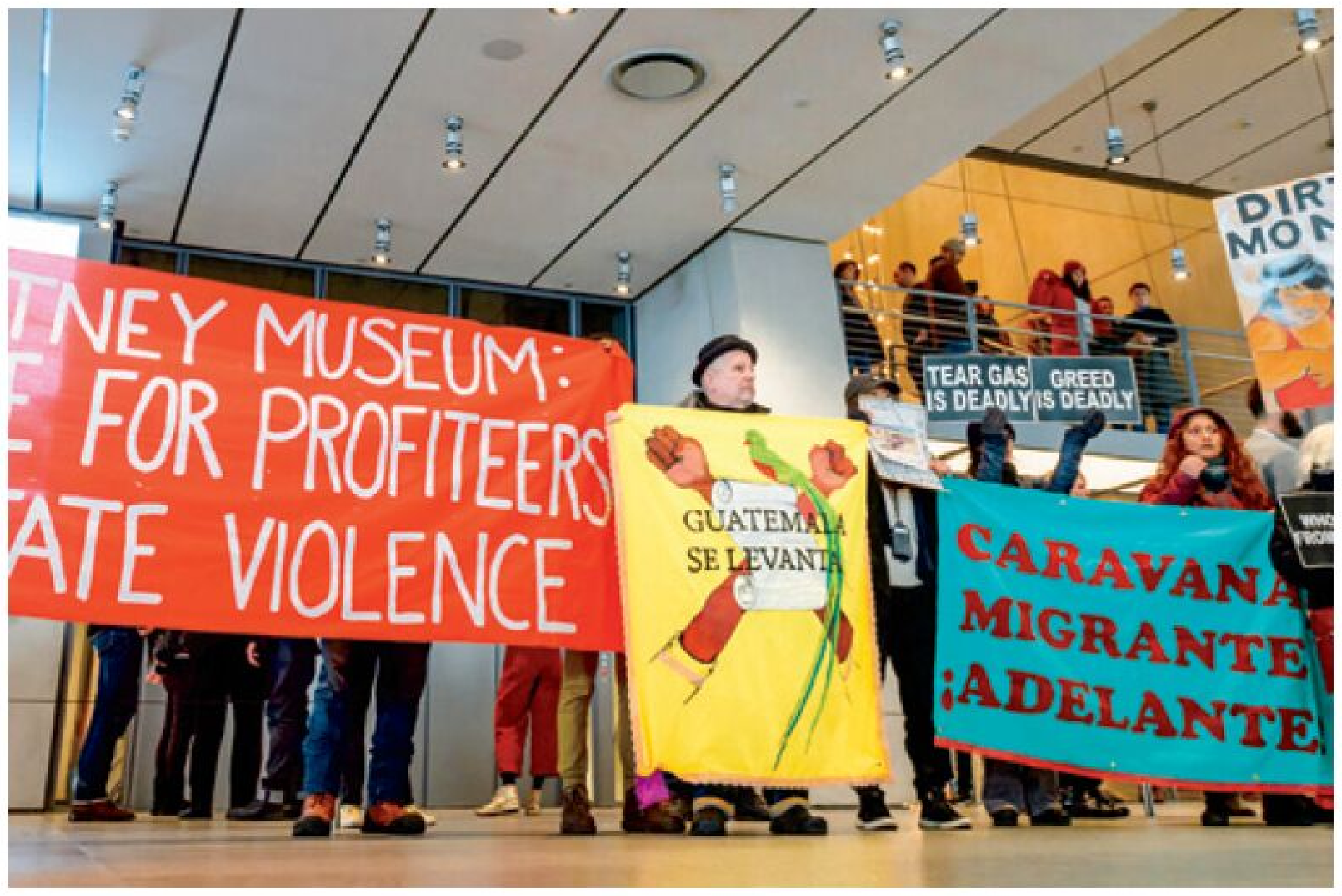
Left: **Art Workers' Coalition flyer "All Museums Free," ca. 1970.**

Below, left: **Pro-Palestine activists occupy the Museum of Modern Art atrium, New York, January 10, 2024.** Photo: Alexa Wilkinson.

Below: **Protesters call for the removal of board of directors, Warren B. Kanders, Whitney Museum of American Art, New York, December 9, 2018.** Photo: Erik McGregor/Pacific Press/Alamy Live News.


LIVE GAZA
FROM THE RIVER TO THE SEA
ALL PRISONS
CEASE FIRE NOW

The demand that the museum "keep pace with society" reflects an awareness that the present cannot be dehistoricized.


TNEY MUSEUM:
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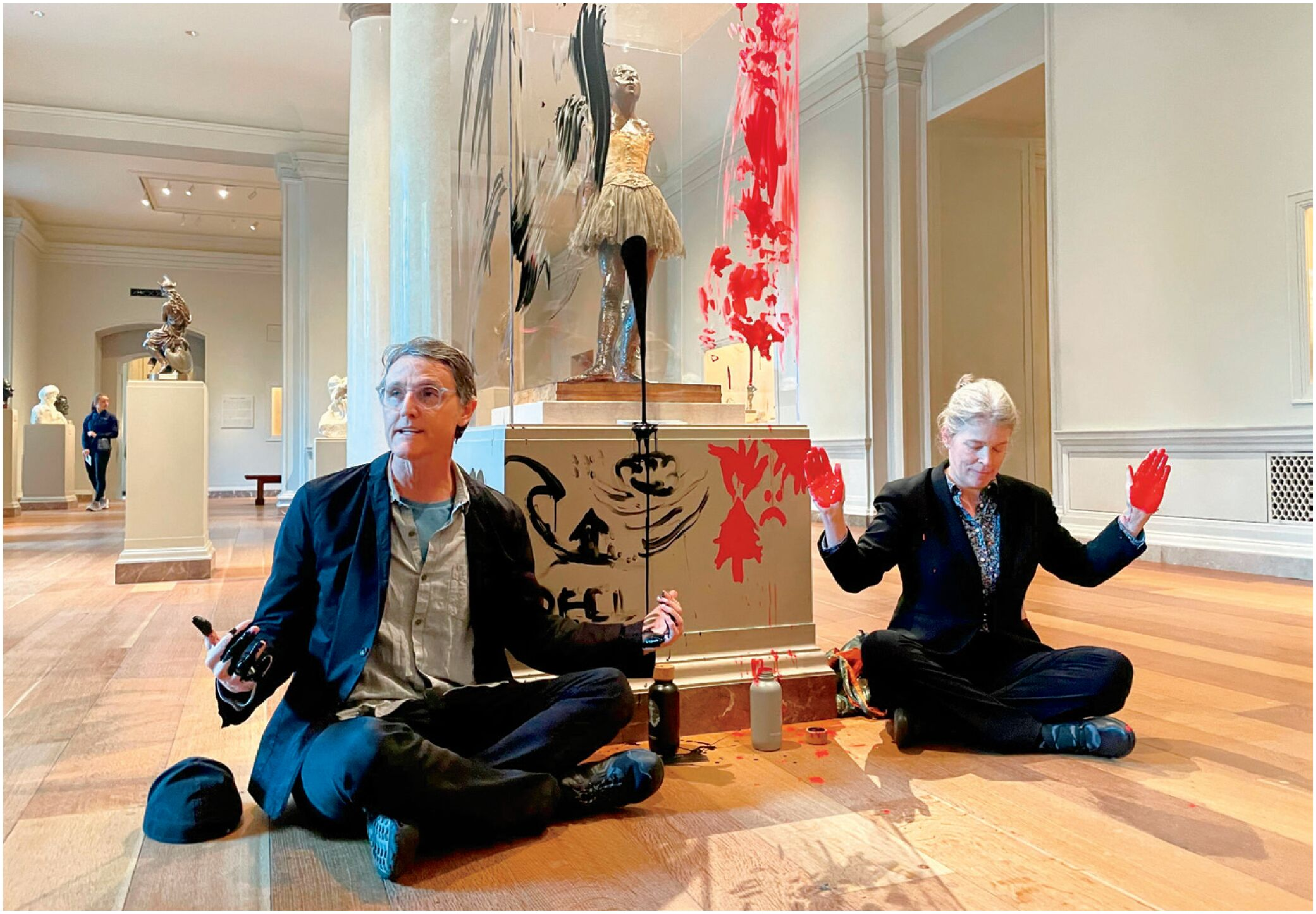


has significant amounts of capital—material, social, and cultural—at its disposal. The time has come to imagine and to implement ways of redirecting these resources in solidarity with broader social movements."[7] There is a paradox in this desire for solidarity: While challenging the museum's role as an authoritative space that disseminates values, protesters at the same time insist that the museum-as-figure-of-authority legitimate their demands. To adopt an issue necessarily means embracing some positions and publics and not others. It means accepting the definitions and values established by some and not others.

In a blog post for the American Alliance of Museums, John Voiklis and John Fraser note that by discarding their pretense to neutrality, museums would encourage audiences to contest their points of view, leading to "an observable commitment to the principle of pluralism."[8] I inherently agree, and yet a series of questions quickly follows: Who within a museum decides which matters the institution should stand for? How does a museum enact partisanship? Who deems those actions adequate? Is there a timeline for one issue taking precedence over another? Ultimately, a museum must discern the varied publics that constitute their public and assess, more problematically, which of those publics need—or worse, are deserving—of their benevolence. The potential for condescension is acute, and the attempt to speak to (or for) publics in this way misses the fact that publics are inherently amorphous. There is also the thorny matter of whether museums should embrace pluralism, and if not, whether and when they side with the majority or minority on any given issue. Even Hans Haacke warned: "If the dissenting voices become the mainstream chorus, as it happened, for example toward the end of the Vietnam War, what more can one hope for? Dissenting voices, however, appear in all guises, some of which might not align with the society many of us favor."[9] In short, museums must serve a broad public, yet are also asked to show respect and support for *specific* constituents of that public, who manifest themselves as a consequential public by uniting in protest. This tension contributes to confusion for both sides.

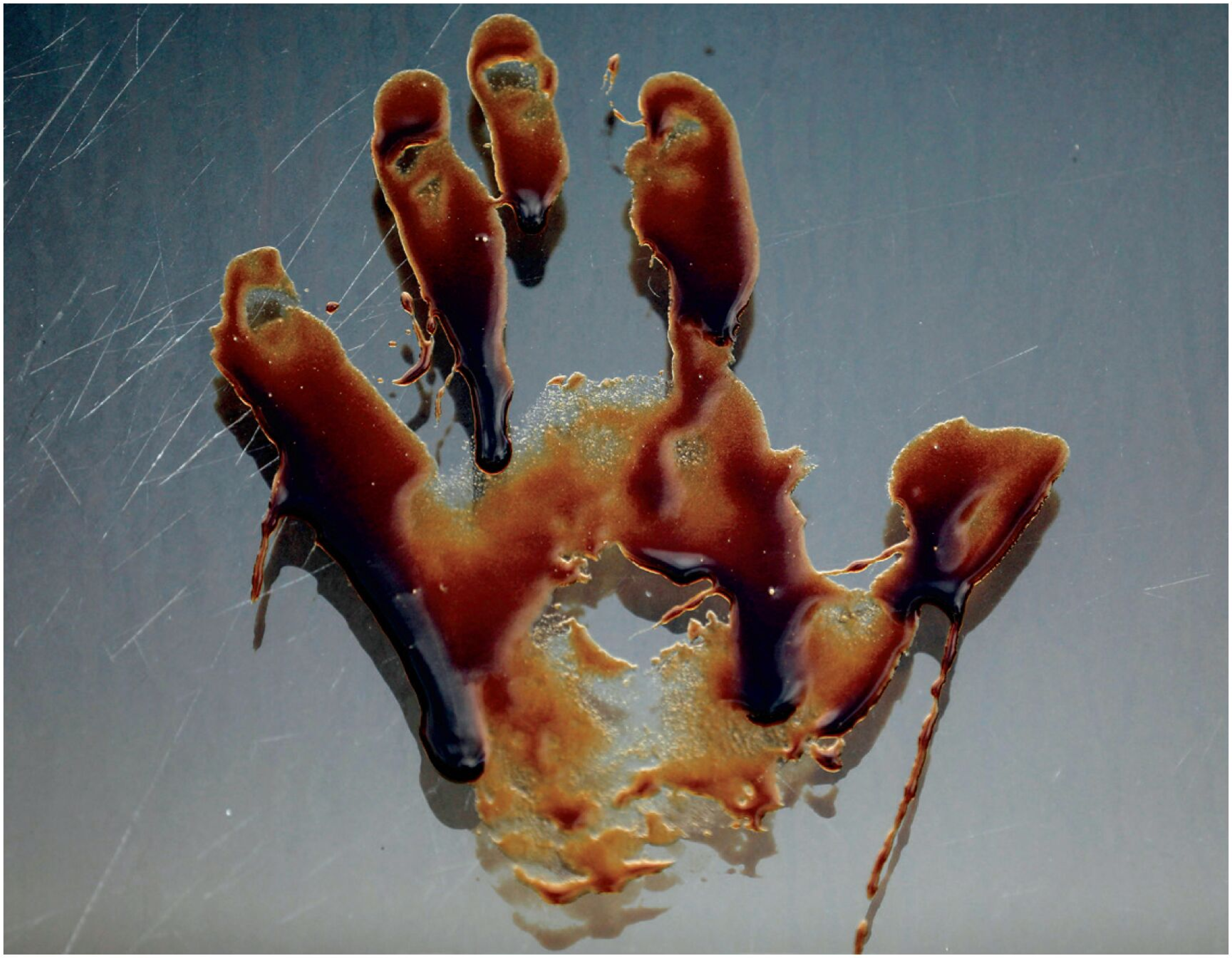
This all raises the question: Why protest in museums instead of at the offices of politicians or corporations who are just as (or even more) culpable for the injustices being protested against, or in more public spaces (such as public parks or sidewalks) where the demonstrators might reach a broader audience? In practice, there is no either/or. Pro-Palestine activists have trailed President Biden and other democratic candidates, but they're hardly able to get close enough to engage in dialogue. People do protest around state buildings, but those structures don't seem to convey the same sense of intimate connection that a museum does. Museums are also safer: At universities, students and faculty have taken to their public buildings and university commons to protest, but their administrations have responded with militarized police forces (and threats of disciplinary action). And although the streets might seem like the most important and meaningful communal space of a democracy, the threat of violence at large-scale demonstrations makes them more dangerous for political action than the enclosure of museums, where the protections extended to artworks might also extend to people.

There is also the fact that the presence of famous artworks at museums performs powerful semiotic work when images of these protests circulate in the media. The ambiguities of art and its interpretive contexts allow protesters a unique opportunity to bring complex histories and emotionally laden positions into dialogue. To wit: When people dismiss the "nonsensical" gesture of throwing soup at Leonardo's 1503 *Mona Lisa*, they miss the *poesis* inherent in the symbolism of pumpkin soup within French diasporic freedom movements; ignore the absurdist appeal of the agricultural movement Riposte Alimentaire showing that the painting *can't eat*; and dismiss the feeling of being fed up with rational discourse going nowhere. As Hannah Arendt wrote in a 1958 essay very much about the public sphere, the realm of art provides "lasting shelter for acting and speaking," by providing (semi-) permanent objects whose prior meanings and values can be debated as public mores change, which is a discourse that stabilizes the polis.[10]

As she continues, Arendt leans into the Athenian attitude toward the spheres of culture and politics, asserting that she wishes not to "resolve" the conflict between them, but to "fan its flames even more."[11] Arendt's point is not that we should conceive of culture and politics as antagonistic, which is to say combative for the sole purpose of achieving some state of permanent win. Rather, she emphasizes the value of their generative disagreements, helping us note their agonistic relation, where their conflict helps both culture and politics change with the times and develop alongside their publics. By asking what museums can, should, or will do with their newfound responsibility as part of the public sphere, we might begin to model a relation between culture and politics for this exceedingly precarious moment. ☐

CHARLOTTE KENT IS A WRITER AND VISUAL CULTURE SCHOLAR BASED IN NEW YORK. (SEE CONTRIBUTORS.)

For notes, see page 202.



Opposite page: **Climate activists after smearing paint on the case holding Edgar Degas's 1878–81 *Little Dancer Aged Fourteen*, National Gallery of Art, Washington, DC, April 27, 2023**. Photo: Ellie Silverman/*Washington Post* via Getty Images.

Right: **Imitation-oil handprint left by a climate activist from Liberons le Louvre (Free the Louvre) on the Pyramid du Louvre, Paris, September 27, 2019**. Photo: Sameer Al-Doumy/AFP via Getty Images.

PORTFOLIO: SAJ ISSA

THE INTIMIDATION OF DEED

Saj Issa with protesters holding her paintings at an anti-war demonstration, Saint Louis, March 2, 2024. Photo: Ryne Danielson.

IF YOU DON'T ACT, someone else will decide everything. Borders and maps are an abstract painting created by world leaders, and the rest of us buy it; a good painter knows when to stop. All the man-made barriers are artificial things. Who said any of that can't involve intervention? Isn't that what all art is—intervention into space, nature, materials, presence, movement, and ideas? Well, so is activism, except activists are less fixated on originality than artists are. Both of these disciplines are self-reflexive; they have no start or end to their lifelong journey; and they require reconsideration of the notions that came before them.

There are quintessential behaviors that get associated with artists and activists, such as the painter who applies pigment to canvas or the activist who chants at demonstrations. But in fact, a guerrilla gardener is behaving as both artist and activist simultaneously. There are no rules for art and activism other than to challenge the status quo.

Those who attempt to distance themselves from the bureaucracy assembled on their behalf with the nauseating, privileged whine of "I'm not political" do so because they think compassion alone may not be enough. But that's what I relished most about my poppy paintings being held at the peace protests—the number of people who intentionally showed up without any signs or flags but accepted a painting to hold from a stranger. Perhaps it was because they were fond of the painting alone or the fact it was detached from yet another nationalistic symbol they resist subscribing to. Either way, it gave them an opportunity to stand next to one another and agree to something in a setting they felt was under the umbrella of *peace*.

RES
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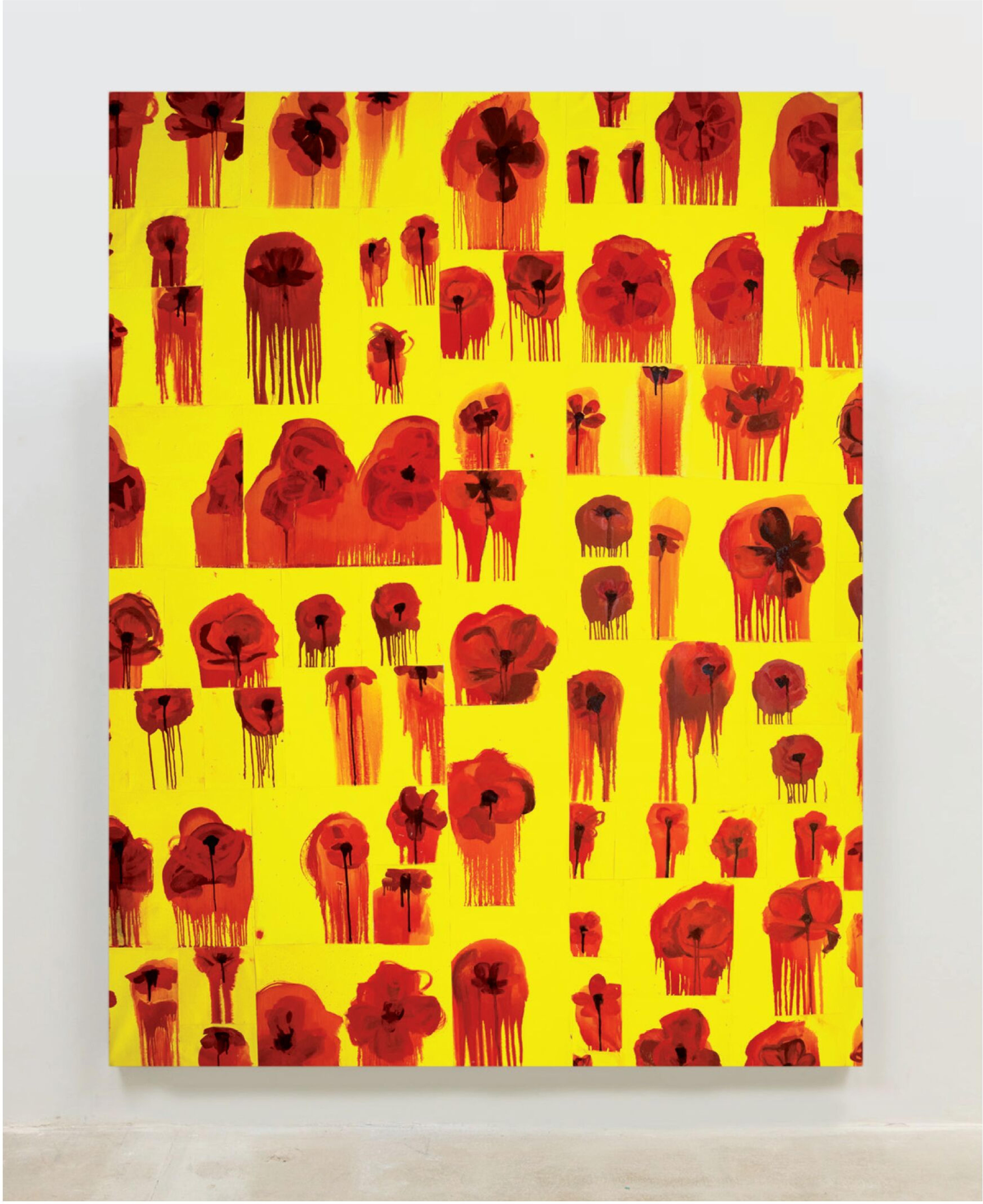
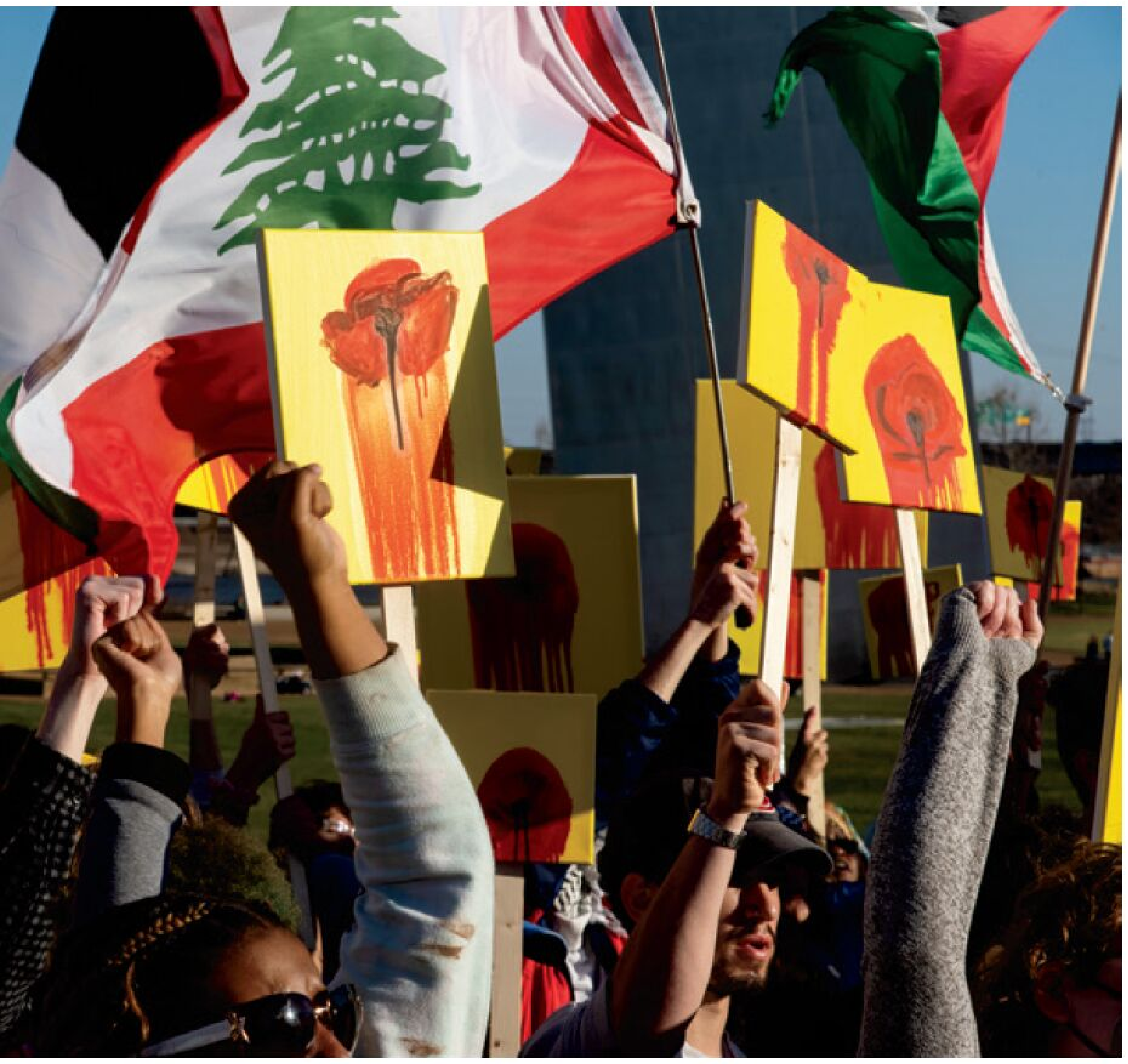
CEA

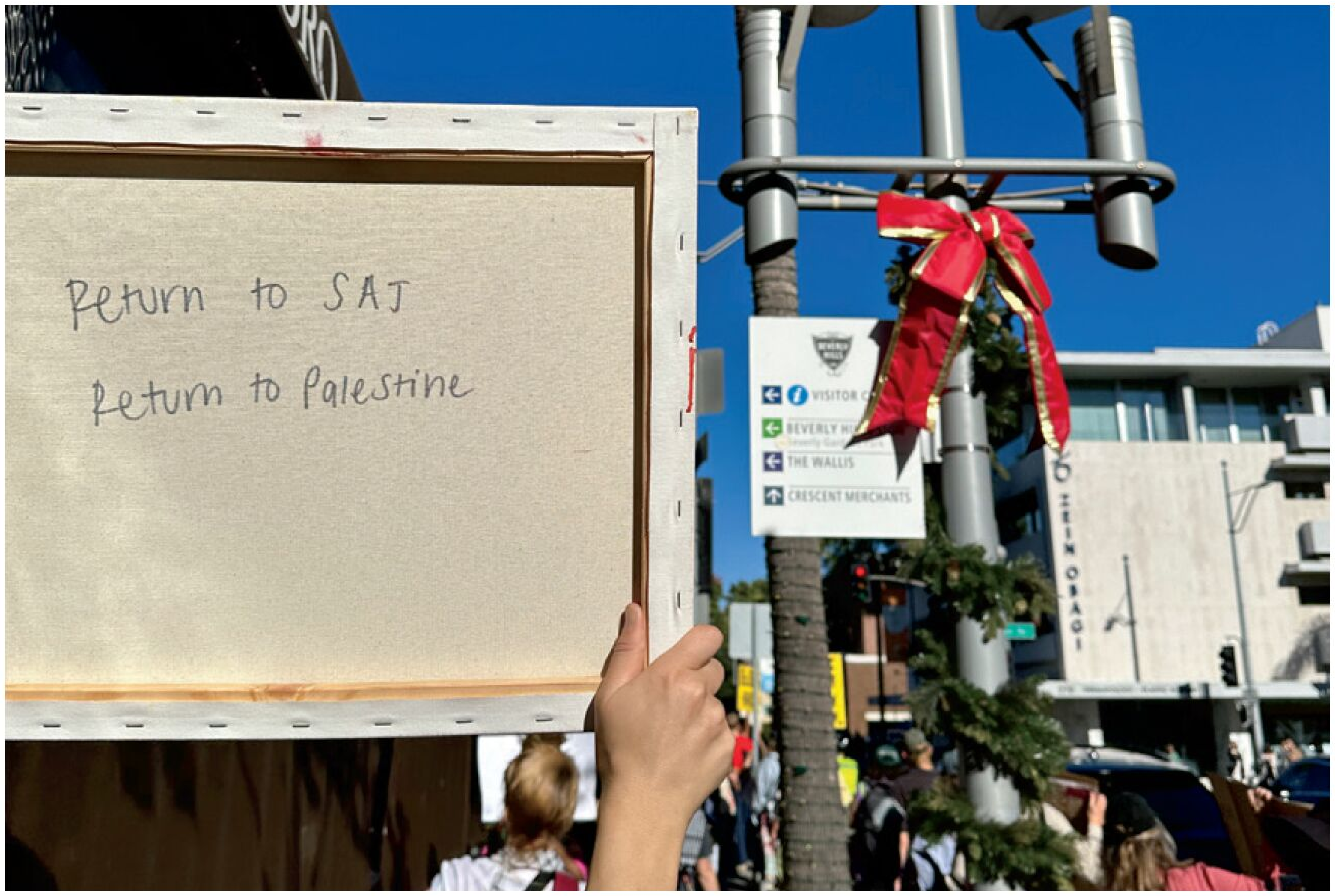


Left: **Saj Issa,** ***Poppy Painting*****,** **2024,** oil on canvas, 96 × 71⅝".

Opposite page, left: **Protesters hold Saj Issa's paintings at an anti-war demonstration, Saint Louis, March 2, 2024.** Photo: Ryne Danielson.

Opposite page, right: **Saj Issa's paintings at an anti-censorship protest against UTA and MGM, sponsored by Code Pink and Jewish Voice for Peace, Beverly Hills, CA, December 5, 2023.** Photo: Saj Issa.





I THINK OF SISTER CORITA KENT first as an artist, second as a nun, but her legacy at large speaks to what she endured in asserting her belief in shared creativity. That's activism.

I began making poppy paintings this past October in my Saint Louis studio, almost as quick warm-ups. The recipe calls for a cadmium-yellow base, followed by cadmium red, crimson red, and olive green for the flower. My friend had asked me if I wanted to join her at the first demonstration, held at the start of October. I remembered that Sister Corita had encouraged marchers at parades in Los Angeles to carry the paintings they'd made, so I grabbed a poppy painting I'd just finished painting in my studio and handed it to my mother to hold over her head. We live in polarizing times. So many flags and slogans come with baggage attached, which people are conditioned to read in a particular way, through a certain lens. I thought that in the twenty-first century we need new symbols that can belong to us, with new meanings we can assign to them.

As I kept showing up to demonstrations over the course of several months, I began distributing the paintings among my community—the community I was helping to build simply through my participation. My mom brought a wagon to one demonstration to wheel my paintings around in. People would hold my poppy paintings aloft with me for the duration of the march and then return them afterward. I started doing this in other cities that I visited, too. I brought paintings with me in my roller bag, should I come across a demonstration taking place. It felt like a double-Dutch marathon. (I presume everyone is familiar with the playground game, where you have to keep pace with the rope holders and match their rhythm.)

I didn't have any expectations of how long I would be making poppy paintings. My practice had become intertwined with the grief I faced daily. As I'd witnessed the poppies blooming in Palestine, I wanted to take every poppy painting from my studio and have it held up at a demonstration. It felt like a new spring. Not just because the reds and yellows of the paintings outnumbered the colors of the flag, but because the demographic of the protesters had completely changed. I have been attending these gatherings since the days when I was in a stroller and have witnessed their evolution over time. I thought about how ironic it was that every city I'd traveled to was holding some sort of vigil, protest, march, or rally. Every city except the very one we are all standing up for, because of the consequences its citizens would suffer for speaking their truth.

This Simone Weil quote resonates: "Two prisoners whose cells adjoin communicate with each other by knocking on the wall. The wall is the thing which separates them but is also their means of communication. It is the same with us and God. Every separation is a link."

Not to be naive, but I would like to think art can be that link among us, too. We find beauty and merit in these objects. The consensus we build around their importance to us is a feeling shared. The back of each poppy painting is labeled RETURN TO SAJ. RETURN TO PALESTINE. It is not only an order for what to do with the painting afterward, but also a manifestation for each protester to exercise their God-given right to experience the "Promised Land," the land that has been relentlessly lacerated by every accord.

The poppy march was not just an installation or performance; it was an orchestra. I appreciated most how strangers allowed me to be a composer—not that I was concerned about wanting control in any way, but I determined what variables I wanted to arrange, and they naturally scattered themselves in the field of a peace march. I was really impressed with the yield that was returned to me out of 150 paintings: 100 percent. I have to give credit to my mom, though, as she was the one chasing down folks attempting to walk away with them.

The process for this series has been very intuitive. I sat with them in my studio all laid out on the floor. I began to rip them off their individual stretchers and arrange them in a tenacious composition. I stitched them together and assembled them on a larger stretcher bar. I want the viewer to be overwhelmed by a tribe of flora filling their peripheral vision.

Saj Issa, *The Revolution is Female*, 2024, oil on cotton. Installation view, Betein, West Bank Palestine.

I WANTED TO APPROACH my practice differently from how I had in grad school. I set up my studio on the ground level of my parents' home in Beitin, a rural village on the outskirts of Ramallah. It was July 2023, and I could already sense the tension and hostility in the air. I thought to myself that a war was about to break out, and that I would have to determine where it would be most productive to be situated. So I moved back home to Saint Louis.

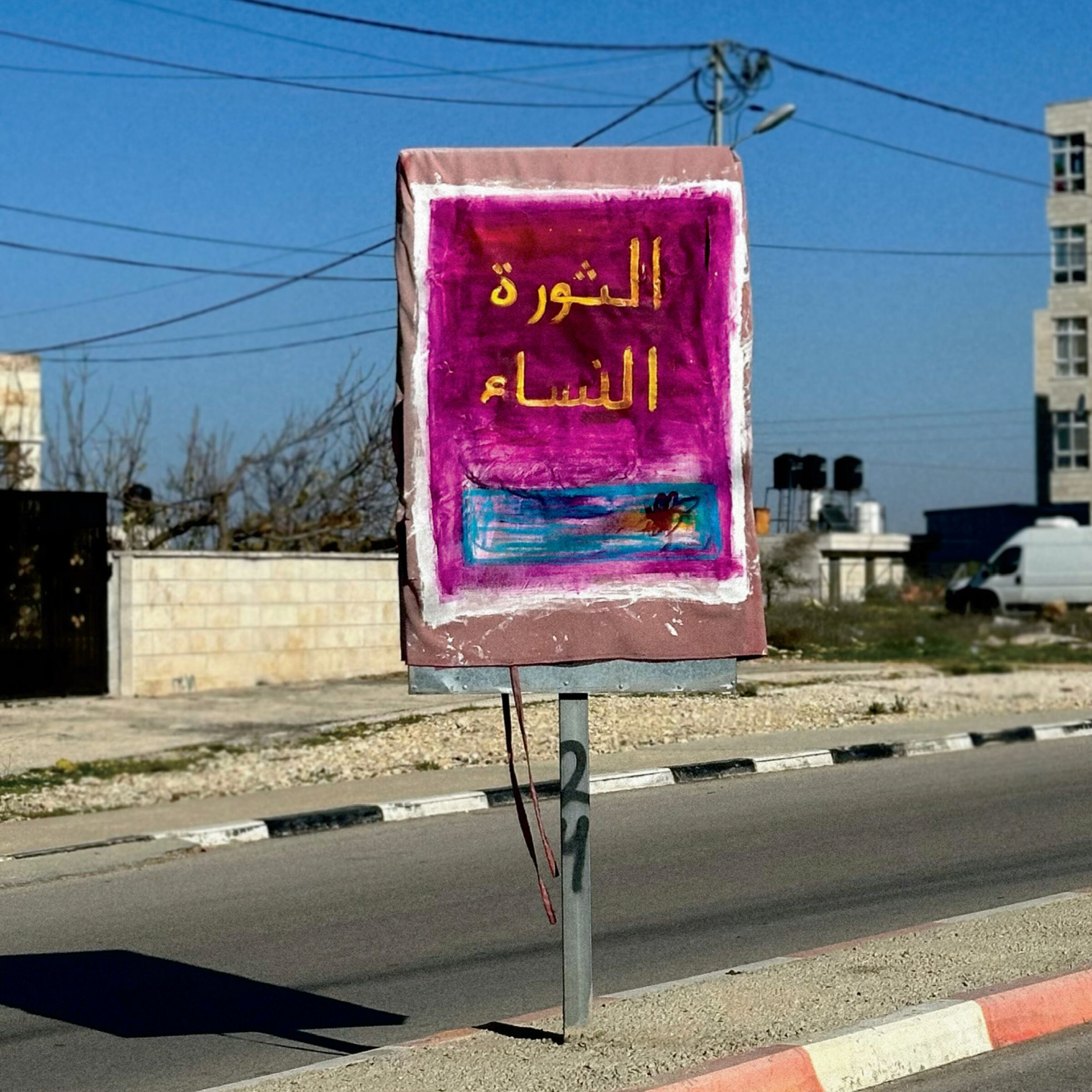
When January 2024 came, I received news that my grandfather was in poor health and that it was urgent for all of his kids to see him. I determined it would be best to escort my mom abroad, given the dangerous circumstances. When we arrived in Beitin, I was graced with my grandfather's embrace. How sad that this moment was spoiled by reminders of reality.

I found everything in my studio just as I'd left it. A large cloth sheet covered the table, paints, brushes, cart, etc., preventing them from collecting dust. Every dawn I'd start the day with a lap around the village, surveying the segregated land and the sky we are forced to share. The ground was vibrantly green, and every day the sky would change to various shades of dusty phosphorus and cool gray. I was less than fifty miles from the other apartheid wall.

Cutting through Beitin is a road with a checkpoint that the locals call the DCO. It leads to Ramallah, the nearest metropolitan region, where everyone goes for leisure and shopping. Ordinarily, a sequence of billboards on the median strip welcomes visitors with advertisements. When I was there in August 2023 the road was accessible to everyone; when I was there in January it was closed to Palestinians. I couldn't help but notice large cloth sheets draped over the billboards. That sight mimicked the veiling of furniture in the home of every diaspora family—and also my studio the way I found it—whose members aspired to one day return to the motherland. The sheets also recalled the way you might cover a dead body, only here it was the death of corporate media. I supposed the advertisers stopped paying for their billboards after the war broke out and the owner of this ad space didn't want to give away free marketing. I had to laugh at how the mechanisms of capitalism persist even in the midst of civil unrest.

I accepted the invitation to remove the blank sheets from the billboard structures and make paintings on them in my studio. How am I going to make fun of this moment? I'm going to control visibility in a climate that squashes our perspective. I thought about David Hammons's tarp paintings and his attempt to work with what others might consider erasure: not exactly the opposite of his tarp paintings, yet something to do with redaction, redacting the negation of normality, that visual pollution of cheap ads that signified daily living in peacetime.

I wasn't going to overthink what to make for this billboard project; the act was meaning enough. I painted some Rothkoesque backgrounds. On one I wrote in Arabic THE REVOLUTION IS FEMALE. After I'd returned to America, some older men approached my uncle because they knew I was the culprit behind this guerrilla art project. Their main question wasn't about resistance or the need to have a voice, but my claim that the revolution would be carried out by women. They suspected misandry in my word choice. It was then that I realized how difficult it can be to unite people in ways unfamiliar to them. Even the underrepresented self-police with the caution of a co-op board—and we wonder why it's impossible to move things forward.


الثورة
النساء

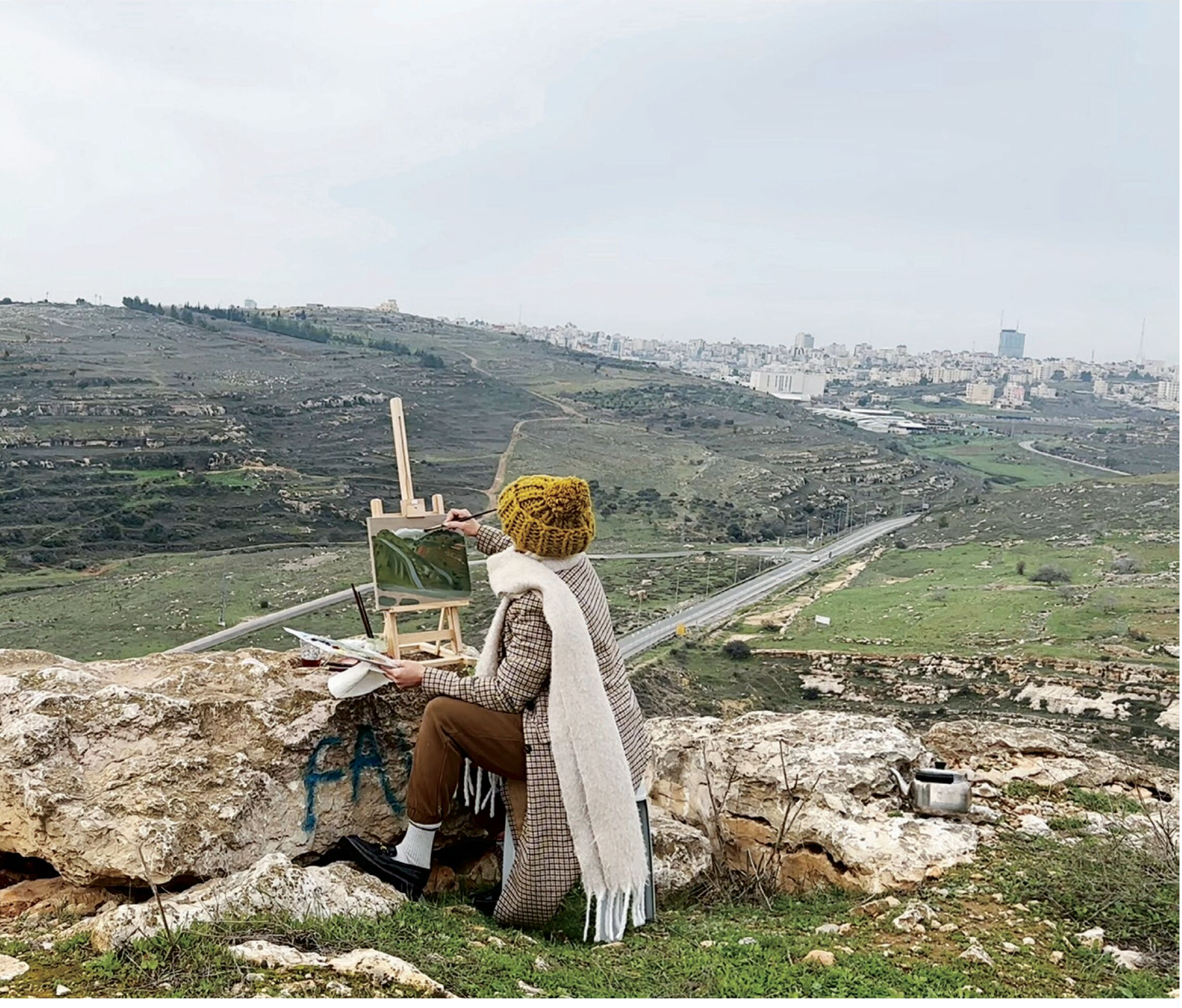
ON ANOTHER MORNING WALK, I sat on the edge of my village, admiring the view of Jerusalem from afar and all the valleys that lay before it. Without context, it appeared that only free rolling green land lay between me and the outskirts of Jerusalem. I imagined that ten-mile trek by foot would be such a divine experience, but the checkpoints and settlements in between make it impossible to reach. Technology can limit our freedoms, as our movements are more easily tracked by satellites, drones, and AI. Maybe it was the Frederic Edwin Church in me—the whole God-in-nature trip that drove the Hudson River School—but I set up camp with an easel, paints, and morning tea to paint *en plein air*.

About one hour into the painting of a meditative reflection on my ancestral land, my focus was interrupted: I spotted settlers on a road at the bottom of the hillside, pointing directly at me. Moments later, I was alarmed to see an IDF Wolf armoured vehicle drive down the road that leads to my village. A couple of weeks before, a man from my village named Khader ‘Alwan was shot dead on that hillside while selling olive oil. I didn't want to take any chances by holding my position, so I abruptly packed up and left.

Freedom is the ability to see and breathe from a land that cultivates liquid gold from olive trees—trees that need no permission from the formidable name of the land beneath them to flourish. Those olive trees are much wiser than us all, and have had the enchantment of being abetted by my ancestors, who had the freedom to harvest the olives from Beitin to Jerusalem without meeting checkpoints. We turn to nature for answers when humanity fails to consider our worthiness. Inspired by Mahmoud Darwish, we can ask the question, Who is qualified to be “a lawyer for gardens and sand”? I suppose it is exclusively the caretakers of the land.

Free Palestine. □

Saj Issa, ***Plein Air Performance***, **2024**, HD video, color, sound,
4 minutes 35 seconds.

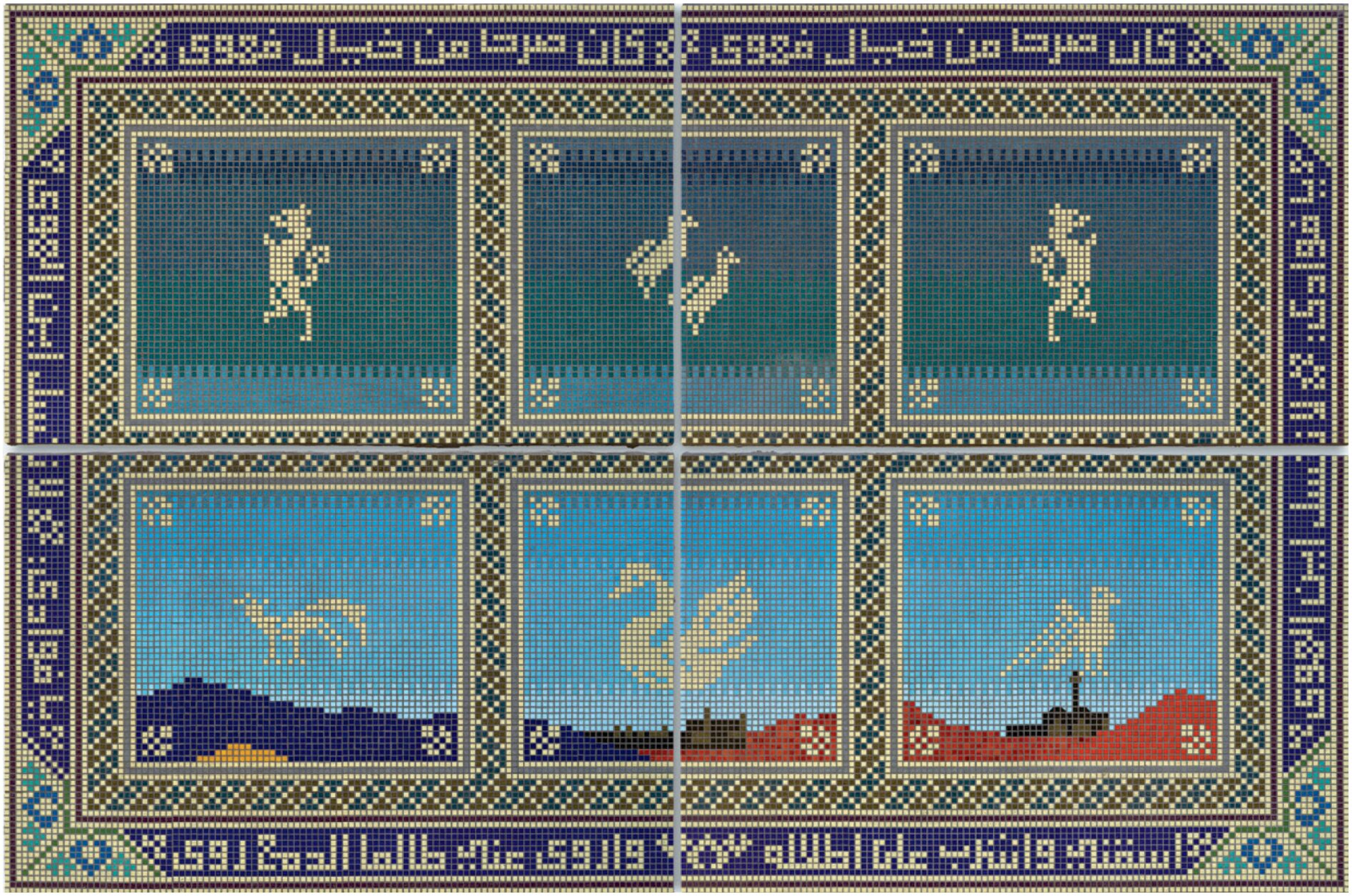


PORTFOLIO: JORDAN NASSAR

SURGE

Jordan Nassar, *Al-Atlal* (The Ruins), 2024, glass tile and cement grout on waterproof foam board, 60 × 98″.

IN A SENSE, I've always been making work that is about Palestine, how Palestinians have been treated, and what their reality is like. The basis for my landscapes is that the idea of Palestine is imaginary in the minds of diaspora Palestinians, who can't go and see it. The work is informed by the fact that Palestinians are restricted from traveling there and don't have freedom of movement. On a formal level, I'm making beautiful things with color and composition—painterly things that we can talk about. But intrinsically, the work wouldn't exist in this way if it weren't for the situation there.


كان صرحا من خيال فهوى
كان صرحا من خيال فهوى
اسقني واشرب على اطلاله
وارو عني طالما الدمع روى

I HAD BEEN WORKING toward making tile mosaics for several years. I was excited by the prospect of taking my usually soft, delicate embroidery work and translating those same patterns into hard, weatherproof tile mosaics. My first time executing this idea was during a residency at the Shangri-La Museum of Islamic Art in Honolulu. The curator Leslee Michelsen and I had talked about this tile idea, and she said, “Let’s make it happen.” We fabricated a freestanding tile mosaic, *Lēʻahi* (Diamond Head), 2022, that is now part of their permanent collection, and I learned the whole process from an actual tiler. I decided I wanted to make mosaics that were embedded permanently in walls and in floors. I focused on floor mosaics, like those from antiquity: Roman mosaics, Byzantine mosaics. The wheels were turning. My new mosaics are displayed in their almost finished form—on platforms, rather than actually embedded in the floor.

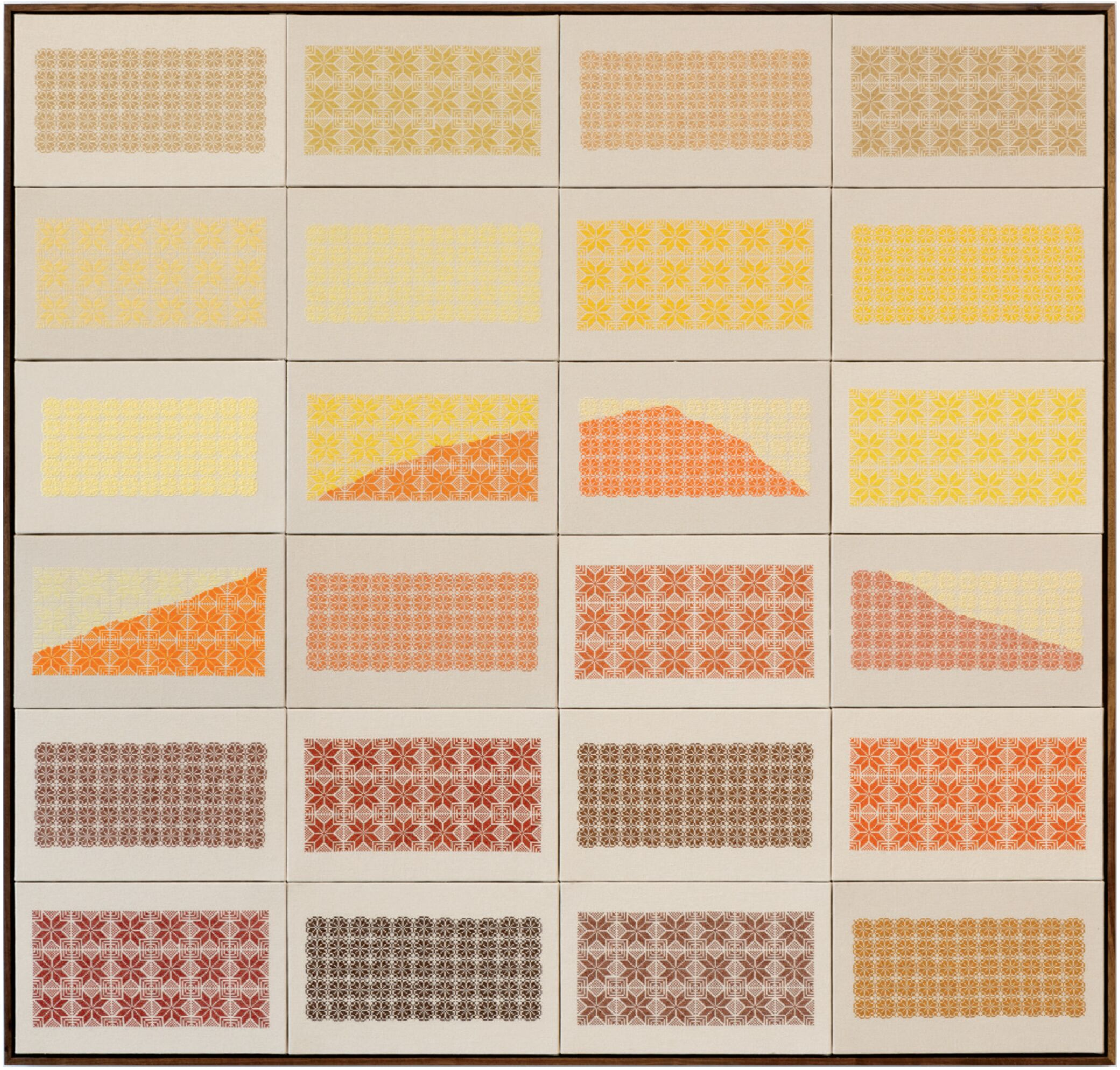
A lot of ancient art and artifacts have been discovered in Gaza, and in 2022, yet another discovery was made. Salman al-Nabahin, an olive farmer, was having a hard time with a few of his trees not rooting properly, and after a while he decided he needed to dig them out and investigate. He unearthed a huge and well-preserved Byzantine mosaic, estimated to be from the fifth to seventh century CE, underneath his farm in the Bureij Refugee Camp. The mosaic is exquisite. In the main section, a vine motif ropes around the perimeter of a grid of squares. Its rows and columns are crisscrossed by a twist motif. Within each square dwells an animal: A goose stands, a rabbit hops, a dog leaps, a crane bends, a cat nestles.

I made this piece in April 2024, and at that point Gaza had been bombed basically every single day by Israel for six months. One report said that seventy-five percent of buildings in Gaza have been at best damaged, and at worst completely destroyed.

What about this mosaic?

Ruins, most likely. Like the song by Umm Kalthoum, “*Al-Atlal*”—The Ruins—the lyrics of which wrap themselves around the border of this work of the same name. *Oh my heart, don’t ask where the love is. It was a monument of illusions . . . so it collapsed. Pour for me and let’s drink on its ruins, and tell the story of me as long as the tears flow*. I studied the mosaic in Gaza and laid out my design, searching my archives of Palestinian embroidery samples and books and photographs, seeking out patterns that would relate to those in the Byzantine mosaic. Lions—heralds—hold up the sides. A swan floats by. A pigeon coos, a chicken pecks at the ground, and a pair of small birds stare back at you, waiting.

This piece is an ode to Gaza. Gaza is in everything.



Jordan Nassar, *Surge*, 2024, hand-embroidered cotton on cotton, artist's frame, 80½ × 85".

THIS WHOLE EXHIBITION IS GAZA. The title of the exhibition, "SURGE," is the title of a collection of writings by Etel Adnan. I saw the book on my shelf a couple of months ago, with SURGE spelled out in a red font on an off-white jacket. SURGE. There's something about this word that I like right now. It felt vague enough and poetic enough that you can infer a variety of things from it. It felt violent; felt dangerous. A huge tidal wave casting its shadow over a coast. Lava spewing up and out from a volcano. But "surge" is also an uprising: people speaking out, protesting, and really learning about Palestine. People have finally had enough. There's now a surge of information globally about what's happening right now in Gaza, which is at the largest scale it's ever been, in terms of the way that the world is reacting. So it felt hopeful, too. Dangerous and hopeful. An end and a beginning. I *want* there to be this surge. It's not like a tidal wave, necessarily . . . but maybe it is an unstoppable wave. Like you're making progress. SURGE.

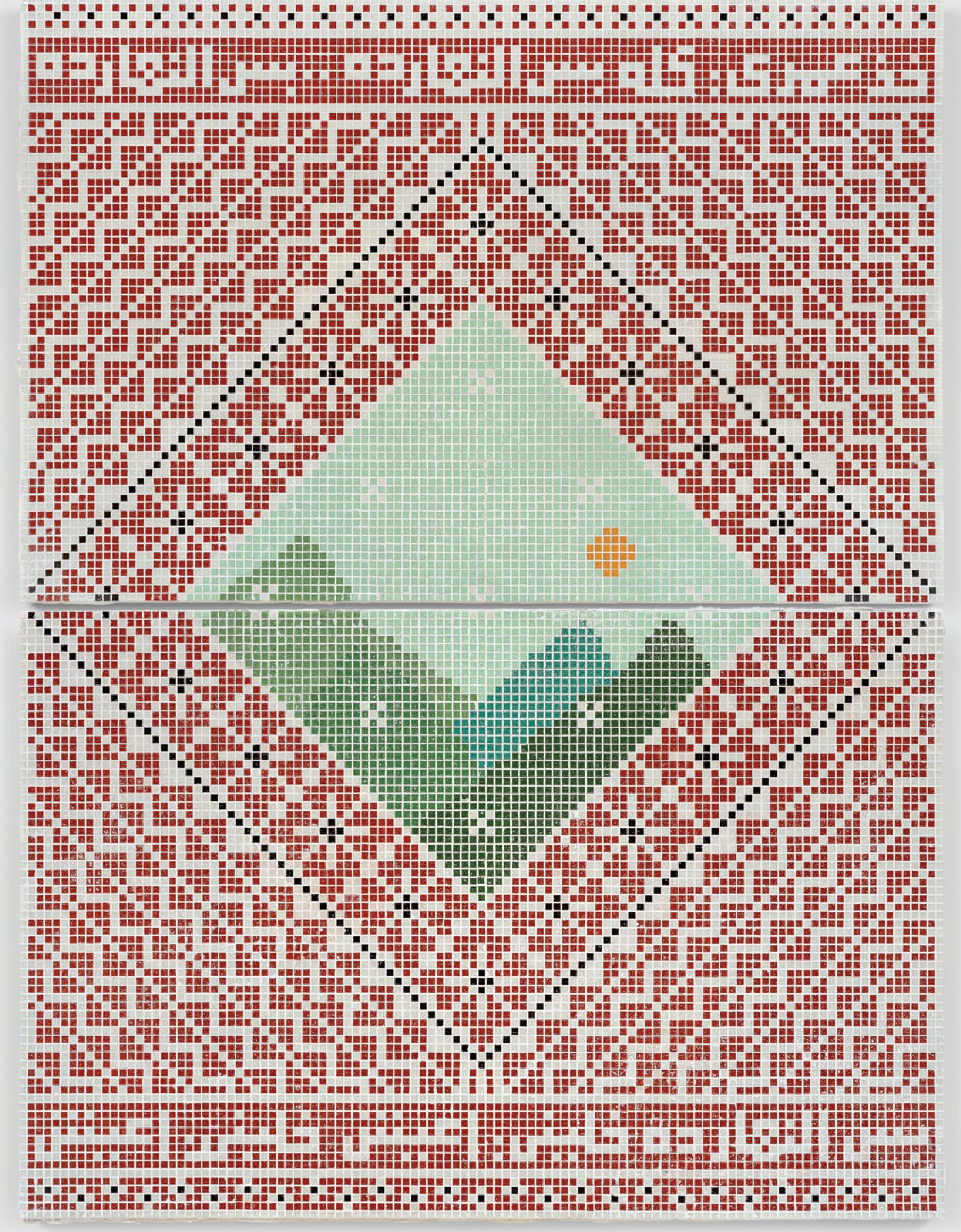
The show has all of these elements going into it. It's about questions, not answers, and recognizing what is happening. The show is a confluence: You can focus on the fact that it's celebrating these Palestinian crafts; you can focus on the fact that it's imagining these landscapes that are dream utopia versions of Palestine; you can focus on the mournfulness and the sadness that the mosaic that inspired it is probably gone now—bombed out. It's all of these things simultaneously, and I felt like "Surge" is a good title for that.

I had already made the embroidery works. This piece in particular, which is one of the larger ones, gave me that same feeling of SURGE. It was serene and simple. Yet the mountain is thrusting up, up, up, its tip reaching higher, taking up more of the sky. Or maybe it's solid now: It's quiet, still, resting. The fossilized motion of an ancient surge.

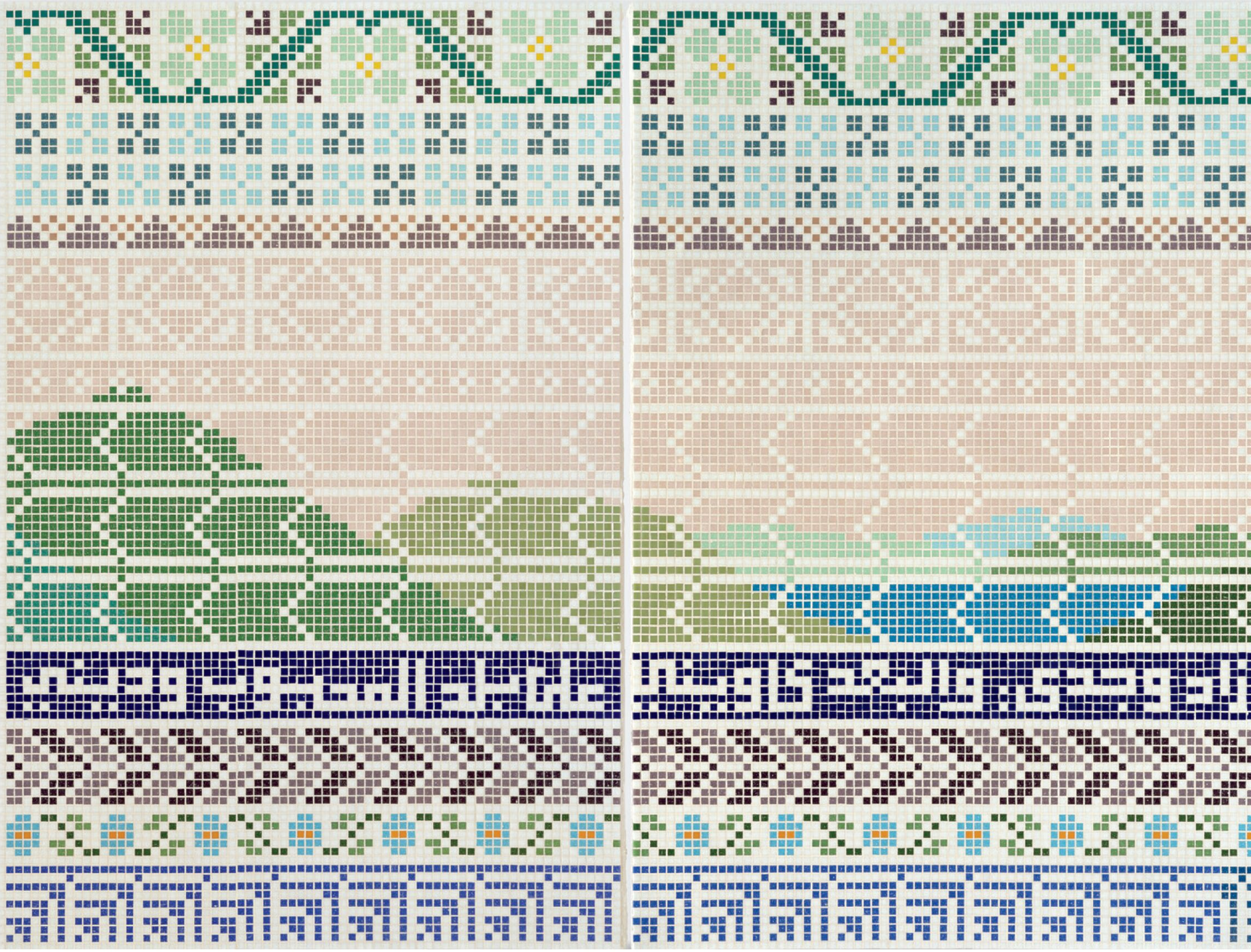
Jordan Nassar, *Amal Hayati* (Hope of My Life), 2024, glass tile and cement grout on waterproof foam board, 60 × 48".

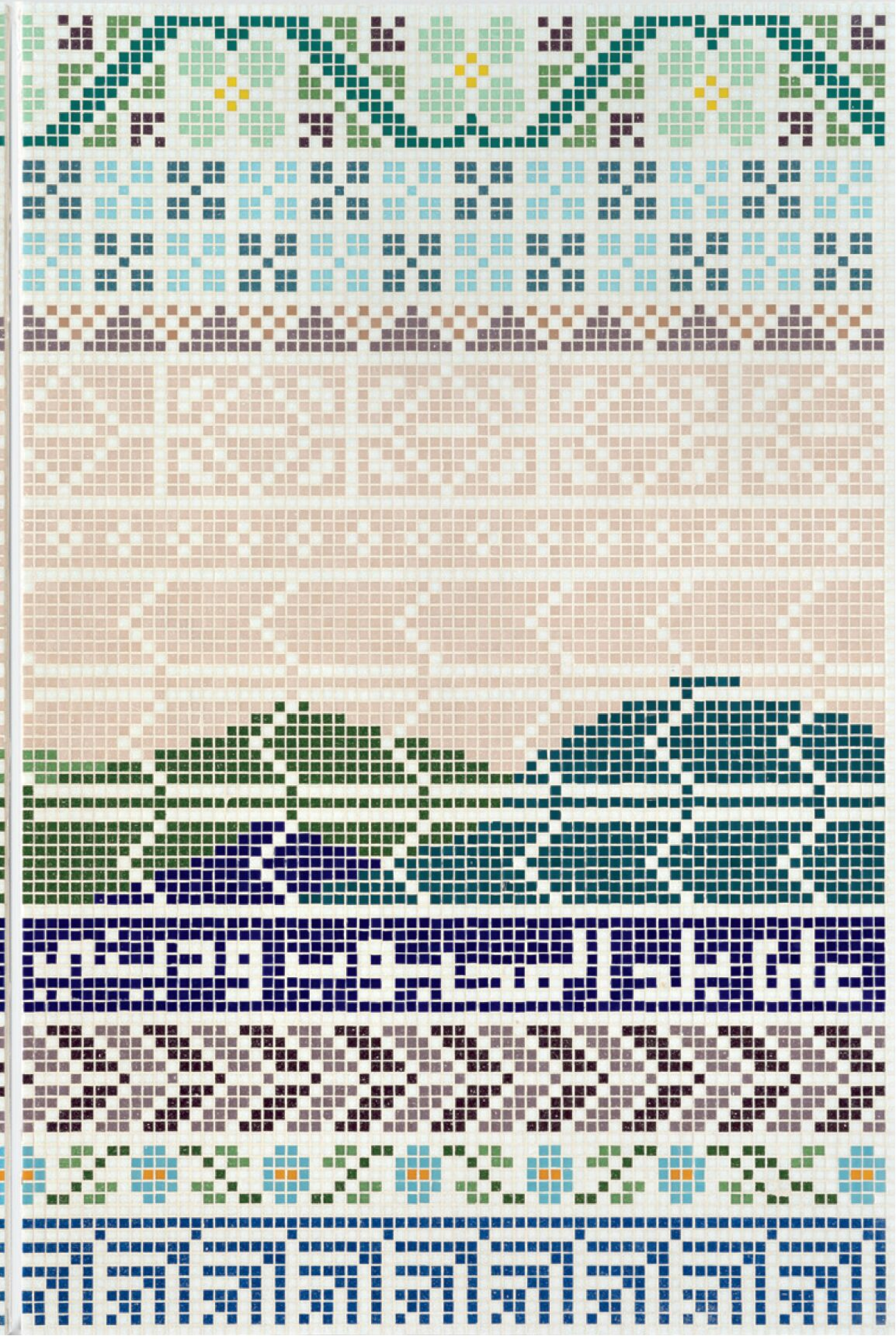
AMAL HAYATI **(HOPE OF MY LIFE)**, 2024, continues to take Umm Kalthoum as the source of the poetry laid across the tile mosaics. Its patterning comes from an embroidered pillow I've had for years, which I bought in Ramallah from some women who showed up to a meeting with a suitcase of embroidered items for sale. The pillow is straightforward: heavy red embroidery on a white fabric, with a couple of black accents in the pattern. This mosaic copies exactly its central diamond, which is flanked by a border of flowers that are surrounded by zigzagging triangles. I added the lyrics at top and bottom, as well as the thin borders above and below them. In the center, I laid a landscape without much patterning—only a few stars. The words are Umm Kalthoum begging her lover, *Take all of my life, but today, today, just today, let me live. Let me live.* These words move me every time I hear the song. Begging for one more day of love. One more day of life. *Amal hayati*, hope of my life.

Every day we hope for life for Gaza. Every day, we beg for one more day.



Jordan Nassar, *‘Ala Balad Al-Mahboub* (To the Beloved Country), 2024, glass tile and cement grout on waterproof foam board, 48 × 90".

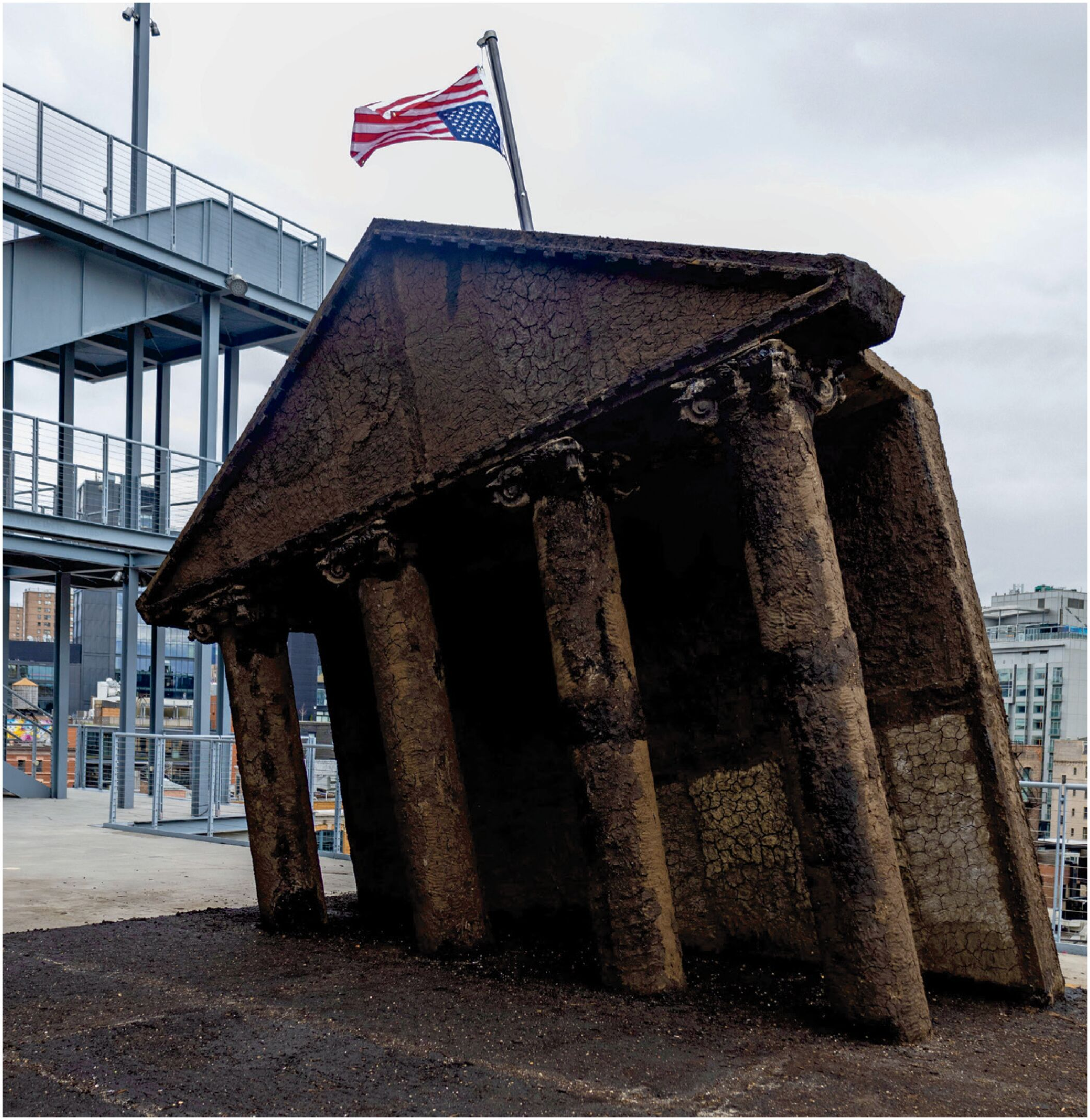




MY FAMILY IS ORIGINALLY FROM GAZA, dating back six or seven generations. Our family name, at that time, was *Sayegh* (which means goldsmith). They were a Christian family. Their story starts off like a fairy tale: There were three brothers, and they were metalsmiths. Expert metalsmiths. Not only experts at making sharp objects out of metal, but also experts at using them. During the Ottoman rule of Palestine, the three brothers happened to save the life of an Ottoman official—some higher-up in the local departments of the occupying government. The guy gave them each a gold coin for saving his life and went on his way. From what I was told, the brothers decided that this was not enough payment for their heroism, and so they crept into his quarters at night and left a dagger in the headboard above his bed. They were letting him know that, although they had saved his life, they could easily take it away from him. He got the memo and proceeded to give them each a parcel of land: one in Gaza, one in Jerusalem, and one on the east side of the Jordan River, to the north. This last parcel was taken by my great-great (great-great?) grandfather, and the rest, as they say, is history. He founded a town (in modern-day Jordan) and lived out his days there, as did his sons and their sons. Eventually my great-grandfather moved his family, including my teenage grandfather, to New York City. And the rest is more recent history.

This piece, *ʻAla Balad al-Mahboub* (To the Beloved Country), 2024, takes its lyrics from one of the older songs that Umm Kalthoum recorded. It's from 1935 and feels very traditional: call and response, very repetitive, very folk. In the mosaic, traditional patterns dance in vibrant colors across the top and bottom. A sprawling landscape of glistening hills surrounds a body of water below a pink sky, underscored by a line of Arabic writing in deep, rich royal blue. *Take me to the town of my beloved / my longing only grows, the separation sears me*. The separation sears me, like a hot iron. I think about my father and his love for our heritage: his pride in being Palestinian, and his insistence on my brothers and me feeling that same connection. We may not all speak Arabic (though I myself studied it in college) and may be Americanized (his parents raised his generation to assimilate, as was common in the 1940s), but we *are* Palestinian. We dream of this place, where fairy tales wrap around our ancestors. Maybe the sky is pink; maybe the hills are green, but also blue. Somehow, not just in space but also in time, down the generations, our longing only grows. The separation sears me.

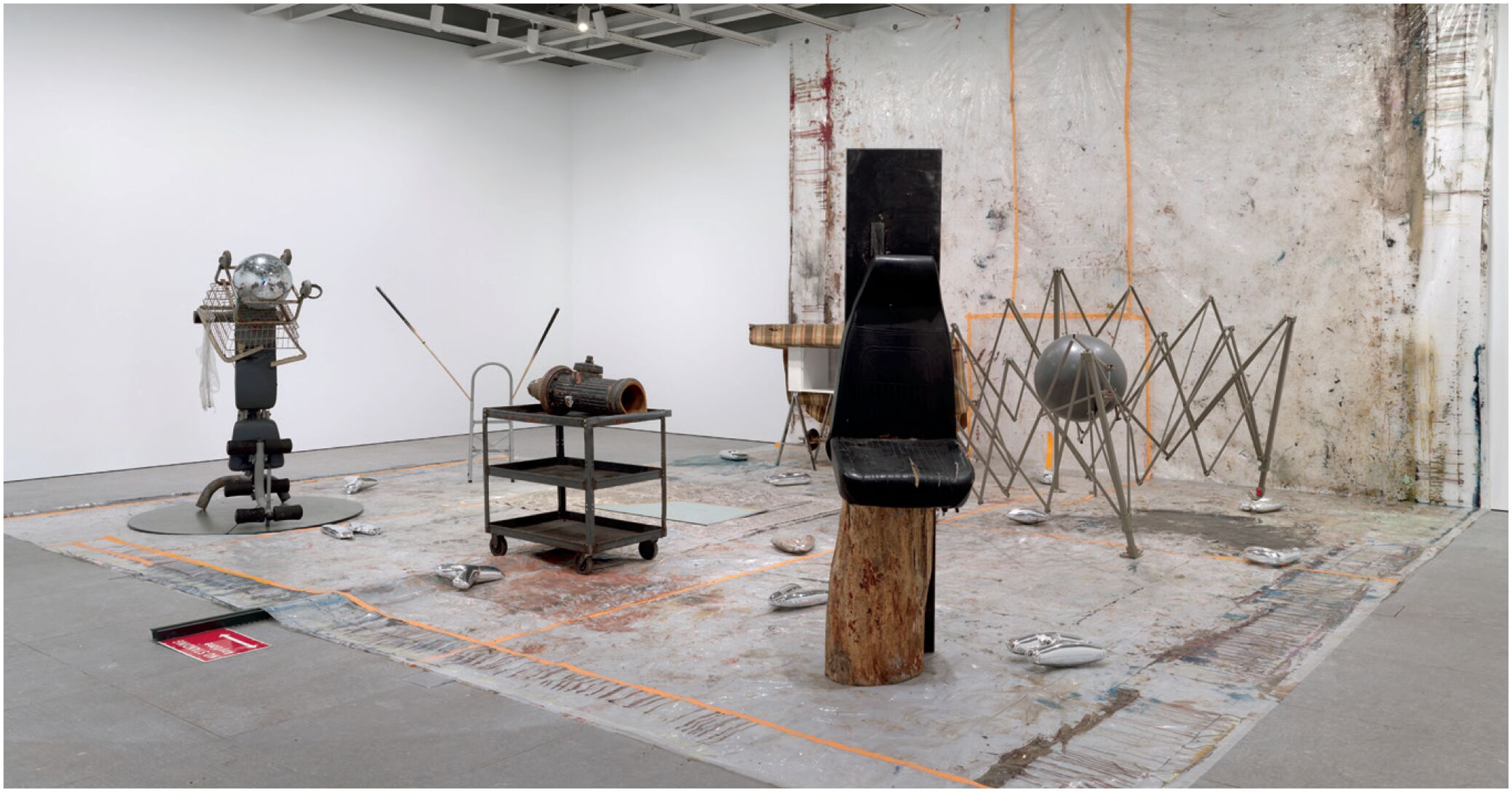
Free Palestine. ☐



WHITNEY BIENNIAL 2024

Opposite page: **Kiyan Williams, *Ruins of Empire II or The Earth Swallows the Master's House*, 2024**, earth, steel, binder, flag. Installation view, Whitney Museum of American Art, New York. From the 2024 Whitney Biennial. Photo: Audrey Wang.

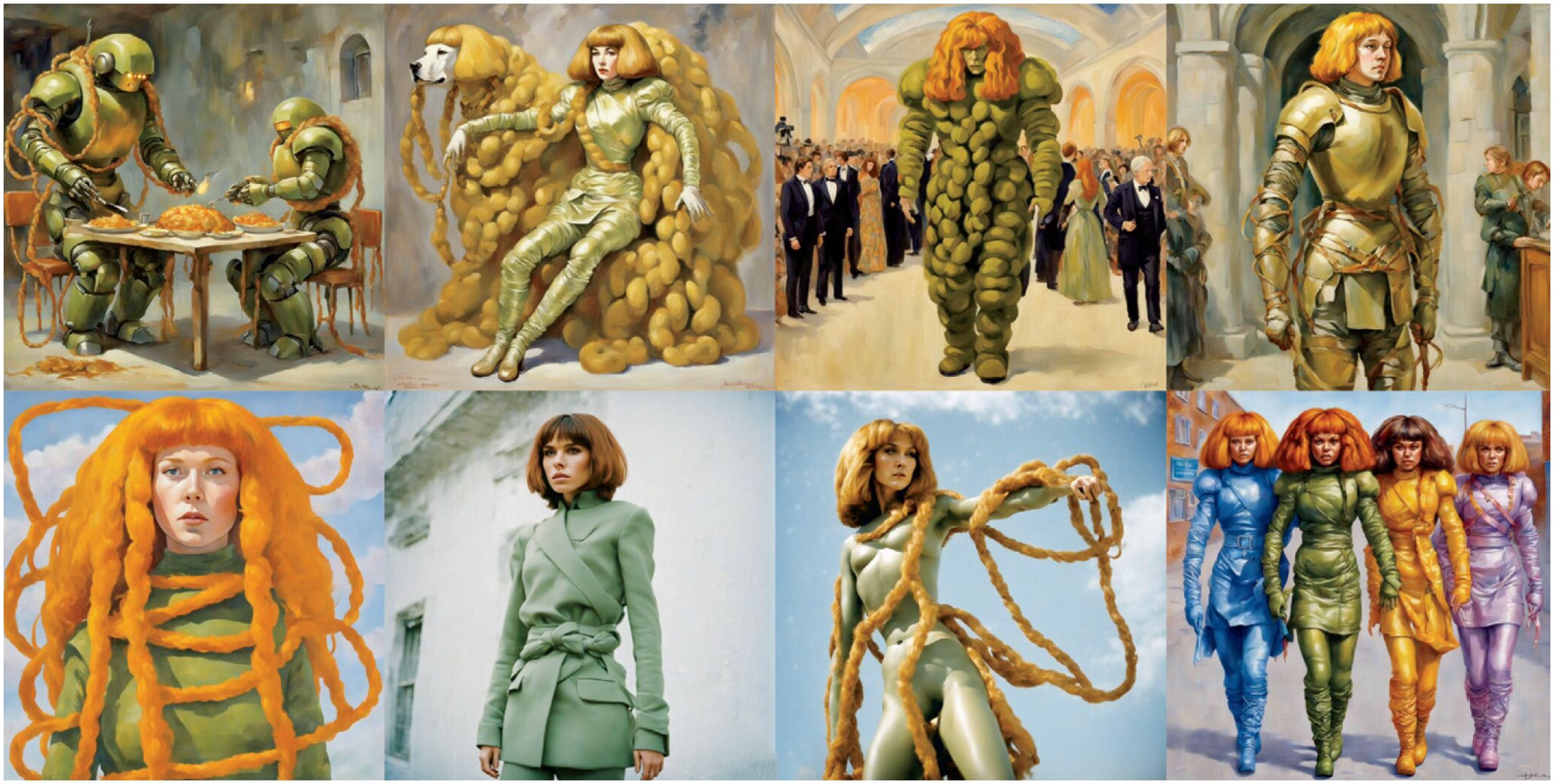
Below: **Ser Serpas, *taken through back entrances subtle fate matching matte thing soiled . . .* , 2024**, found objects, plastic tarp, tape, oil paint. Installation view, Whitney Museum of American Art, New York. From the 2024 Whitney Biennial. Photo: Ron Amstutz.



RACHEL WETZLER

THE 2024 WHITNEY BIENNIAL begins and ends with invocations of decay. Arrayed on paint-spattered plastic tarps tacked to the walls and floor of the lobby gallery are vaguely anthropomorphic assemblages constructed from detritus that Ser Serpas collects from the streets around her Brooklyn neighborhood: An upturned shopping cart and a disco ball adorn a vertically standing exercise bench; a fire hydrant reclines on a rusty utility cart; a yoga ball is precariously suspended within a battered metal scaffold. Wedged in one corner, a sectional seat with exposed plywood innards serves as the base for a threadbare American flag haphazardly tossed over its back as if it were a bit of dirty laundry. This emblem of empire in decline reappears in blunter form on the museum's sixth-floor terrace, where Kiyan Williams erected a lopsided replica of the White House's facade made out of dirt, an upside-down flag projecting from its crumbling portico. Exposed to the elements, the edifice will wear away over the course of the exhibition, the ruined monument seemingly sinking into the ground.

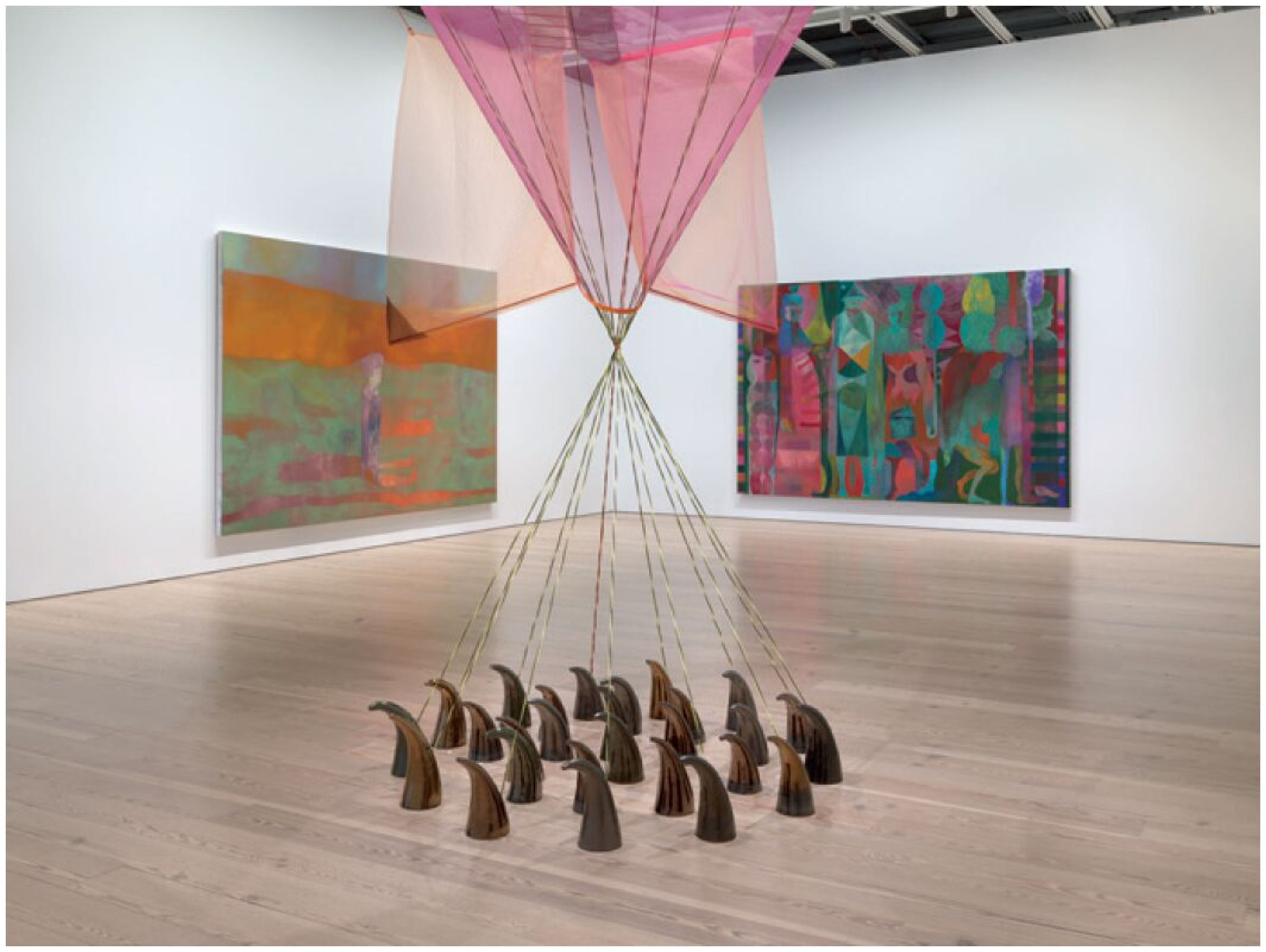
Such is the overarching tone of this Biennial, largely defined by material precarity and conceptual obliqueness. With a few notable exceptions—among them Carmen Winant's *The last safe abortion*, 2023, a wall of archival snapshots from the 1970s to the present depicting staff and volunteers at abortion clinics in the American South and Midwest as well as photos of these clinics shot by Winant herself following the overturning of *Roe v. Wade*—themes and ideas are elliptically gestured toward, evoked through a gauzy veil. For his installation *Paloma Blanca Deja Volar/White Dove Let Us Fly*, 2024, Eddie Rodolfo Aparicio embedded an assortment of found objects along with copies of archival documents relating (per the wall text) to the actions of white activists in Central America in blocks of modified



Instead of offering an explicit politics of representation, the works here are often conspicuously withholding.

amber, which fragment, shift, and settle over time. Dala Nasser constructs a skeletal approximation of ancient ruins in *Adonis River*, 2023, draping bedsheets bearing charcoal rubbings of the Adonis Cave and Temple in Lebanon over spindly wooden columns. Cannupa Hanska Luger's *Uŋziwoslal Wašičuta*, 2024, draws on the form of a tepee, presented here as a cone of repurposed pink and orange crinoline suspended upside-down and anchored to ceramic horns on the floor by taut lengths of nylon cord. It is one of many works in the show that hangs down from the ceiling instead of sitting squarely on the floor or wall, as if refusing the stability of the ground.

The Biennial includes many formally and physically ambitious works, characterized by their large scale, unwieldy materials, and laborious production. Yet in aggregate, the effect is curiously muted, even sedate. Particularly given the relatively modest size of the exhibition itself, which includes 119 works by forty-five artists and collectives in the galleries (another thirty are included in the performance and film programs), the sardonic grandiosity of its title, "Even Better Than the Real Thing," betrays a kind of confusion, or perhaps indecision, over what kind of aesthetic and theoretical terrain the show is really mapping. In the introductory wall text, the curators bafflingly cite AI and its reinscription of the real as a key point of reference for the exhibition, though only a single work—Holly Herndon and Mat Dryhurst's *xhairymutantx*, 2024—actually makes explicit refer-



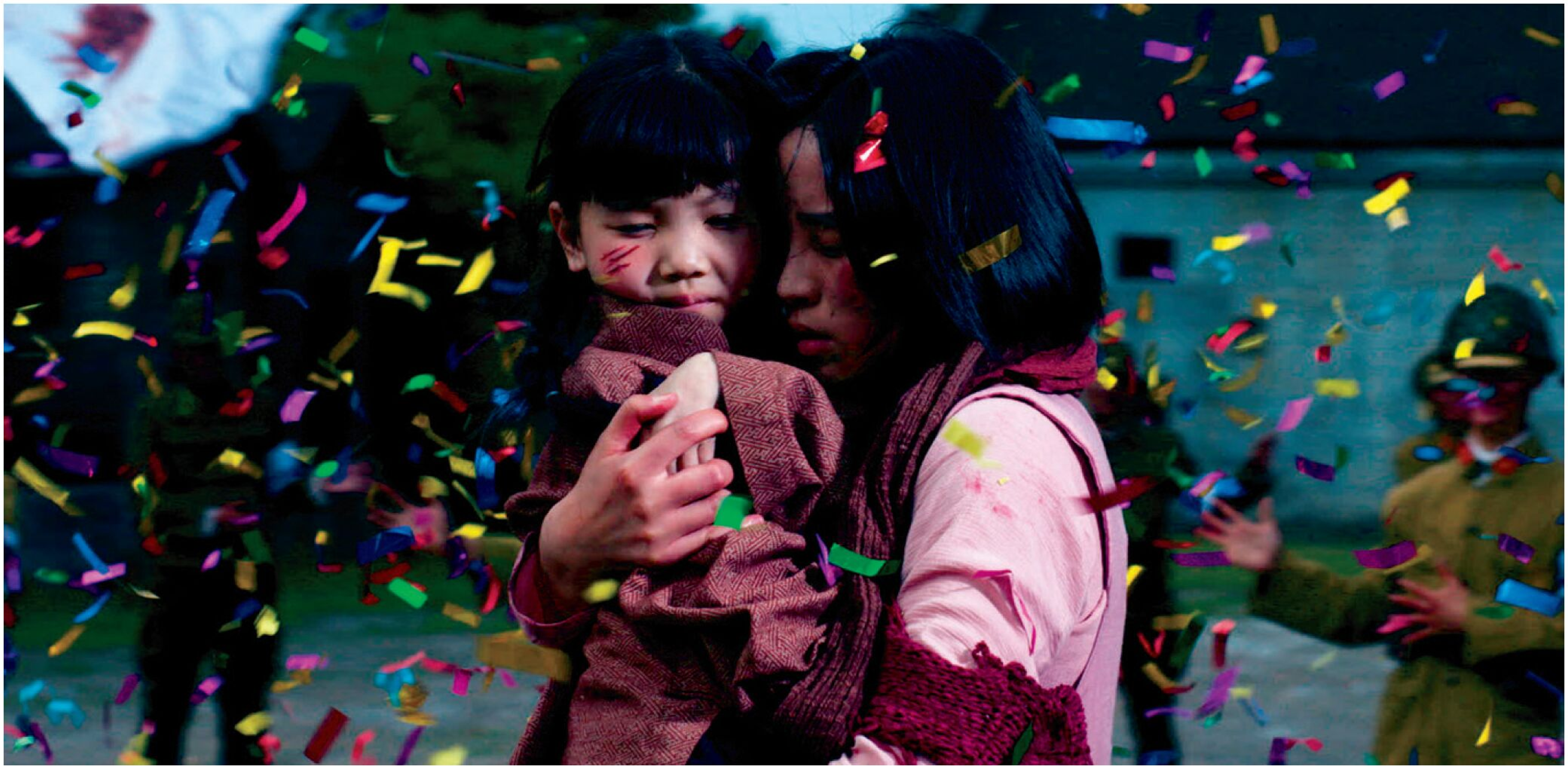
ence to, let alone use of, such technology, and even this is presented in the galleries as conventional framed prints hanging on the wall. In fact, the show seems almost symptomatically avoidant of technology, instead implicitly holding up ancestral tradition, communal experience, and embodiment as bulwarks against its incursion into all facets of contemporary existence.

This is perhaps an odd thing to say about a show with so many exceptional—and exceptionally well-installed—moving-image works, a rarity in this type of sprawling survey. But even these almost uniformly look backward, probing the past as it refracts into the present. Isaac Julien's five-channel film installation *Once Again . . . (Statues Never Die)*, 2022, the title of which alludes to Chris Marker and Alain Resnais's 1953 indictment of colonial plunder, reconstructs a dialogue between New Negro philosopher Alain Locke (played by actor André Holland) and art patron and collector Albert C. Barnes (Danny Huston) on African art and modernism, interwoven with scenes imagining an intimate encounter between Locke and the Harlem Renaissance sculptor Richmond Barthé (Devon Terrell). "There's nothing more galvanizing," Locke tells Barnes, "than the sense of a cultural past," expressing a sentiment that doubles back onto Julien's film in its recuperation of the queer relationships often omitted from histories of the Harlem Renaissance.

Madeleine Hunt-Ehrlich's *Too Bright to See*, 2023–24, and Tourmaline's *Pollinator*, 2022, are likewise devoted to revisiting the lives of intellectual and cultural forebears, paying homage to the negritude theorist Suzanne Césaire and the trans activist and Stonewall pioneer Marsha P. Johnson, respectively, while Sharon Hayes's moving documentary *Ricerche: four*, 2024, a two-channel video presented amid a circle of mismatched chairs, comprises roundtable conversations with three groups of queer elders from different parts of the country (Philadelphia, Los Angeles, and rural Tennessee). The piece—the latest entry in a decade-long project—was inspired by Pier Paolo Pasolini's 1964 documentary *Comizi d'amore* (Love Meetings), for which the Italian director conducted interviews attempting to capture attitudes about sex and sexuality among a wide cross section of Italian society. In contrast to Hayes's film, with its vérité approach, Diane Severin Nguyen's feature-length *In Her Time (Iris's Version)*, 2023–24, takes the form of a stylized mockumentary shot at the massive Hengdian World Studios, whose permanently installed film sets cover the gamut of Chinese historical epics, following an aspiring actress as she prepares for her breakout role in a period film about the 1937 Nanjing Massacre.

As the show's curators Chrissie Iles and Meg Onli acknowledge in the catalogue, the specter of the 1993 Biennial inevitably hangs over this one, not least in its prioritization of Black, brown, Indigenous, queer, and trans artists. But instead of offering an explicit politics of representation, the works here are often conspicuously withholding, self-evidently informed by (if not explicitly invoking) a lived experience of marginalized identity while resisting any expectation of clarity, fixity, or disclosure. In her essay, Iles cites the work of Martinican philosopher Édouard Glissant, whose theories of opacity and the archipelagic are conceptual touchstones for the

Opposite page, top: **Screenshot of Holly Herndon and Mat Dryhurst's *xhairymutantx Embedding Study 1*, 2024**, AI project. Opposite page, bottom: **View of the 2024 Whitney Biennial.** From left: Maja Ruznic, *Deep Calls to Deep*, 2023; Cannupa Hanska Luger, *Uŋziwoslal Wašičuta*, 2024; Maja Ruznic, *The Past Awaiting the Future/Arrival of Drummers*, 2023. Photo: Ron Amstutz. Below: **Diane Severin Nguyen, *In Her Time (Iris's Version)*, 2023–24**, still from the HD video component (color, sound, 67 minutes) of a mixed-media installation additionally comprising ribbons, mattresses, pillows, sheets, and custom flooring.



exhibition and, I suspect, many of its artists, evident in the overriding emphasis on strategies of withdrawal, illegibility, and obfuscation. (This is perhaps best exemplified by Demian DinéYazhi's now infamous flickering neon *we must stop imaging apocalypse/genocide + we must imagine liberation*, 2024, through which they smuggled in the message FREE PALESTINE under the noses of the curators.)

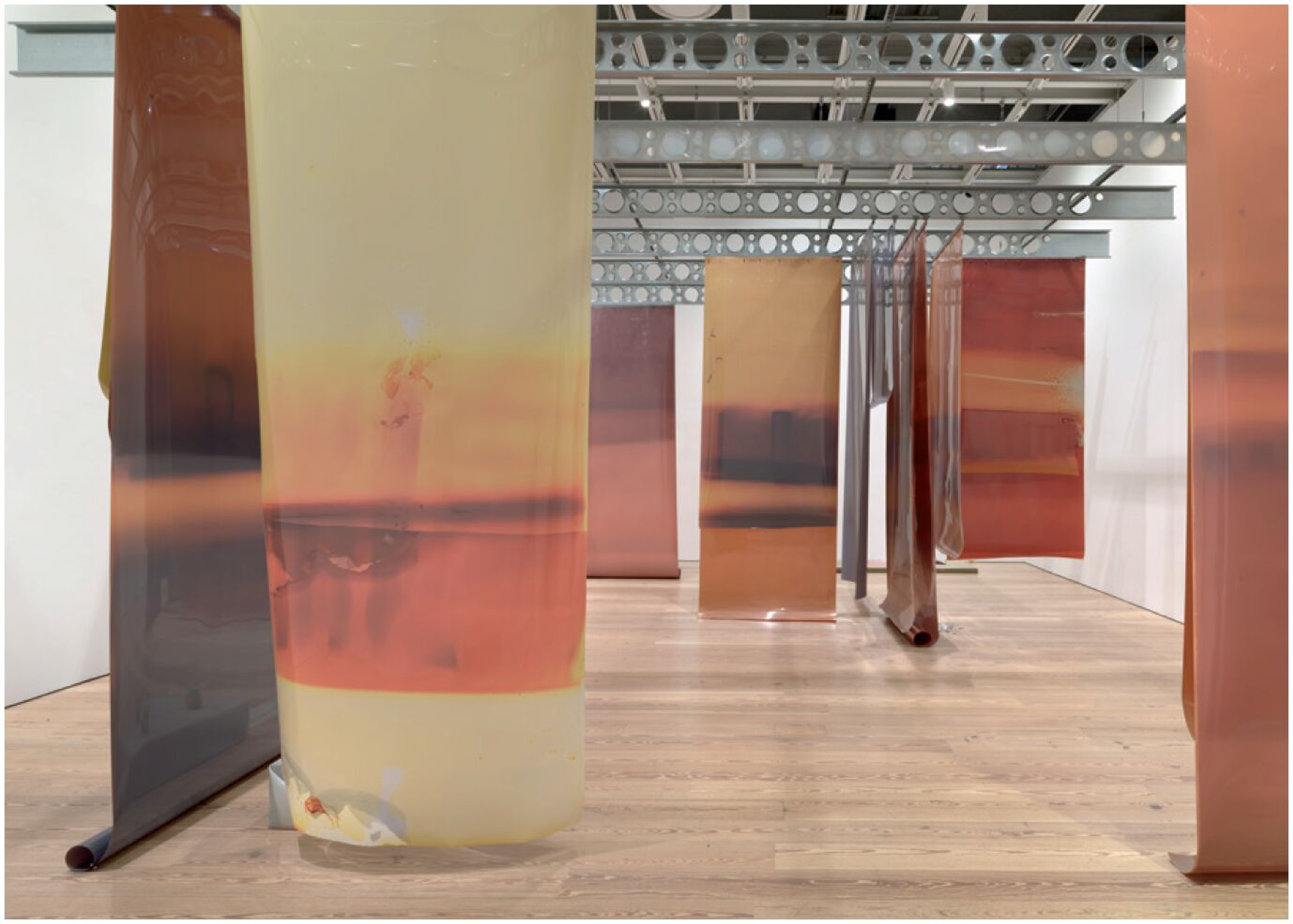
The appeal of such strategies today is clear given the real physical and psychic risks of visibility, particularly for those whose bodies and identities are oppressively policed, scrutinized, and surveilled. Obfuscation and evasiveness can also be means of decentering the putatively universal museum subject, who is historically assumed to be white, instead acknowledging that some works have more to say to certain audiences than others. But at worst, this approach tips over into mere inscrutability, as is the case with several artists' contributions here. P. Staff's room-size installation *Afferent Nerves*, 2023, which bathes the gallery in sickly neon yellow light below an intermittently buzzing electrified net, for instance, and Carolyn Lazard's *Toilette*, 2024, a bland pseudo-Minimalist composition of identical mirrored medicine cabinets filled with Vaseline, are so formally reticent that the viewer has nowhere to go but the wall text, the works' meaning ironically fixed in their explanatory supplements.

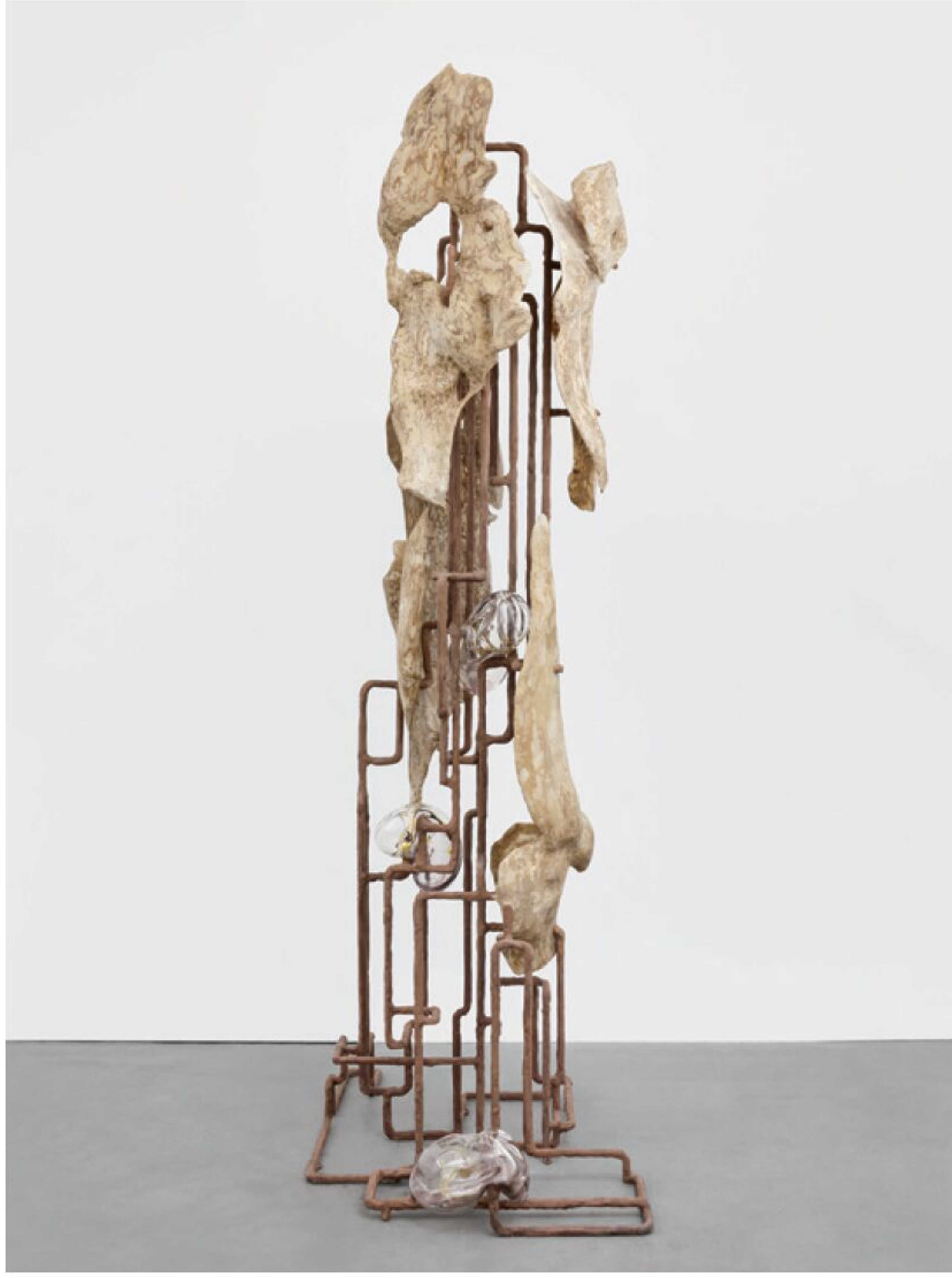
But the results can also be exquisite: Take Charisse Pearlina Weston's *un- (anterior ellipse[s] as mangled container; or where edges meet to wedge and [un]moor)*, 2024, a large sheet of smoky gray glass suspended from steel wire at a menacing tilt, as if threatening to collapse onto the viewer below. Originally commissioned by the Queens Museum, the work was inspired by a proposal by members of the Congress of Racial Equality to jam the roads leading to the 1964 World's Fair, whose site is now occupied by the museum, with stalled cars, an impediment meant to signify the obstructive effects of white supremacy. Weston's sculpture takes this unrealized protest and distills it to its essence as a looming blockage or delay, the glass simultaneously presenting as a barrier, a shadow, and a mirror.

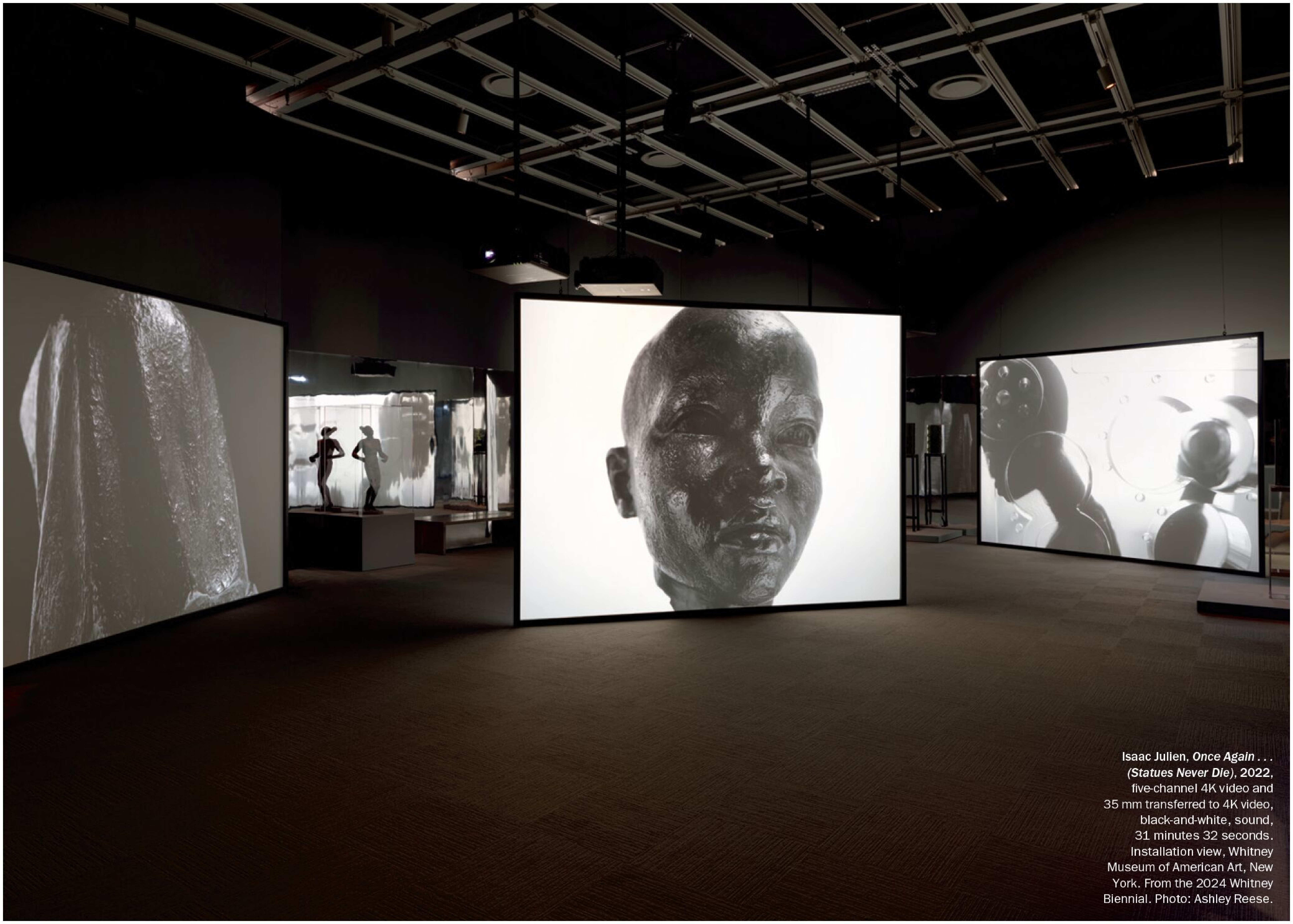
Equally striking is Lotus L. Kang's multipart installation *In Cascades*, 2023–24, comprising long rolls of unfixed photographic film suspended from exposed steel joists, their hazy abstractions mutating during the show's run as they are exposed to light, undergoing a process Kang likens to the tanning of skin. In contrast to the industrial heft of the structural steel, the floors are lined with tatami mats bearing delicate casts of lotus root, cabbage, and anchovies. The ensemble reads as a kind of hazy memory, familiar but out of reach. In an adjacent gallery, Jes Fan has transformed CAT scans of his organs and limbs into 3D-printed abstractions draped over metal armatures or eerily embedded into orifices in the gallery wall, at once radically exposing his body and withholding it from view. In works like these, opacity is less a communicative void than a point of entry, a prompt inducing in the viewer a kind of ranging contemplation that might productively depart from the artist's perspective or intent. But for all the show's emphasis on mutability and indeterminacy, the net effect in the galleries is often closed and airless, the works retreating into themselves instead of jostling against one another. This is less a "dissonant chorus," as the curators describe the ensemble, than a depleted one. ☐

RACHEL WETZLER IS A SENIOR EDITOR OF *ARTFORUM*.

Below: **Lotus L. Kang**, ***In Cascades*, 2023–24,** Super Joist, steel, hardware, tanned and unfixed film, sheet silicone, cast-aluminum kelp knots, cast-aluminum lotus root, spherical magnets. Installation view, Whitney Museum of American Art, New York. From the 2024 Whitney Biennial. Photo: Ron Amstutz. Right: **Jes Fan, *Contrapposto*, 2023,** polylactic acid filaments, resin, pigment, glass, metal, 86 × 35 × 27".







Isaac Julien, *Once Again . . . (Statues Never Die)*, 2022, five-channel 4K video and 35 mm transferred to 4K video, black-and-white, sound, 31 minutes 32 seconds. Installation view, Whitney Museum of American Art, New York. From the 2024 Whitney Biennial. Photo: Ashley Reese.

ANDREW V. UROSKIE

FOR A BIENNIAL OFTEN VIEWED as taking the pulse of the contemporary moment, the event this year features moving-image works that mostly reckoned with history: its stories, its subjects, and its narrators. But history itself has become a vital subject of contemporary debates, here in America as elsewhere. Who would have thought that we would be deliberating whether chattel slavery benefited the enslaved, as Florida is now teaching? Or that New York's century-old gun control laws would be challenged, or that an 1864 law on abortion in Arizona would suddenly come back to life?

This year's Biennial showcases contemporary artists not simply as innovators of form, but as guardians of increasingly oblique and forgotten histories. It arrives at a moment in which the rich complexity of our own nation's past is increasingly—and, one suspects, intentionally—neglected in our chronically under-resourced primary schools, in the hollowing-out of humanities departments, and, above all, in the obtuse spectacle that passes for our communicative "public sphere." Even now, how many understand that the federal Comstock Act—passed in 1873 and never repealed—could be used to ban abortion (and anything else deemed "immoral" by five unelected judges) in all fifty states as early as January 2025? Make no mistake: Whether on talk radio, commercial television, or our algorithmically determined social media, our contemporary discourse is mobilizing history in a pitched battle for our future.

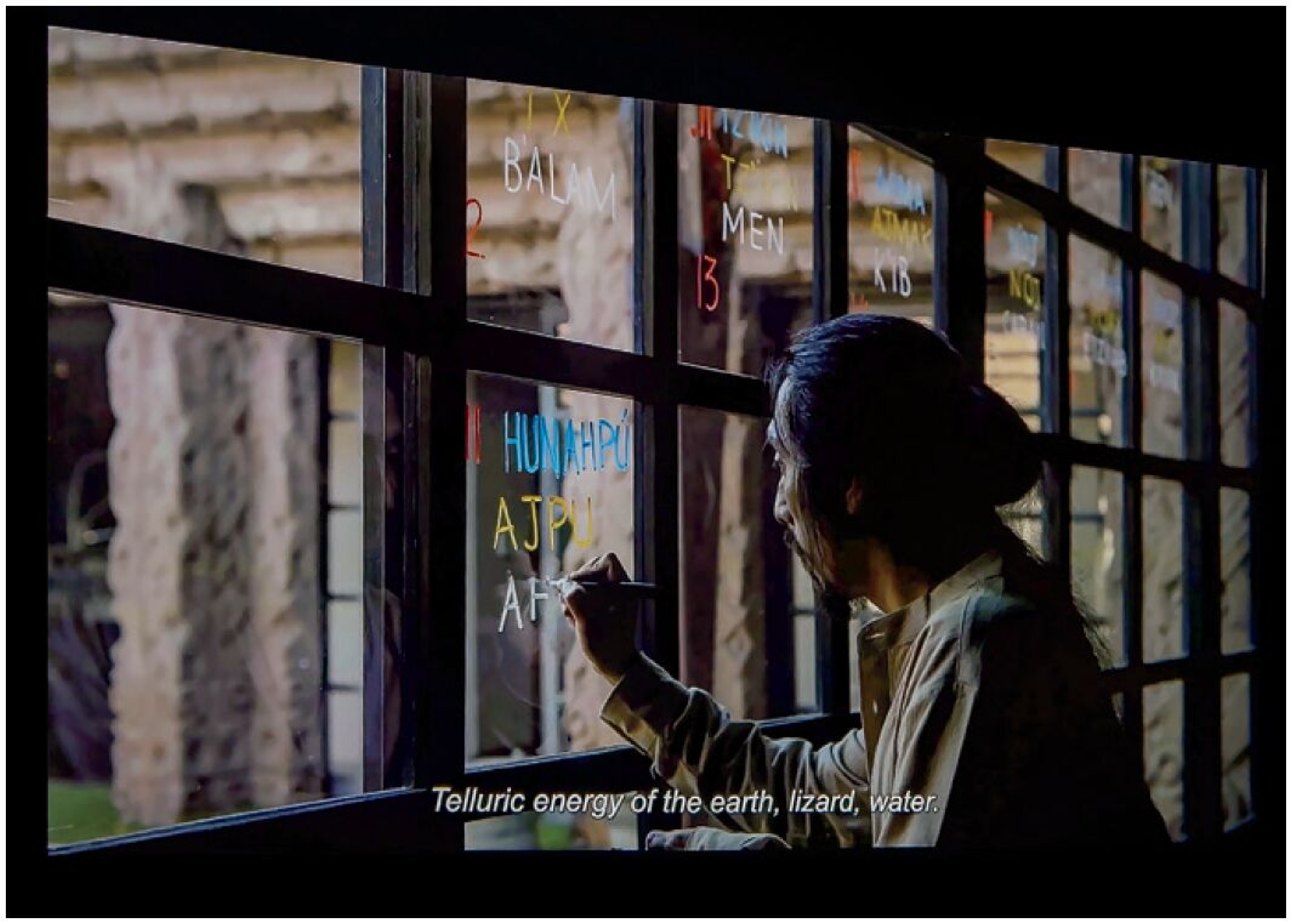
The moving-image installations at the Biennial—taken as a group—constitute most of the strongest works in the exhibition, and additionally define a relatively coherent field of formal and aesthetic concern within what can feel like a disorienting assemblage of strategies and themes. These works have little obvious interest in AI or machine learning—that is, in the emergent technologies that have been foregrounded by the framing provided by cocurators Chrissie Iles and Meg Onli. But collectively, they do speak to our contemporary "post-truth era" in seeking to assert the importance of historical narratives—invariably both cultural and political—in ways that struggle against their weaponization, as well as their erasure within our increasingly myopic focus on the present.

While art museums have long served as repositories for artifacts of cultural histories, their collections have tended to embalm past narratives, sequestering them within mute objects that are recast as relics of merely formal interest. Working with and against narrative form, the artists of this Biennial seek to interrogate the idea of institutional authorship, often casting the museum itself as an unreliable narrator and challenging the idea that cultural histories can be narrated transparently in the present. Moving-image artworks—like modern art more generally—have long had a conflicted relationship with narrative. Unlike painting and sculpture, cinema necessarily promotes an experience of predetermined sequential progression, lending its stories the credibility of causality. Still, a century's worth of experimentation with both film and video has provided artists with countless ways to contain, subdue, circumvent, or negate the linear directionality the moving image seems to imply. And while history is central to almost all of the major moving-image works on display at the Whitney, both the clarity and the linearity of conventional narrative are constantly being suppressed or superseded, made opaque or circular.

These works are therefore part of the lineage of the multiscreen cinema that emerged in the postwar era, which veered between fragmentation and totality. Stan VanDerBeek's *Movie Mural*, 1965–68, which was made under the influence of John Cage and Black Mountain College and informed by VanDerBeek's interest in modernist collage, could serve as a paradigmatic example of fragmentation. In this work, still and moving images—themselves familiar and novel, ancient and modern, local and distant—were combined with popular music and found sound, and projected onto nine or more screens, themselves sometimes overlapping or in motion, resulting in a complex and purposely chaotic audiovisual assemblage that no two people could encounter in the same way. By contrast, the multiscreen spectacles of the New York World's Fair—taking place at the same historical moment—tended to subordinate their multiple screens to a single overriding vision, delivering a purely formal or technical novelty in the service of what was ultimately an aesthetically conservative goal of totality and control.

Over the past decade, Isaac Julien has been perfecting a mode of multiscreen cinema that manages to split the historical difference—multiplying perspectives and opening up the spectatorial model of encounter while retaining a complex yet still coherent narrative form. Call it the multiscreen historical essay. In one of the Biennial's standout works, *Once Again . . . (Statues Never Die)*, 2022, Julien seems keenly aware that any encounter with the historical past is invariably a double-sided affair, with the present inevitably reinterpreting the past as much as the past might seek to guide the present. Thus, Julien's formal choices align with his thematic ones: His use of multiple screens and reflections is less about formal experimentation than about reflecting the "hall of mirrors" effect set up by the particular kind of transhistorical encounter he wishes to stage. We enter the work by exiting the open space of the museum, proceeding down a darkened hallway before encountering a distorted image of ourselves within a mirror. As we turn the corner, the image splits to include another, and then another. We soon find ourselves within a hall of projections, of mirrors and doublings. Five large translucent screens are set against the ground, like architecture, and each projection passes through the screen to the other side, where it continues on to the mirrored exterior walls and is reflected outward. Images and objects stretch across time, reaching from the Harlem Renaissance of the 1920s to our present situation in the 2020s. Nearly hundred-year-old sculptures by Richmond Barthé (1901–1989) are presented along with contemporary pieces by Matthew Angelo Harrison (b. 1985). The period dialogues between the philosopher Alain Locke and the collector Albert Barnes on the colonial theft, mocking dismissal, and belated recognition of African art—its significance both as a progenitor for European modernism and for modern African diasporic communities—are here imaginatively reconstructed by actors, albeit set in museums filled with real examples of the works with which their dialogue is concerned. The effect is less a simple *mise en abyme* than a complex musical orchestration, in which questions of cultural history, authority, and influence are posed within a museum of the mind.

Histories of colonial theft, and the loss and subsequent reanimation of cultural legacies, are similarly the subject of Clarissa Tossin's *Mojo'q che b'ixan ri ixkanulab'/Antes de que los volcanes canten/Before the Volcanoes Sing*, 2022. Much of the film was shot in Frank Lloyd Wright's 1926 *John Sowden House*, which, while built in the so-called Mayan Revival style of the 1920s and '30s, was completely disconnected from the rich Mayan cultures that have come to thrive around Los Angeles. On one of its glass walls, Ixil Maya artist Tohil Fidel Brito Bernal writes out the Mayan calendar as if to thematize its use as an optic—a way of giving meaning to the weeks and the seasons outside the standardization of a universal metric—


BALAM
MEN
13
KIB
HUNAHPÚ
AJPU
Telluric energy of the earth, lizard, water.

While history is central to almost all of the major moving-image works on display in the Biennial, both the clarity and the linearity of conventional narrative are constantly being suppressed or superseded, made opaque or circular.

while the Maya K‘iche ‘Kaqchiquel poet Rosa Chávez highlights the ancient significance of textiles as encoding both place and history. In her cutting description, they remain “the books that colonization couldn’t burn.”

Chávez’s words resonate across different dimensions of Tossin’s video, but also speak to a larger theme of the moving-image works throughout the Biennial. Cultural histories, for many of these artists, are performatively structured: They exist not as simple objects, but as living relationships of meaning and significance that must be perpetually reenacted within a community, as a community. Paradoxically, then, the very aspect of these histories that seems most fragile—that they were never codified in books—is what has enabled them to escape suppression. As long as they live on within memory, they remain animate, and relevant. On the exterior of the room in which Tossin’s video is presented, 3D-printed replicas of Mayan sculpture are showcased in glass vitrines, as if ancient relics from a long-lost culture. But within the video, these sculptures—actually pre-Columbian flutes—are brought to life through the brilliantly imaginative work of Brazilian composer Michelle Ágnes Magalhães and Mexican flutist Alethia Lozano Birrueta.

Ligia Lewis’s video installation *A Plot, A Scandal*, 2023, similarly seeks to reanimate lost stories of the Americas—specifically, the centuries-long series of revolutions against slavery in the Caribbean colonies of Europe. Like Chávez and Tossin, she focuses on cultural performance in the present as a way of reenacting the past. Lewis is a Berlin-based choreographer, and her work might be placed within the rich history of screen-dance that traces its roots to Maya Deren’s ultimately abandoned attempt to make a film about the ritual choreography of Haitian vodou in the 1940s and ’50s. Lewis traces the region’s deep connection between dance and revolution by invoking her own great-grandmother’s “scandalous” movements, reincarnated as a kinetic explosion of wildly expressive gestural language. Yet Lewis’s video is like a hinge between two moments in the exhibition, because for all its expressivity, it remains undergirded by a representation of landscape as opacity. Searching these landscapes as present-day explorers ultimately reveals nothing of the cultural histories that have been buried within them.

Opposite page: **Clarissa Tossin**, ***Mojo’q che b’ixan ri ixkanulab’/Antes de que los volcanes canten/Before the Volcanoes Sing*, 2022**, 4K video, color, sound, 64 minutes 17 seconds. Below: **Ligia Lewis**, ***A Plot, A Scandal*, 2023**, HD video, color, sound, 20 minutes. Installation view, Whitney Museum of American Art, New York. From the 2024 Whitney Biennial. Photo: Ron Amstutz.

Both Madeleine Hunt-Ehrlich’s *Too Bright to See*, 2023–24, and Dionne Lee’s *Challenger Deep*, 2019, mine this idea of the opaque landscape in different veins. Hunt-Ehrlich wants to reclaim the obscured life and work of Suzanne Césaire, 1915–1966, a Martinican writer and activist and a key figure in the Caribbean *Négritude* movement. But much of Suzanne’s writing did not survive, and she is typically known only as the wife of Aimé Césaire, the teacher of Frantz Fanon and Édouard Glissant. Parsing Suzanne’s lost story through the few fragments that remain of her writing, Hunt-Ehrlich suggests that Martinique’s bright sun provides the opposite of illumination: Its vibrant colors and patterns are figured rather as a blinding camouflage, actively concealing the immensity of the depredation and suffering of the island’s enslaved people and their failed rebellions under centuries of colonial rule.

Within the more austere, silent, grayscale landscape of Lee’s *Challenger Deep*, we are left with nothing but the figure of the artist searching. The most minimal and formalist moving-image work in the Biennial by some measure, *Challenger Deep* is situated by itself in a large, windowed room, the modest wall projection seeming to shrink in size within the space. And yet this installation serves not to diminish the work so much as to further engage our close attention. This occurs because the grayscale image is not very high-contrast to begin with, and it becomes even more washed out by the ambient light from the large windows. It is somewhat difficult to see, which here seems precisely the point. Lee’s work also recalls the early days of video art, when the field was inescapably aligned with first-person performance. There are basically only two main varieties of image throughout the nearly twenty-minute work: that of a woman in the distance in a field of high grass, and that of a woman’s hands holding dowsing rods—an ancient tool said by its adherents to be capable of locating water. The handheld camera shakes slightly as it follows these hands from different perspectives, but there is no narrativity, no outcome. The landscape remains impenetrable to investigation. Through minimalism, repetition, variation, and attention, Lee creates a powerfully succinct image of the act of searching itself. Though alluding to the secrets hidden within the landscape, the project seems to exist out of time.

While the works I have discussed concern the recovery of histories from generations or even centuries ago, Tourmaline and Sharon Hayes pay homage to forgotten characters of recent history whose incredible lives many might never know of if not for these artists’ labor. Tourmaline’s *Pollinator*, 2022, is a kind of memorial to the life of Marsha P. Johnson (1945–1992), a Black trans artist and activist pivotal to the modern LBGTQIA+ movement. Yet the complex formal and temporal shifts within this brief, five-minute video dislocate us from any familiar coordinates of a memorial service. Grainy old low-resolution color documentation crashes into newly shot high-definition black-and-white footage just as clear and garbled speech and song from friends and family churn together. The complex

Above: **Sharon Hayes, *Ricerche: four*, 2024**, multichannel HD video, color, sound, 80 minutes. Installation view. Whitney Museum of American Art, New York. From the 2024 Whitney Biennial. Photo: Ron Amstutz. Left: **Diane Severin Nguyen, *In Her Time (Iris's Version)*, 2023–24**, HD video (color, sound, 67 minutes), ribbons, mattresses, pillows, sheets, custom flooring. Installation view, Whitney Museum of American Art, New York. From the 2024 Whitney Biennial. Photo: Audrey Wang. Below: **Tourmaline, *Pollinator*, 2022**, 4K video, black-and-white and color, 5 minutes 8 seconds. Installation view, Whitney Museum of American Art, New York. From the 2024 Whitney Biennial. Opposite page: **Madeleine Hunt-Ehrlich, *Too Bright to See*, 2023–24**, 16 mm transferred to HD video, color, sound, 28 minutes.

♪ But still my soul feels heavenly bound ♪

Nguyen's is a prismatic history, a devastating reality shot through crystal and broken into pieces. It reveals a present unable to escape its trauma, even as it fervently seeks to disown it.

image is one of immediacy, of a life still present in the lives of those who remember—less a story from the past than a presence that is ongoing. Hayes's *Ricerche: four*, 2024, likewise investigates LBGTQIA+ history, but from an entirely different perspective. Rather than the formal pyrotechnics of Tourmaline, Hayes presents us with an intentionally "flat" documentary image, so as better to remove herself from the work and highlight the incredible lives of her subjects. *Ricerche: four* is the fourth installment in the artist's decade-long project of interviewing ordinary Americans about their personal and collective experiences of gender and sexuality. Presented on two monitors, with ample seating, the eighty minutes of conversations with LBGTQIA+ "elders"—though some are uneasy with the term—offer a breathtakingly colorful, unvarnished look into the lives of those who came out as early as the '50s, and of what they feel has and hasn't changed since then, both for them and for their extended families. It is a powerfully intimate portrait of ordinary people forced into extraordinary resilience and creativity while finding a path through a predominantly hostile culture.

If all the artists I have described struggle with the question of how to bring history into the present, it is Diane Severin Nguyen's provocative film installation *In Her Time (Iris's Version)*, 2023–24, that best encapsulates the contradictions and crosscurrents of negotiating history—especially traumatic history—in an age of ubiquitous algorithmic social media feeds and the newly performative nature of online culture. (Even the title suggests the collision of time spans and perspectives.) Its installation is, in many ways, the antithesis of Julien's *Once Again*: Whereas Julien's space is open and expansive, Nguyen's is tight and constrained, alternately cozy or claustrophobic, depending on your tolerance for crowded rooms. An overstuffed bed in the center occupies any potential ambulatory space. The gentle darkness of Julien's environment is here replaced by a red light and red curtains, which struck me as both cute and garish, and the historical patina and gravitas provided by his black-and-white imagery is supplanted by a single screen whose vibrant colors are nonetheless filtered through the red ambience. It is clearly intended as a dreamlike environment, in equal parts an extension of VanDerBeek's *Cine Dreams*, 1972, and the "Red Room" from David Lynch's *Twin Peaks*, 1990–91.

Though featuring a large cast of "extras," the roughly hourlong film focuses on an aspiring young actress, Iris (played by Li Meixian, herself an aspiring young actress), as she prepares for her first leading role in a major feature film: a historical reenactment of the Nanjing Massacre of 1937, in which Japanese troops seized Nanjing, then the capital of the Republic of China, killing more than 200,000 civilians and prisoners of war and raping more than 20,000 women. The unspeakable barbarity of this event is compounded by the fact that it remains relatively unknown to many in the Western world. Set in and alongside the massive Hengdian World Studios—one of the largest film studios in all of Asia, where approximately 70 percent of all Chinese films are shot—the film follows Iris as she travels to and from the various historical sets, rehearsing the searing, heartfelt lines of a character nothing like her. She repeats lines, mimics gestures, and, gradually, seems to undergo a transformation, embodying the weight of the history she is depicting. Or does she? What if the gravitas she gains is simply an act, a convincing performance that can help her establish her career? Nguyen's work might be seen as a parody of neorealism, even a mockumentary, if parts of it didn't feel so completely sincere about the era in which we are living. Hers is a prismatic history, a devastating reality shot through crystal and broken into pieces. It reveals a present unable to escape its trauma, even as it fervently seeks to disown it. It also highlights the emergence of a new generation that is already drowning in seas of audiovisual information—seas that it must learn to surf if it is to survive contemporary capitalism.

This generation will inherit a global culture in which moving-image art plays an increasingly important yet strangely ambivalent role. On the one hand, its durational quality can combine with its physical installation to offer a refuge from the displaced, frenetic landscape that email, social media, smartphones, and Zoom meetings have increasingly forced us to inhabit. On the other, moving-image material is now anywhere and everywhere, so moving-image installation can struggle for attention, or even risk reiterating the chaotic media landscape without clarification or critique. It may have been optimistic projection, but it seemed to me as if many of the spectators watching these works were grateful for the opportunity—or perhaps the license—to give over their undivided attention, their joy reflecting that which so many experienced in finally reentering those cinemas that had been closed during the Covid lockdown. But looking forward, the crisis of authority we are experiencing with regard to news and information will only further envelop the cultural sphere. As our "post-truth era" fully blossoms in the coming years—a result of both new technologies and newly empowered actors utilizing them in the service of strategic manipulation—artists may find that moving-image art has a strategic role to play in defining "authenticity," if they can find forms equal to the challenges we face. □

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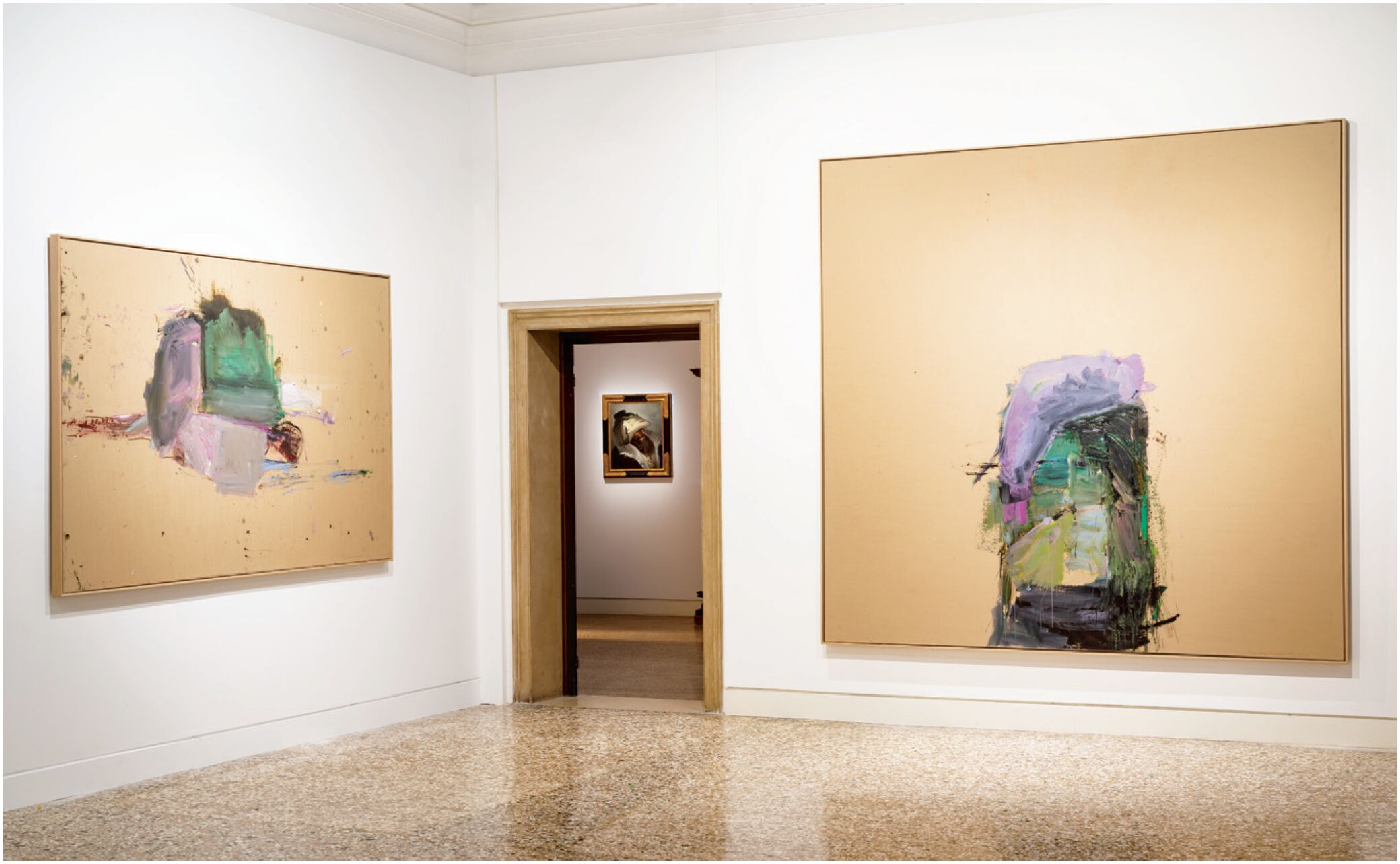
MARTHA JUNGWIRTH

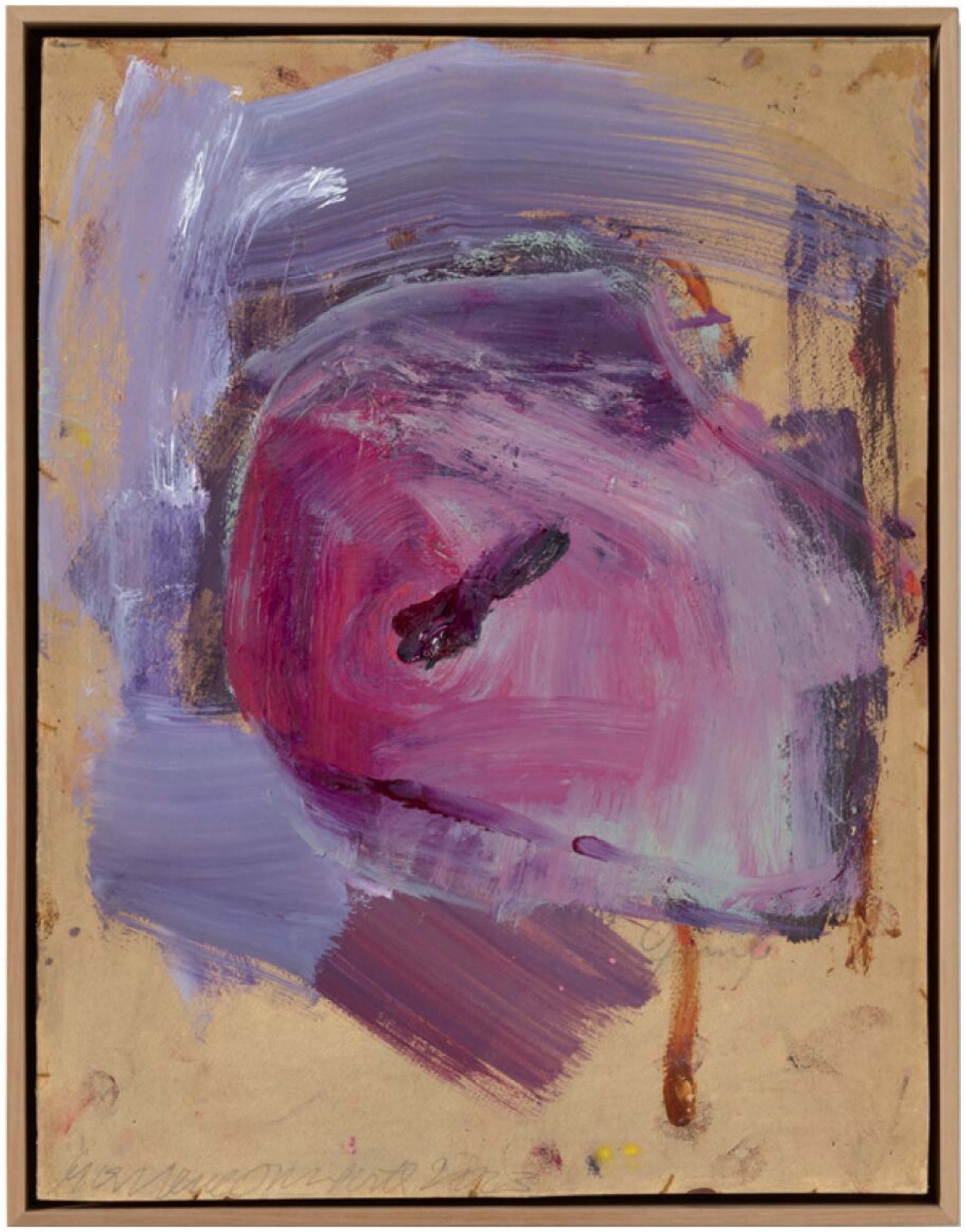
TALKS ABOUT HER PAINTING PROCESS



FOR OVER SIXTY YEARS, Martha Jungwirth has fashioned a distinctive painterly language that she once described as the liberatory opposite of “rigid, binding reality.” Born in 1940 in Vienna, where she still lives, she was the only woman member of *Wirklichkeiten* (Realities), a loose association of artists who took their name after an eponymous 1968 exhibition at the Vienna Secession curated by art historian, journalist, and museum director Otto Breicha. By the time works from her large-format, experimental “Indesit” series, ca. 1974–76. were being shown at Documenta 6 in 1977, her works had begun to recall big-city infrastructures, bodily systems, and even iterative computer diagrams. Since then, the body—more precisely, kinesis—has been the roving core of Jungwirth’s practice: “Painting starts from a concurrence of outward movement, bodily movement, and inward movement,” she wrote.

Jungwirth’s new paintings are being shown at Venice’s Galleria di Palazzo Cini through September 29. The exhibition, occupying the second floor of a palace overlooking the Canal Grande in the *sestiere* of Dorsoduro, comprises fifteen abstractions: a mix of oils on brown paper mounted on canvas, and oils on cardboard. The show’s setting is hardly neutral. The museum’s lower floor contains the home and some of the historic art collection of industrialist and arts patron Vittorio Cini (1885–1977), a promoter of Benito Mussolini who briefly served as the Fascist dictator’s minister of communications during the Second World War before resigning in 1943. In this light, the title of the show, “*Herz der Finsternis*” (Heart of Darkness), seems aptly ambiguous. I met Jungwirth at her exhibition, and we spoke by phone a week later from her studio in Vienna, as she was preparing for the June opening of her retrospective at the Guggenheim Bilbao.

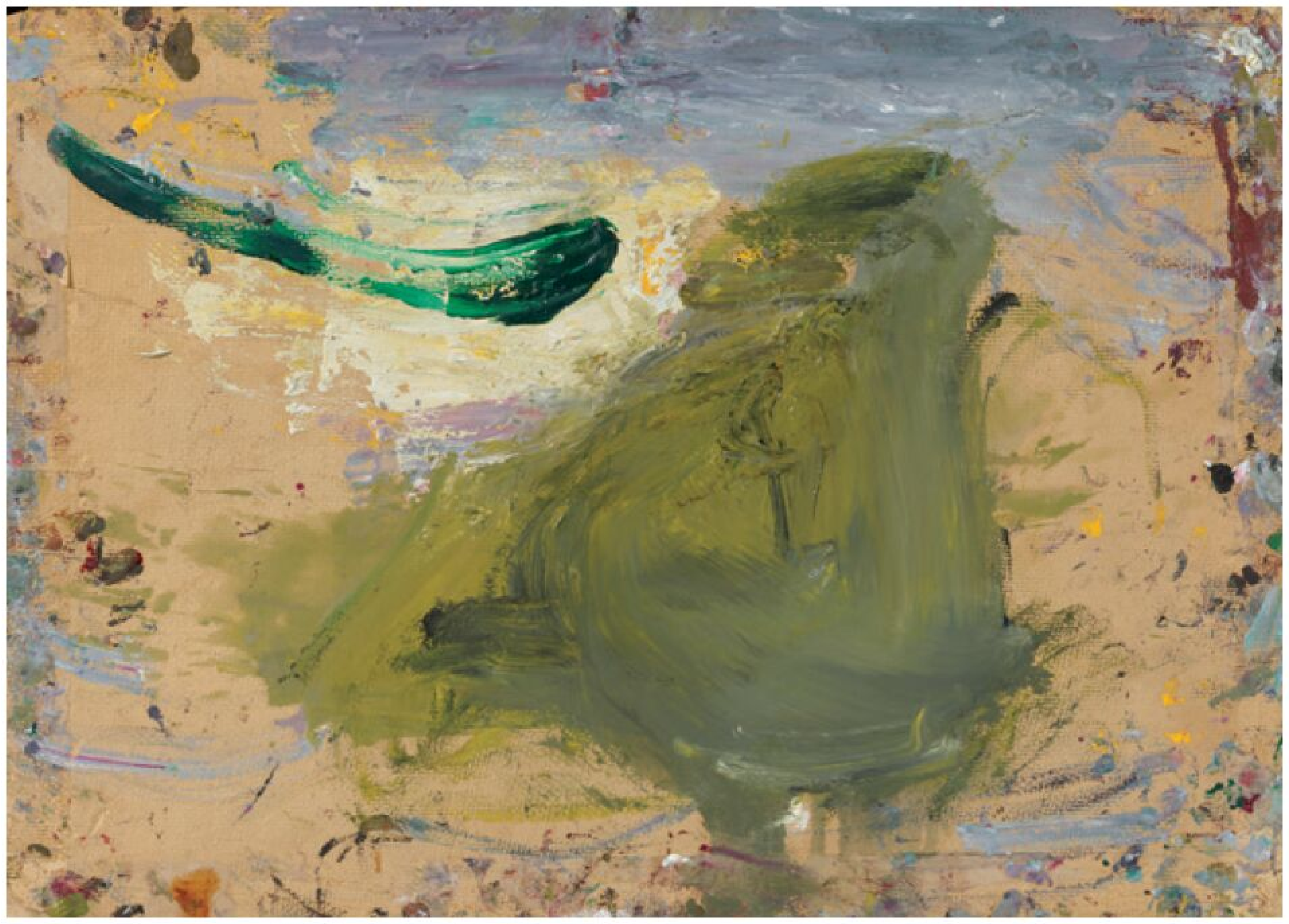
—*Kito Nedo*



Opposite page: **View of "Martha Jungwirth: *Herz der Finsternis*" (Heart of Darkness), 2024,** Galleria di Palazzo Cini, Venice. From left: *Ohne Titel (Kongo)* (Untitled [Congo]), 2023; *Ohne Titel (Das Bündel I)* (Untitled [The Bundle I]), 2023. Photo: Matteo Losurdo.

Above: **Martha Jungwirth, *Untitled*, 2023,** oil on cardboard, 16¾ × 13".

Below: **Martha Jungwirth, *Affe* (Ape), 2022,** oil on cardboard, 19½ × 27⅛".



PAINTING, FOR ME, IS ABOUT TENSION. I often work from my recollection of a motif. It takes time to arrive at an interesting tension and the right constellation of fields. Sometimes it's spontaneous, other times I need to rework it. It's all about the motif and process.

Paper is a sensual material. Smooth or rough, its tactile quality often resembles skin. I began with watercolors, and I've only ever painted on paper, which is still my preferred ground. I try things out to determine which paper is best suited to what I am trying to achieve: packing paper, handmade paper, paper that's been used or written on. I like a very fine handmade paper from India that's available in large formats. I've also painted on pages from old account books. They're coated in some sort of glue laminate, so the paint dries extremely slowly. As a result, the color lies perfectly still, with all the nuances and little watercolor edges that I want.

It's hard to describe how a picture comes into being. Before I start, I apply a very thin layer of primer. Without this, the paint would bleed out, and the picture would look like a drowned piece of blotting paper. The mark must stand for itself, sit on the surface, and form an edge. That's important, since the blotches operate relative to and against one another.

This process can be spontaneous or controlled, fluid or halting. Chance is important. When I get stuck, I look at the first blotch, and everything develops from there. Then there's another mark; I grow more hesitant. I have to bring it back under control. Sometimes the blotches accumulate, as though in a cascade. On a good day, it's just one after another. Other times, I'll stand in front of the work and try to place the next intelligent mark. Back in the day, I would crawl around on the floor to paint my watercolors, but I can't do that anymore. Now I work on the wall and at the table. I have a hard time bending down.

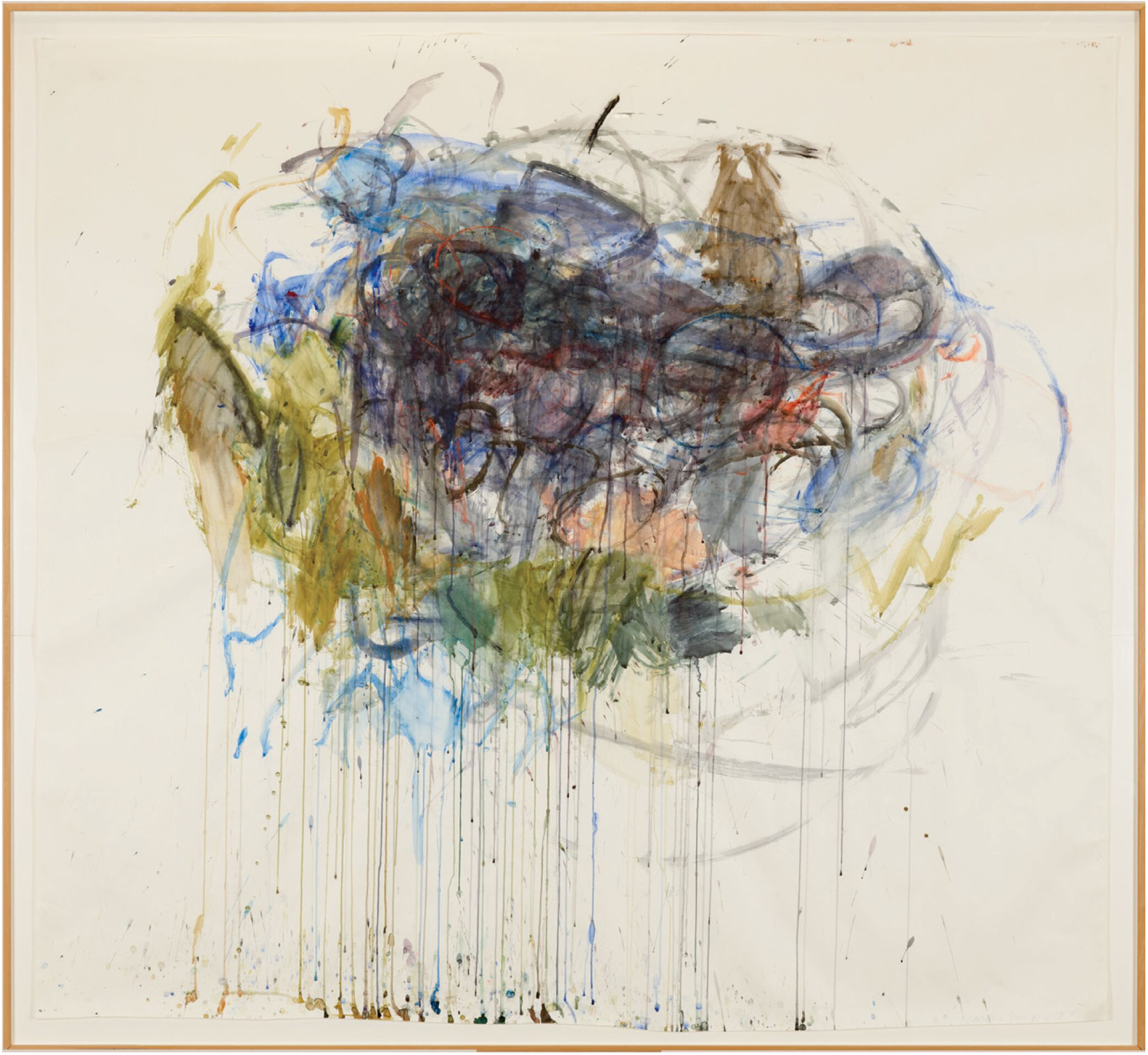
I've always hated how people sneer at watercolors. A widely held view was that it's something for amateurs. Thank God I saw examples by J. M. W. Turner early on that showed me how amazing a watercolor can be. The medium was my point of departure and stimulus: What could I do with it? Someone needed to bring watercolor out of its corner.

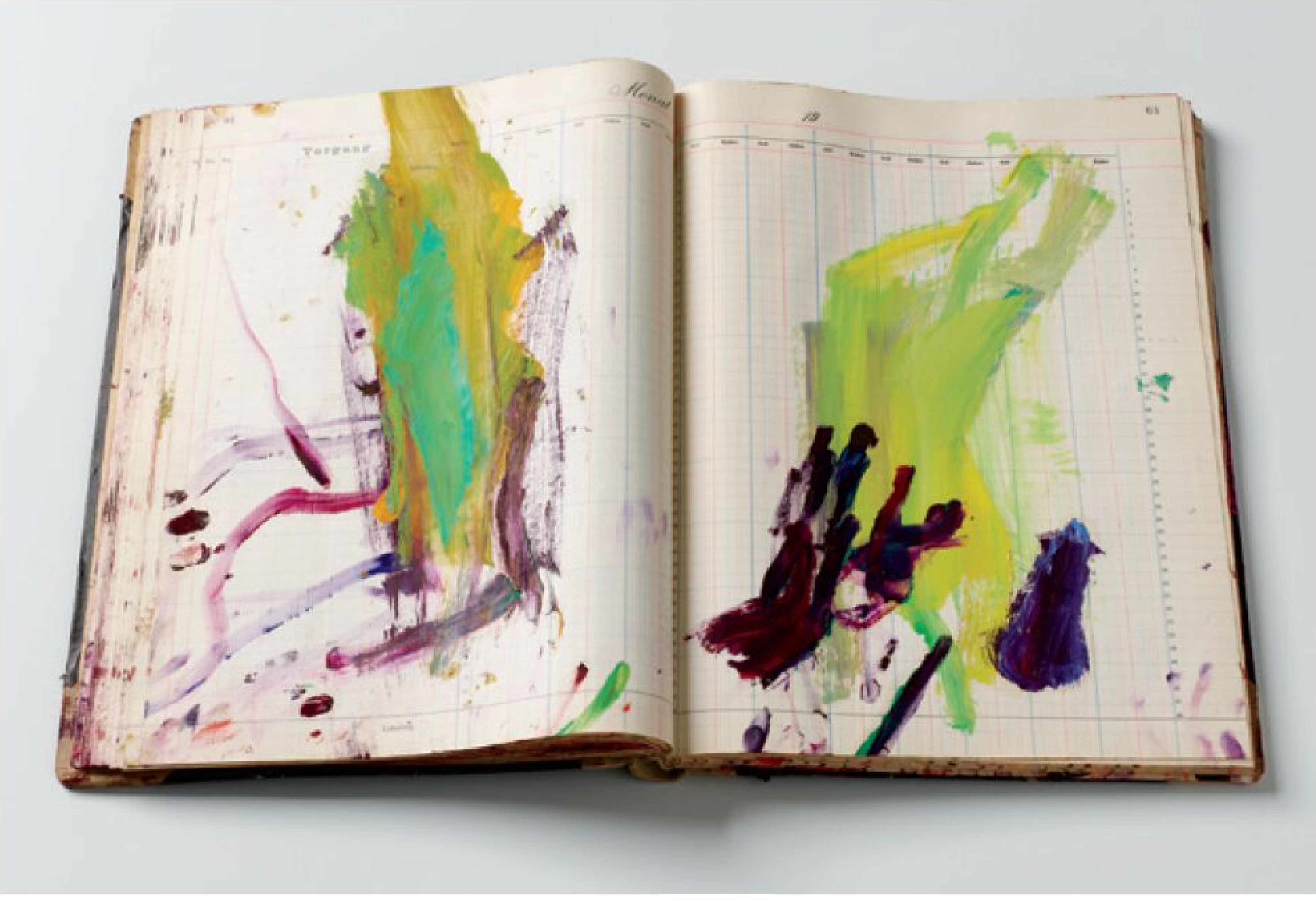
Watercolor is still my main mode. But working in oil, too, is a pleasure. I sometimes use highly diluted oils. I also love the consistency of thick oil paints—gorgeous, juicy stuff you can just daub on. That contrast is also a sensory stimulus that I cherish. It's wonderful when the studio smells of turpentine. On some level I do see myself as working in the classical tradition of painting in these media, even if, unlike the old masters, I "only" paint on paper. Acrylic, by contrast, is so vulgar. You can't even paint park benches with it.

Sometimes things stall. You work and nothing happens. You realize how you're blocked, the movement, the idea. I try to undercut this barren state by working on smaller things, where I can be more spontaneous. It's a kind of interrelationship. When I'm preoccupied with a theme or I'm interested in certain constellations of colors, I don't want to have any gaps. That's why I sometimes switch formats. The smaller formats function like handholds that keep the process moving without interruption.

There are frugal artists who make do with five cans of paint. That's not my way. The nuance of color is all I'm about. I love having lots of tubes in the studio. The whole place is crammed. I love this profusion, where there's stuff I can grab everywhere. And I love an abundance of colors, nuances. "*Gefühlsfarben*," or "feeling-colors," for me, are hues from the red, pink, and purple range. It's like with a child that always reaches for something he's especially fond of. Though I also discipline myself and work in other colors so things don't get monotonous.

Choice of brush is important, obviously. For watercolors, I use sable-hair. The elastic bristles retain paint and water especially well, letting you work fluidly without the brush drying up. A cheap brush quickly turns hard like a hog's bristle. With oil, it doesn't really matter, though. I buy these nondescript ready-made paintbrushes, wide ones for quick movements. I also don't rinse them out any-



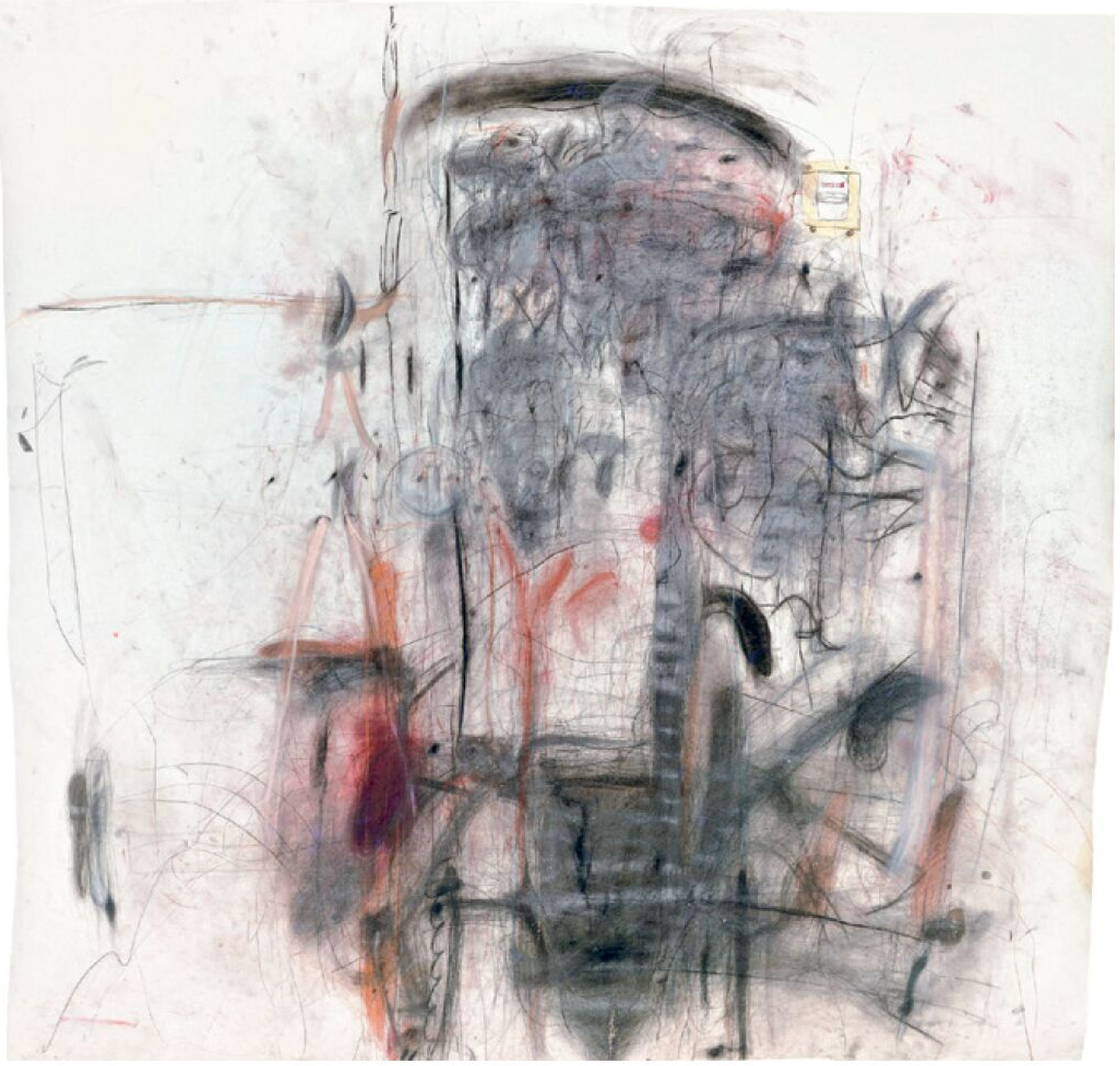


Opposite page: **Martha Jungwirth, *Untitled*, 1993,** watercolor on paper, 74¾ × 82⅝".

Above: **Martha Jungwirth, *Malbuch* (Artist Book), 2020s,** oil on ledger pages, 19¾ × 29⅛".

Right: **Martha Jungwirth, *Eck mit Sicherungen* (Corner with Fuses), 1974,** pencil and pastel on paper, 58⅝ × 63⅜". From the series "Indesit," ca. 1974–76.

Below: **Martha Jungwirth's studio, Vienna, 2024.** Photo: Lisa Rastl.



Geisteswissenschaften
Wie formbar unsere Körper sind
Literatur und Sachbuch
Books
Old world order

There are frugal artists who make do with five cans of paint. That's not my way. I'm all about the nuance of color.

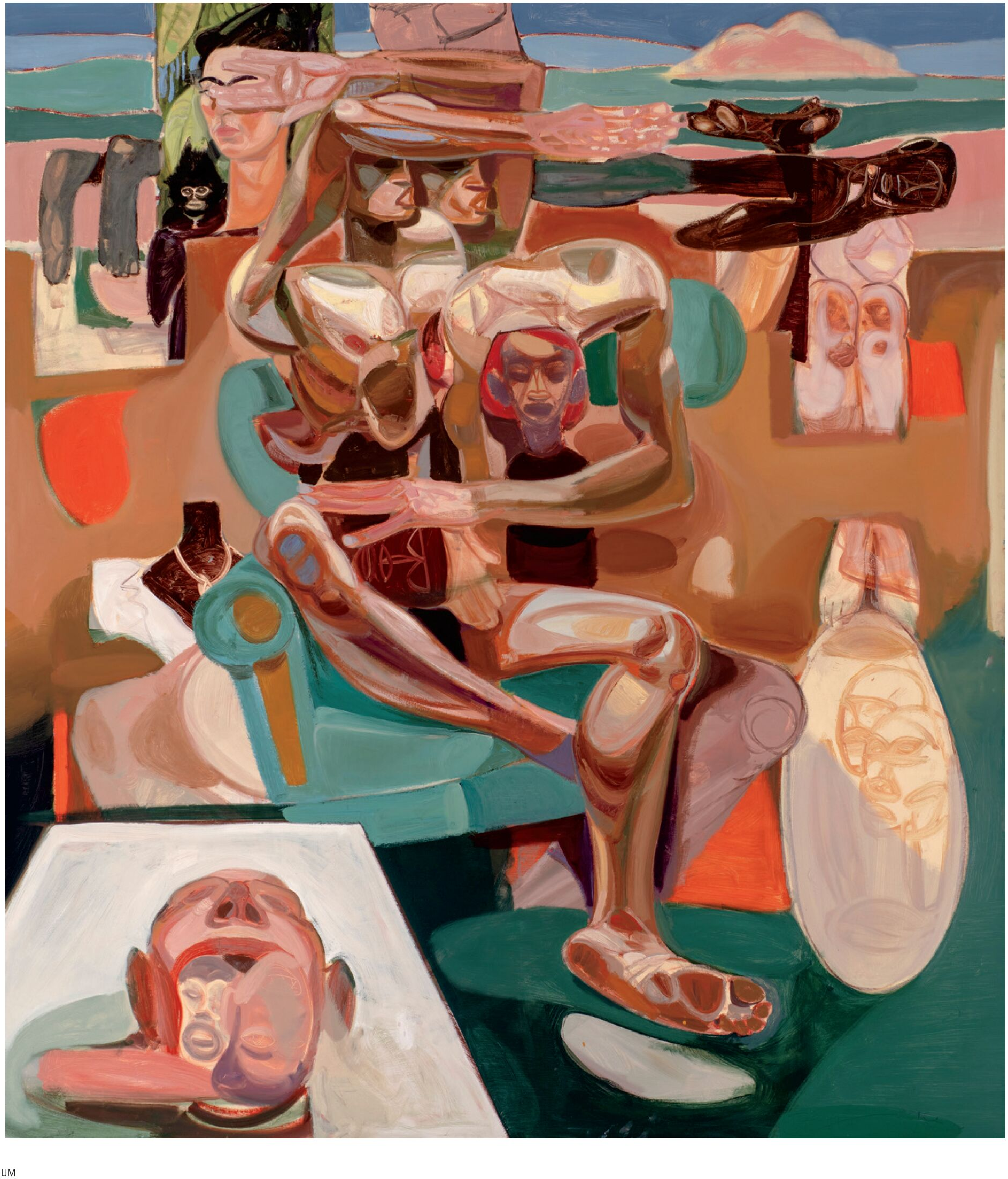
more, it's too strenuous. So I throw them out and buy new ones. It doesn't make a difference.

I'm very interested in other artists, and I often see exhibitions and travel. You're a different person away from home. I first went to New York in the mid-1970s. The whole city, the atmosphere, everything was different than in Europe. I wandered through the museums with my husband for hours. The Museum of Modern Art had a Ludwig Mies van der Rohe show at the time, "Five Projects": drawings of skyscraper designs. Back in Vienna, I thought, "I have to do something with the skyscrapers, the drawings, that impression." I opened my dishwasher, knelt down on the floor in front of it, and started drawing. That's how I came to make the "Indesit" series of drawings between 1974 and 1976. Three large-format drawings from the series were shown at Documenta 6 in Kassel the following year.

My art is like a diary, seismographic. My state of mind plays a big role. Am I energized, tired, or distraught? That's all in there. When I'm euphoric, when I'm sad, when I'm angry, that's when I'm at my best, painting. Now, I'm not as angry as I used to be. I'm older now. The more you know, the more cerebral you get. Not a bad thing, but you have to break it up again. You have to get back into the old cerebrums, break up the old patterns. Well, how do you do that? There's the rub. You essentially start from scratch every day. ☐

As told to Kito Nedo

Translated from German by Gerrit Jackson.



Tesfaye Urgessa, ***The Strange Host*****, 2022**, oil on canvas, 90½ × 78¾". Opposite page: **Frida Kahlo**, ***Self-Portrait with Monkey*****, 1938**, oil on Masonite, 16 × 12".

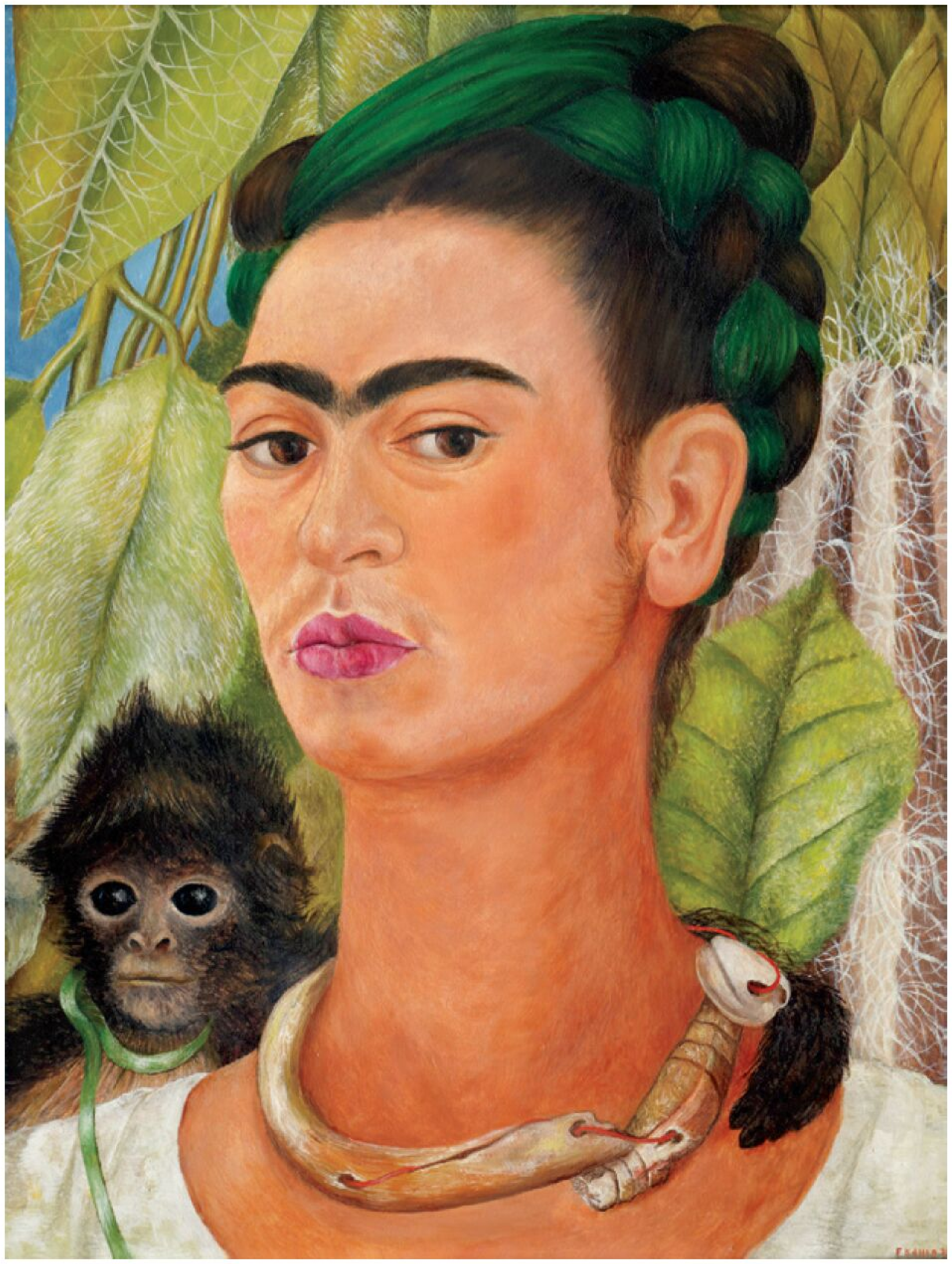
CLOSE-UP

EYE TO EYE

DAVIDA FERNÁNDEZ-BARKAN ON TESFAYE URGESSA'S *STRANGE HOST*, 2022

WHAT INITIALLY CAUGHT MY EYE upon entering the classroom turned gallery currently dedicated to the work of Tesfaye Urgessa at the Rubell Museum in Washington, DC, was a depiction of Frida Kahlo: a quotation of her 1938 *Self-Portrait with Monkey* in the upper left corner of his painting *The Strange Host*, 2022. Urgessa covers her eyes with the long fingers of a hand originating in the center of the canvas. Kahlo painted *Self-Portrait with Monkey* the same year she met André Breton, who promptly promoted her as a Surrealist, despite Kahlo's resistance to the label. Urgessa, for his part, would seem in *The Strange Host* to directly engage with the Surrealists of a century ago: their fascination with dreams, their commitment to automatic creation, their mining of the unconscious.

Kahlo's are not the only eyes occluded in this work. Throughout the painting, eyes are angled away from us, or barely articulated by the artist's fluid brushstrokes. Eyes are averted in the case of what appear to be two Benin bronze statues just next to Kahlo's face; they are removed from the disembodied head on an examination table in the left foreground; and they are rendered as smears on the faces of the bearded figure and his companion we encounter in a small window on the right. The painting's optical refusal (in terms of both content and form) suggests the childhood fear of losing one's eyes—a misplaced fear of castration, of course—that Sigmund Freud discusses as a repressed anxiety that the adult experiences as *uncanny*. The only gaze in the painting that meets ours belongs to Kahlo's spider monkey Fulang-Chang, a faithful primate friend, or perhaps a primal id reflected back to us.

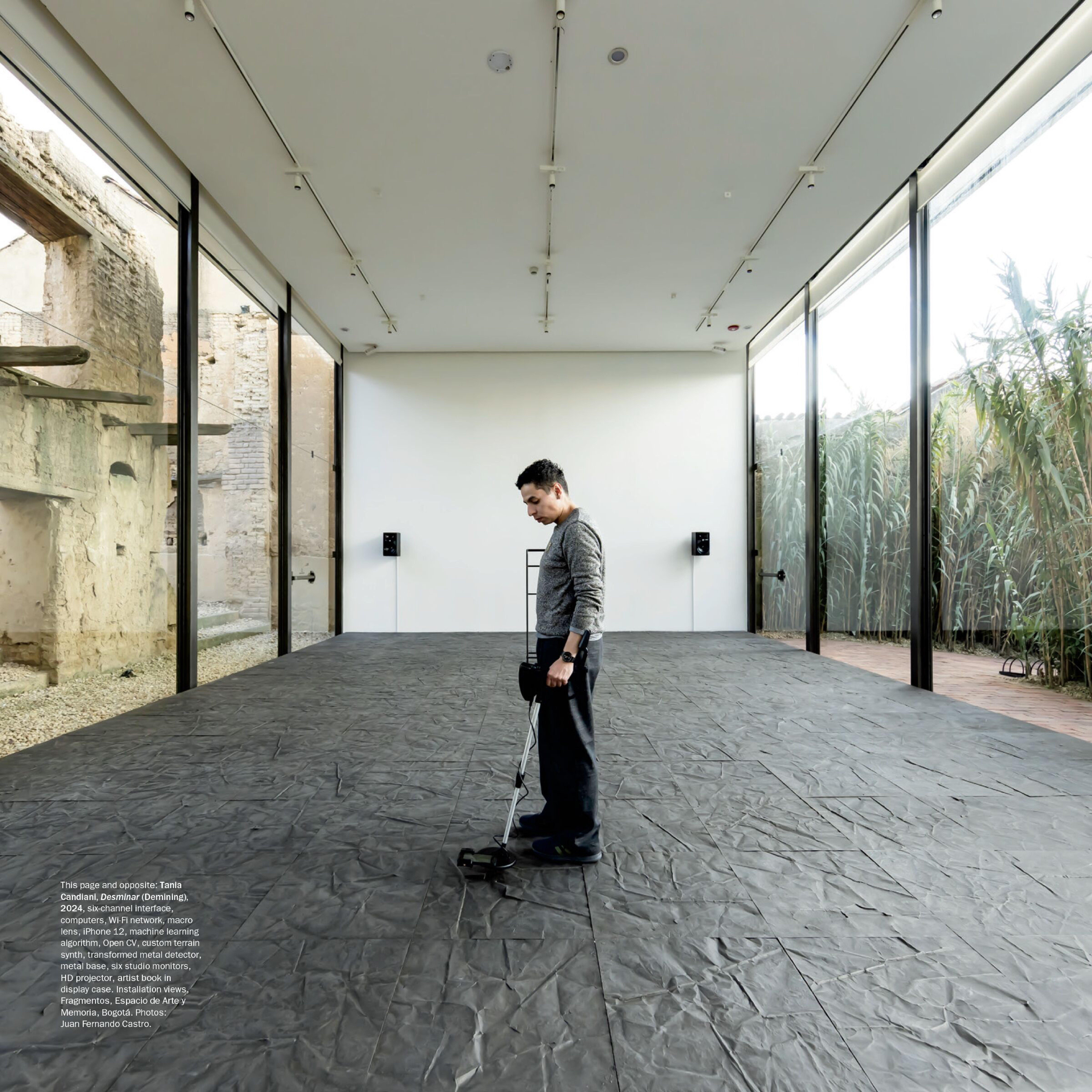


A theory: Urgessa's picture materializes the dreams of the figure stretched across the canvas's background. We've caught him, eyes closed, chin in hand, and possibly a stand-in for the artist, on a visit to his analyst, referenced here as a blank slate seated in the cushioned chair in the center of the canvas—a nothing onto which he projects his memories and fears. The two human legs Urgessa has built up with layered strips of color give way to a morass of faces, hands, and shapes where a torso and head should sit. Is it a Central African mask that one hand pushes into a calf muscle? Is there another knee to the right of the chair, bent and echoing that of the seated figure? Each attempt to describe Urgessa's painting is an excavation that gives way to additional unknowns.

The collage-like fragments in Urgessa's painting—an African statue here, a mannequin head there—raise the specter of the Surrealists' Freudian half-siblings, those adherents to the anti-philosophy of dada. Hannah Höch's photomontage series "From an Ethnographic Museum" (ca. 1924–30) is particularly relevant. Höch, a citizen of Urgessa's once-adopted Germany, where the Ethiopian artist lived from 2009 to 2022 (he has since returned to Addis Ababa), credited her decision to use African imagery to her experience at the Rijks Ethnographisch Museum in Leiden, the Netherlands. At that time, those in Urgessa's native Ethiopia were already drawing inspiration from European sources: Around the turn of the century, in an attempt to build the nation and defend against colonization, Emperor Menelik II began sending Ethiopians to study in Europe, charging them with bringing what they learned back home. The career of artist Gebre Kristos Desta, who received a government scholarship to study in Germany in 1957 and is credited as a founder of modern art in Ethiopia, was a continuation of this decades-long norm. Modern European art, then, is as much Urgessa's cultural inheritance as is the ecclesiastical wall painting in the Rock-Hewn Churches of Ethiopia. It is an inheritance that also includes the socialist realism his teacher—and Desta's student—Tadesse Mesfin learned while in Leningrad during the Soviet-style Derg regime that ruled Ethiopia from the mid-1970s to the early '90s. This was the brutal period that led to mass emigration from the East African nation and gave rise to the US capital's robust Ethiopian community. One hopes that many from this community will see Urgessa's mesmerizing work at the Rubell.

Bigger crowds will no doubt view Urgessa's paintings this year at Ethiopia's first-ever national pavilion at the Venice Biennale, that international celebration of art and exchange. Now, as in the '30s, when Höch and Kahlo were working, the artistic landscape is intercultural and identities complex—Kahlo, living in a post-revolutionary Mexico with Indigenous, Spanish, and German roots, understood this better than most. To grapple with today's works of art is to consult not with a single ethnic or national tradition (if we can even speak of such a thing), but with a constellation of concerns as diverse and strange as the artists who create them. ☐

DAVIDA FERNÁNDEZ-BARKAN WILL BEGIN WORK AS A TEACHING ASSISTANT PROFESSOR OF ART AT THE UNIVERSITY OF ARKANSAS THIS FALL.

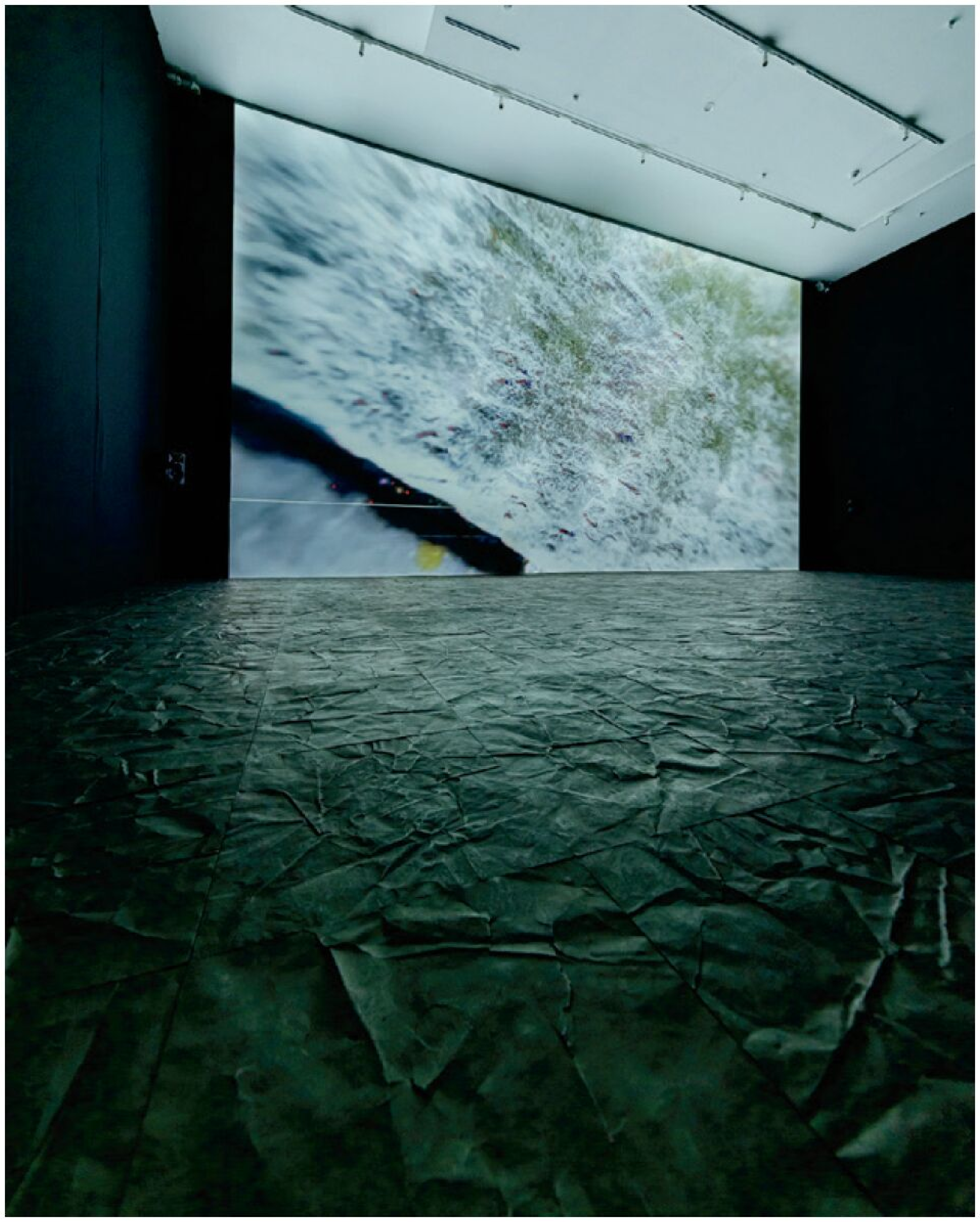


This page and opposite: **Tania Candiani, *Desminar* (Demining), 2024**, six-channel interface, computers, Wi-Fi network, macro lens, iPhone 12, machine learning algorithm, Open CV, custom terrain synth, transformed metal detector, metal base, six studio monitors, HD projector, artist book in display case. Installation views, Fragmentos, Espacio de Arte y Memoria, Bogotá. Photos: Juan Fernando Castro.

CLOSE-UP

PROWLING THE PAVEMENT

EUGENIO VIOLA ON TANIA CANDIANI'S *DESMINAR* (DEMINING), 2024



***DESMINAR* (DEMINING), 2024**, is an immersive artwork by Mexican artist Tania Candiani, curated by Gabriela Rangel. It directly reacts to its site, Bogotá's Fragmentos, Espacio de Arte y Memoria. This "space of art and memory," opened by Doris Salcedo in 2018, is a "counter-monument" to decades of armed conflict in Colombia. The floor of the space is made out of arms melted down after being given up by FARC-EP guerrillas following the signing of the 2016 peace agreement with the Colombian government. Salcedo worked with women who'd survived sexual abuse during the years of fighting to hand-beat the molten metal.

The title *Desminar* holds particular significance in Colombia, a country deeply scarred by antipersonnel mines (APMs). After six decades of conflict, the country had the second-highest number of APM victims globally, following Afghanistan. *Desminar* therefore suggests a healing process after decades of civil war. The work is unique in that it engages with Fragmentos's floor as a living territory, almost like an epidermis. Candiani has repurposed a real mine detector into a participatory sculpture that viewers can use to scan and record the floor, generating audiovisual data that is projected in an adjoining space.

Using a specially developed artificial intelligence program, the apparatus translates the captured stimuli into sound while projecting magnified images of the floor in a monumentally scaled video installation. The video, generated in real time as visitors move the mine detector around, metaphorically gives voice to the unspeakable, advocating for truth, memory, justice, and reconciliation. Sound, long a pivotal element in Candiani's artistic practice, assumes a distinct role in the installation, inviting the audience to reflect on the enduring impact of both violence and the collective practices meant to heal its wounds—imperfections, uneven surfaces, and protuberances. Little by little, the machine isolates, frames, and catalogues every portion of the floor. And every time it returns to an area it has already scanned, the program's understanding sharpens and it recognizes new details.

This transformative process is not just a technological operation but a profound reimagining of the materials.

Candiani has employed this mine detector before, in her hometown of Mexico City, in the Plaza de las Tres Culturas, and here in Bogotá video recordings from these activations, reread by the AI to generate new audio, are displayed whenever the device is not being used for real-time interactions with Fragmentos. The "Three Cultures" are the main periods of Mexican history reflected by the buildings in the square: Mesoamerican, Spanish colonial, and the independent modern nation. The square itself has been marked by violence throughout its history, from colonial times to the massacre of the so-called Tlatelolco student movement that took place there in 1968. This is the intimate reason why these two places' sound and visual recordings blend. At the Plaza de las Tres Culturas, Candiani used the deminer on three different surfaces: the volcanic stone of the Aztec pyramid converted into the Catholic church, quarry stone, and marble. Even in this case, the machine's algorithm continues to learn. As the projection continues, it reviews what was recorded and processes the repertoire again. This reprocessing accounts for the little squares and coordinates that appear on these images, as in a navigation system.

Desminar records and projects the annihilating matter of Fragmentos's floor and the different surfaces that make up the brutal history connected to the Tres Culturas pavement as interpreted by an artificial intelligence program. This transformative process is not just a technological operation, but a profound reimagining of the materials. The three types of stones examined in Mexico City, for instance, decompose their stable form and return to a magmatic state of fusion. This transformative revisitation of elements that keep a silent memory of human life also shows the brightness and shadows encompassing cities such as Bogotá and Mexico City, suspended between their colonial past and their present as capitals ravaged by violence. □

EUGENIO VIOLA IS THE ARTISTIC DIRECTOR AT THE BOGOTÁ MUSEUM OF MODERN ART (MAMBO).

CLOSE-UP

SCHOOL OF ROCK

PERCY ZVOMUYA ON SYLVESTER MUBAYI'S *GREAT SPIRIT*, 1973

Below: **Sylvester Mubayi, *The Great Spirit*, 1973,** serpentine stone. Installation view, National Gallery of Zimbabwe, Harare, 2024. Photo: Nicole du Preez.

Opposite page, left: **Sylvester Mubayi carving, Nyanga, Zimbabwe, 1972.** Photo: A. Allen.

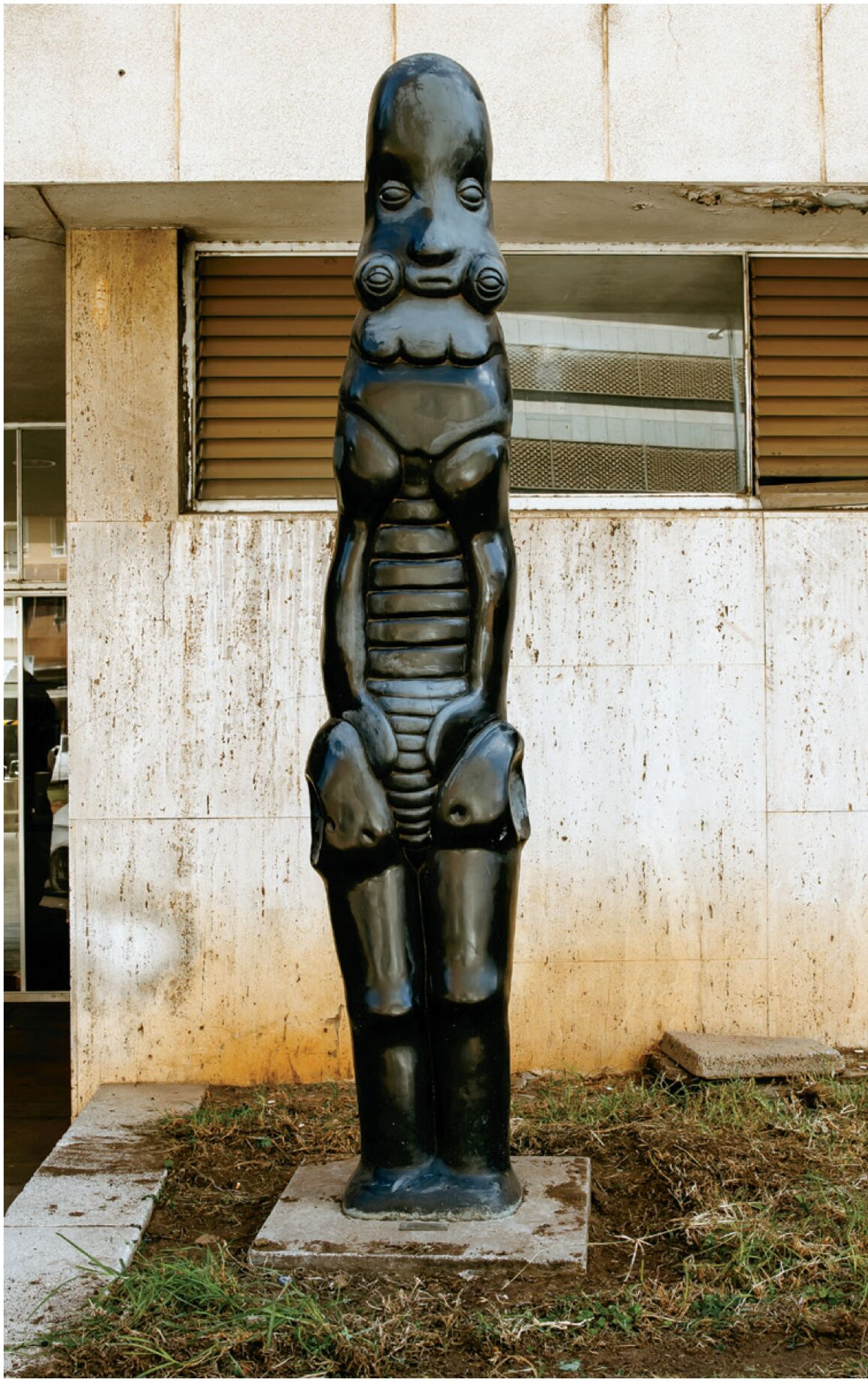
Opposite page, right: **Josiah Manzi, *Mfiti Woman and Snake*, 1990,** black serpentine stone. Installation view, Central Pavilion, Giardini, Venice, 2024. From the 60th Venice Biennale. Photo: Matteo de Mayda.

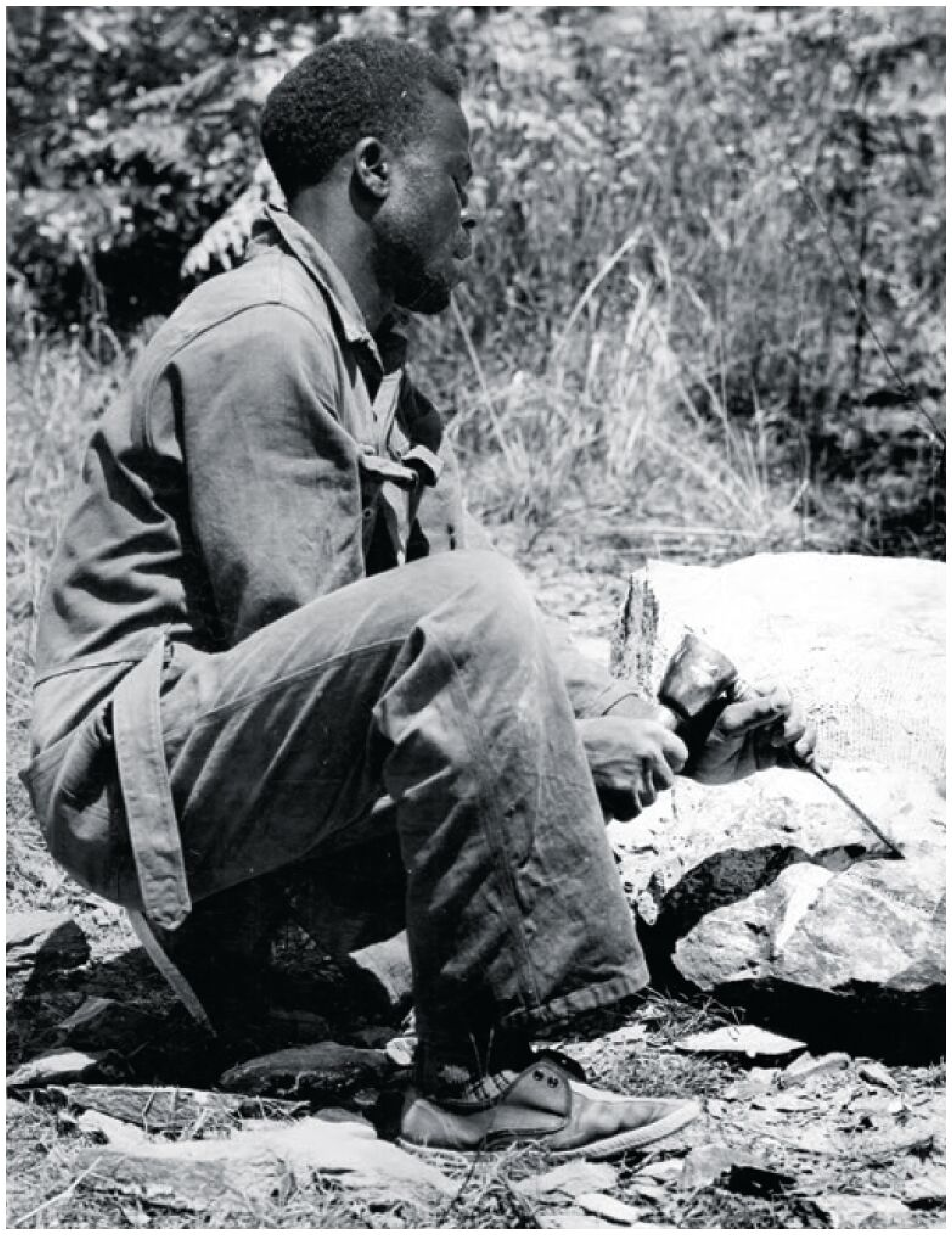
OUTSIDE THE ENTRANCE to the National Gallery of Zimbabwe—a squat, airy, sun-sponging edifice in Harare designed by Montgomerie and Oldfield, students of Le Corbusier—stands a stone sculpture by Sylvester Mubayi. Over six feet tall, the dome-headed, four-eyed, slit-mouthed *Great Spirit*, 1973, watches over the sinuous Julius Nyerere Way. The stone bouncer observes passersby on the busy throughfare, but the pedestrians also look back. In a country in which art remains inaccessible to the majority, and galleries are the preserve of the small middle class and diplomatic set, the giant is public art.

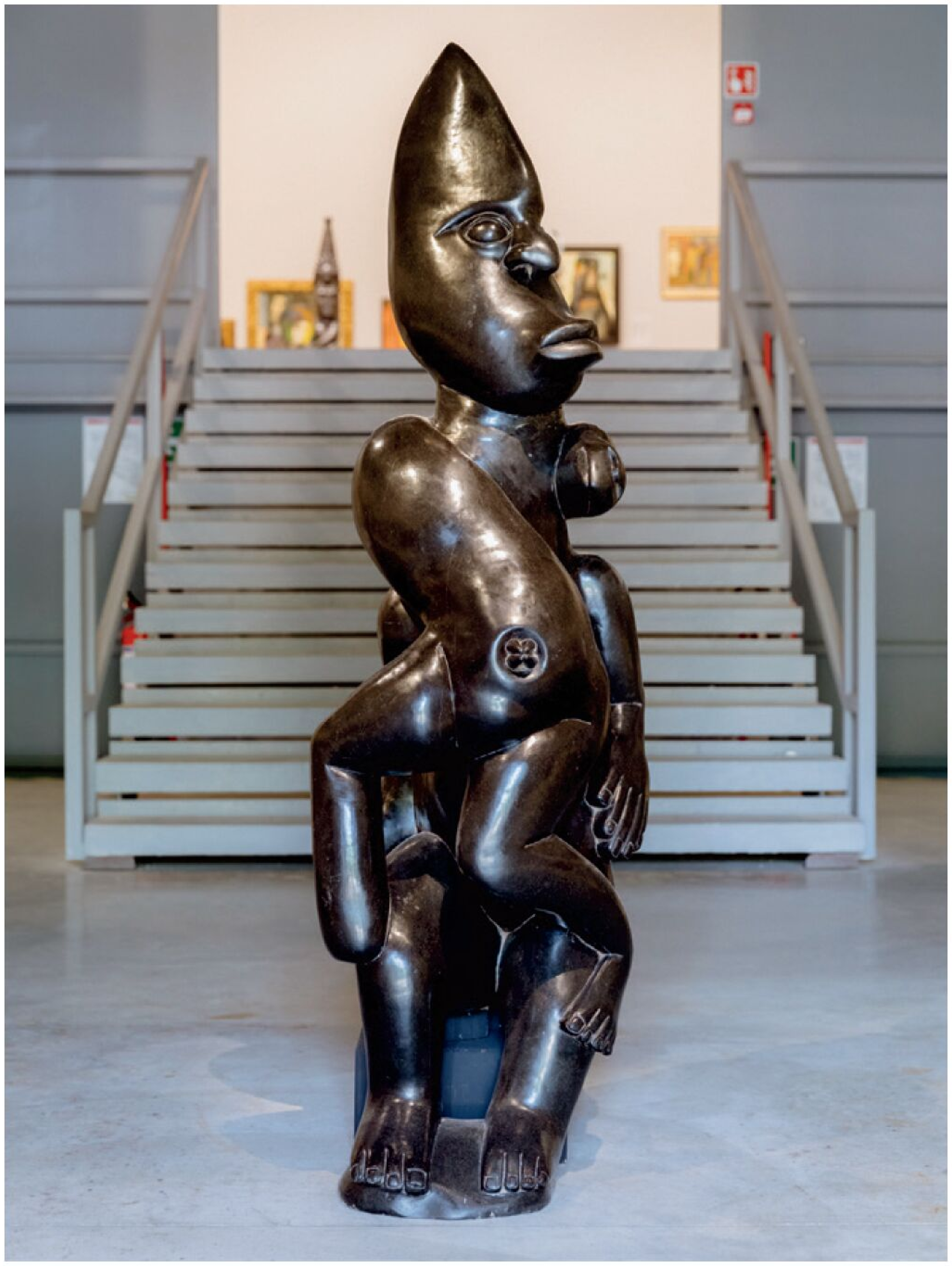
Mubayi died in 2022 at the age of eighty. He was among the last remaining sculptors who had adopted the medium of stone in the late 1950s and early '60s and helped form what's often called the first generation of the Zimbabwe stone sculpture movement. Mubayi, who represented Zimbabwe at the Venice Biennale in 2017, was famous for his anthropomorphic figures straddling this and the netherworld, neither quite human nor animal—just like *The Great Spirit*, with four eyes and ripped torso, ribs exposed.

Carved out of dark serpentine, *The Great Spirit* was acquired in 1973 by the National Gallery of Rhodesia, formerly known as the Rhodes National Gallery (named after the British imperialist Cecil John Rhodes). By that point Mubayi was thirty-one and accomplished at his craft. Serpentine was not his favorite stone, he told me in an interview in 2016, his preference being verdite. "Serpentine, while beautiful, is sensitive to weather changes. It will embarrass you. It will crack [in cold winters]." Just as well it was sited locally, in the tropics, and not in the West, where his work was finding its way into prestigious collections. That year, the National Gallery purchased three works each by Moses Masaya, Nicholas Mukomberanwa, Joseph Ndandarika, and John Takawira. From Mubayi, they acquired nine: a testament to his prodigious output and to how well-regarded his works had become.

The year 1973 was also, in many ways, the end of an era. Frank McEwen, the gallery's founding director, retired after seventeen years. The Briton had arrived in Salisbury (now Harare) in 1957 to direct the still half-finished gallery after leaving France, where he had studied at the Sorbonne. In Paris, he had worked as a painter and critic and had befriended Constantin Brâncuși, Georges Braque, Henry Moore, Pablo Picasso, Graham Sutherland, and the art historian Georges Salles. When he got to Salisbury, McEwen set up a workshop school, encouraged local artists, and promoted and marketed stone art. But more credit should go to Joram Mariga, who one auspicious day, without any prior schooling, found a soapstone and started carving the soft, tactile rock. He took the resulting sculpture to the gallery to show McEwen. Although stone sculpture had been practiced before colonialism, it had long fallen out of fashion or been abandoned. For the men and women of the stone sculpture movement who picked up the medium a few centuries later, it was a rediscovery of sorts: They were (re)inventors of a tradition. Right at the beginning, when the rock lay without form across the plateau between the Rivers Limpopo and Zambezi, someone chiseled it, giving it shape. Sometimes, Mariga,







Mubayi was famous for his figures straddling this and the netherworld, neither human nor animal.

Mubayi, and their contemporaries ascribed mystical and religious properties to stone—properties that had never existed or, if they had, were long forgotten.

"What is this?" people asked, balking at the dust and grime. "This is dirty work." But when they saw the artists' financial success (despite exploitation by the gallery and collectors), watching them buy cattle and cars, people started to take them seriously. "So more and more people, including young people, started to join us," Mubayi told me. A tradition was reborn. Indeed, the bird on the country's flag is derived from carved soapstone fish eagles found in the ruins of the medieval city of Great Zimbabwe (near the city of Masvingo), after which, in 1980, the country was renamed.

Stone sculpting was not only something for locals or for the Shona majority ethnic group (sometimes the movement is called Shona stone art). In the 1940s and '50s, when migrants arrived from Nyasaland (now Malawi) and Mozambique to work in the mines and on farms, some of them picked up the chisel and the mallet. Tengenenge, one place where migrants found work in northern Zimbabwe, became a key node in the sculpture movement. Mubayi used to interact with these migrant artists and would almost certainly have met Josiah Manzi, then based at Tengenenge, who arrived from Malawi and is now showing work at the 2024 Venice Biennale (like Mubayi, he died in 2022).

Although Mubayi preferred sculpting hard stone, he was wary of brute, mechanical force. "With some of these young people, they start off with the grinder. But the art won't come out that way because the grinder cannot shape better than the hand," he said, rebuking the teams who churn out what's sometimes called airport art—tasteless, formulaic stones produced in the hundreds for curio shops.

Occupying the sentry's vantage point, *The Great Spirit* with his four eyes ogles and considers the traffic on the road below, and watches visitors enter the museum. I doubt airport art can escape his gaze and make its way into the gallery. □

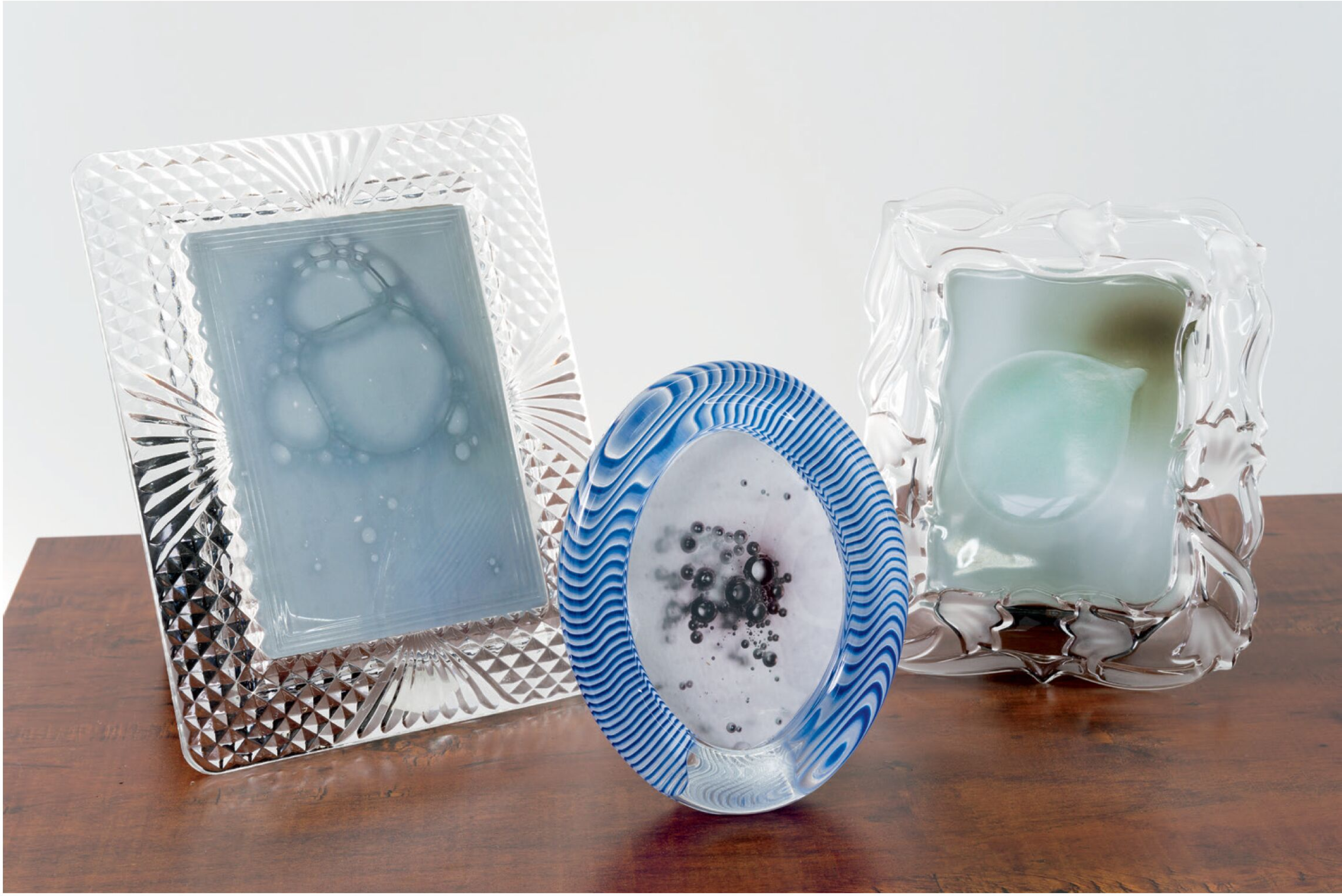
PERCY ZVOMUYA IS AN AFRICAN WRITER AND CRITIC WHO HAS WRITTEN FOR *CHIMURENGA*, *THE GUARDIAN*, *MAIL & GUARDIAN*, AND THE *LONDON REVIEW OF BOOKS* BLOG. IN 2023 HE WAS THE GUEST EDITOR OF AN EDITION OF *INTERNAZIONALE* FOCUSING ON SOUTH AFRICAN FICTION. HE IS THE EDITOR AND PUBLISHER OF THE PAN-AFRICAN LITERARY MAGAZINE *WHEN THREE SEVENS CLASH*.

OPENINGS

HÉLÈNE FAUQUET

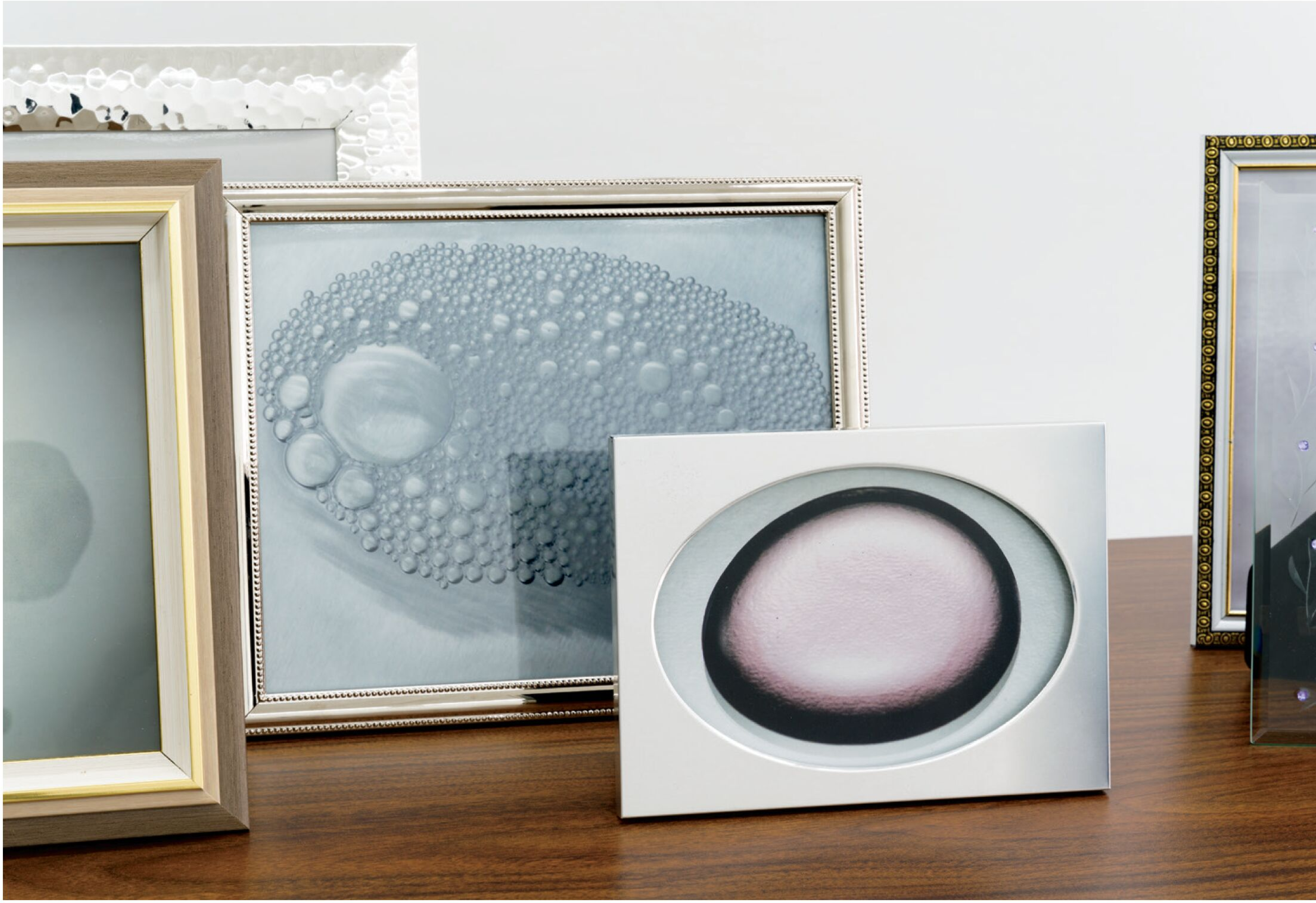
JENNY WU

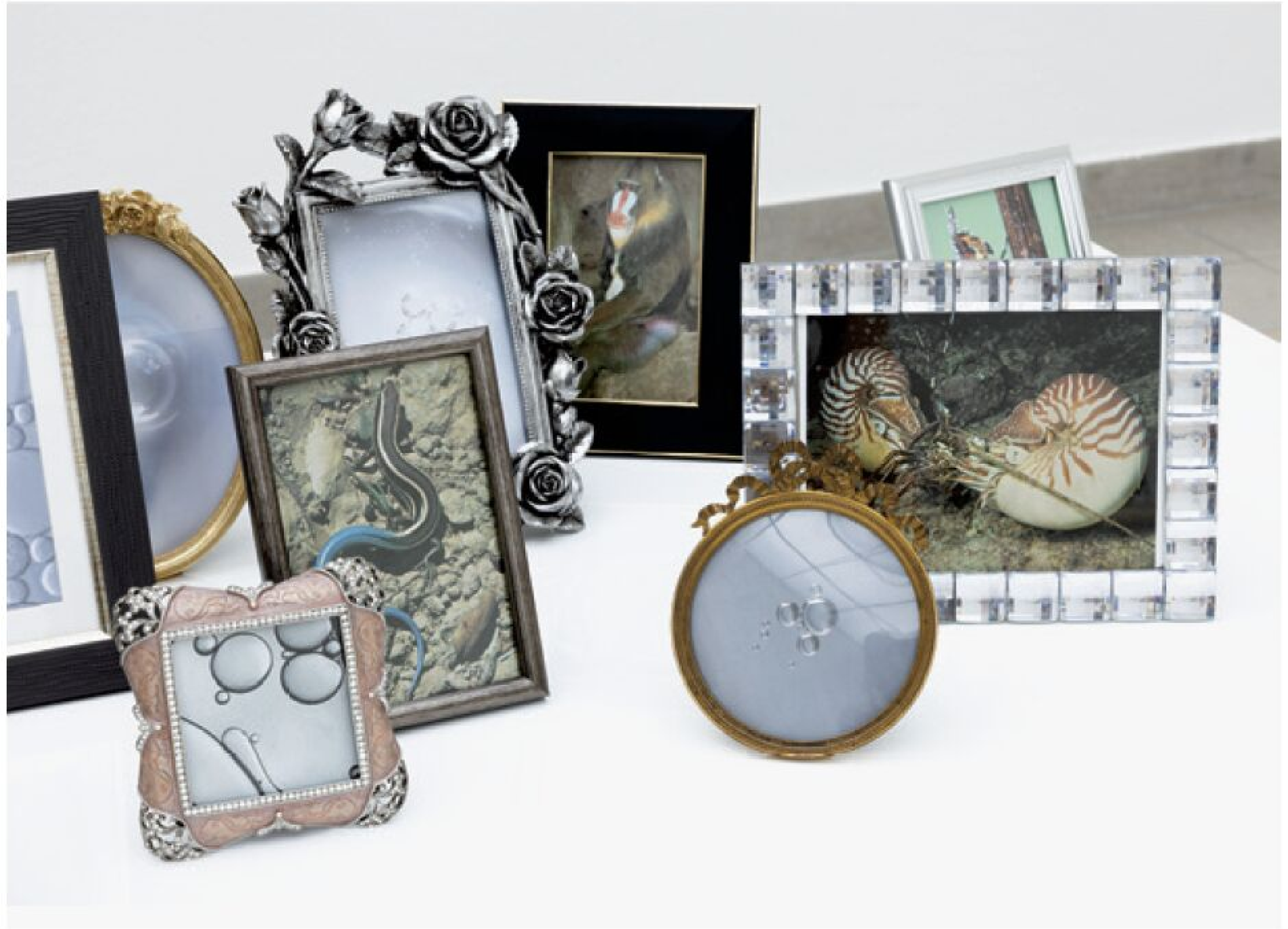
Below: **Hélène Fauquet, *Ether* (detail), 2024,** ink-jet prints, frames, table, 41 × 63 × 24". Opposite page: **Hélène Fauquet, *Vortex* (detail), 2024,** ink-jet prints, frames, table, 40 × 60 × 18". Both from *"Nuit de cellophane,"* 2024, Ulrik, New York. Photos: Stephen Faught.



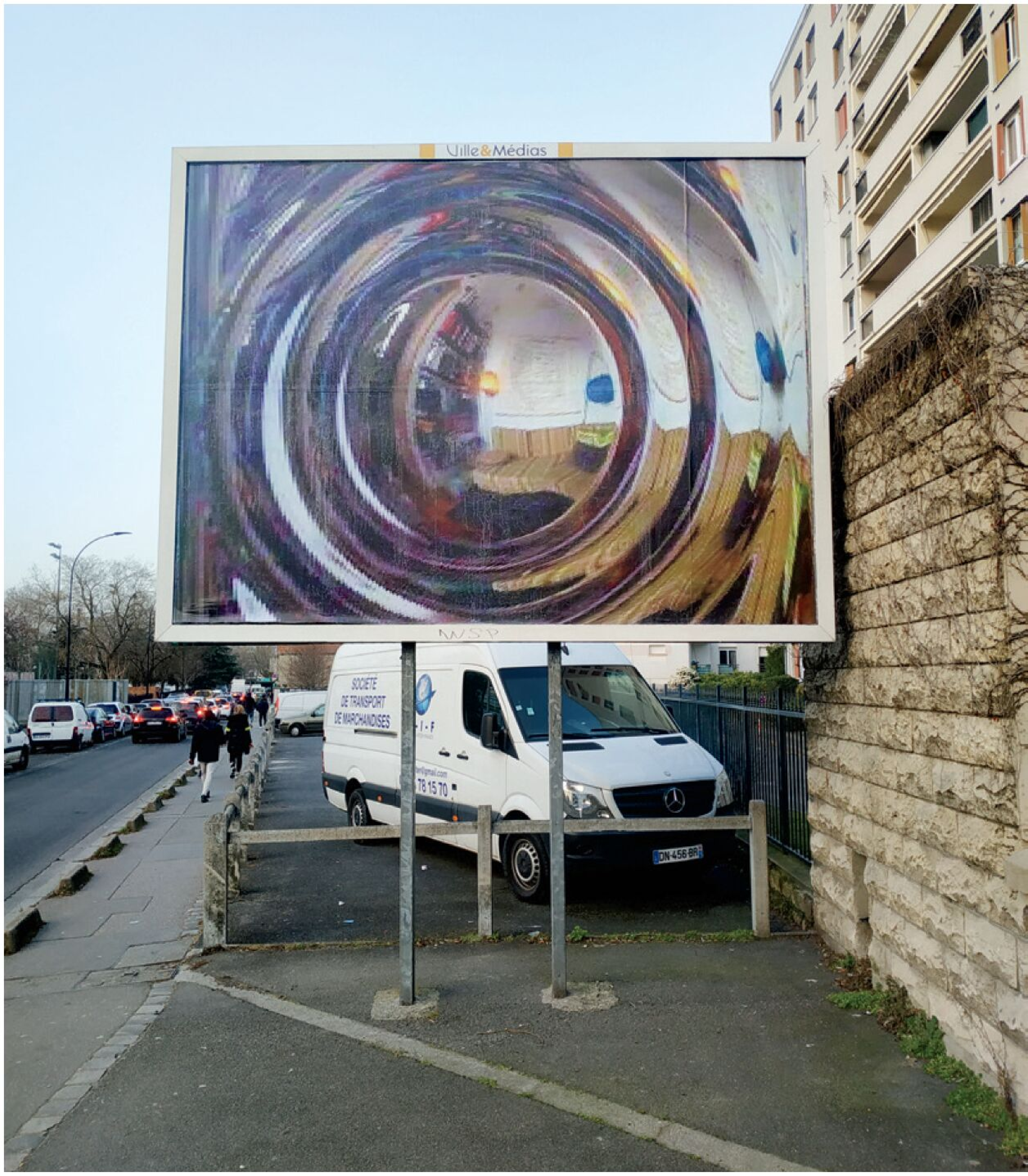
ON A WINTER AFTERNOON this past February, sunlight flooded a third-floor gallery in Manhattan's Chinatown, alighting on the extra-large rhinestones and metallic roses that adorned a few of the nearly one hundred kitschy mass-market photo frames that were on display. These intimately scaled, eclectic objects—which gave the impression of having been hand-picked over several years of weekend shopping in sundry antiques stores and junk shops—were distributed across nine office tables. The frames held photos of soap bubbles, in dusky blues and spectral silvers, which were either clustered together like viruses under a microscope's lens or captured as lone specimens, as though they were close-ups of blank, rounded faces. Altogether, these elements constituted Hélène Fauquet's first US solo show at Ulrik. In the evening, warmer columns of light crept menacingly over the works from the windows looking out to Canal Street, where assortments of knockoff and discount commodities were gathered, like the frames, for the public's delectation. As the shadows lengthened, however, horrors unfolded across Fauquet's multiplicity of forms.

It takes audacity for someone to follow an idiosyncratic obsession to its logical conclusion. Occasionally, one can pinpoint the moment when an artist makes that leap in their own practice, reorienting themself toward a singular pursuit. Consider how Mondrian's 1911 encounter with Cubist paintings catalyzed his turn from Impressionistic landscapes to graphic abstractions, after which, for example, he reduced the ocean to I-beam-like configurations of vertical and horizontal line segments; or how Moyra Davey's altercation with a subject of her street photography in 1984 led to her pivot from portraiture to domestic still lifes featuring bookshelves, light fixtures, and the dust bunnies beneath her bed. For Fauquet, a French





It takes audacity for someone to follow an idiosyncratic obsession to its logical conclusion.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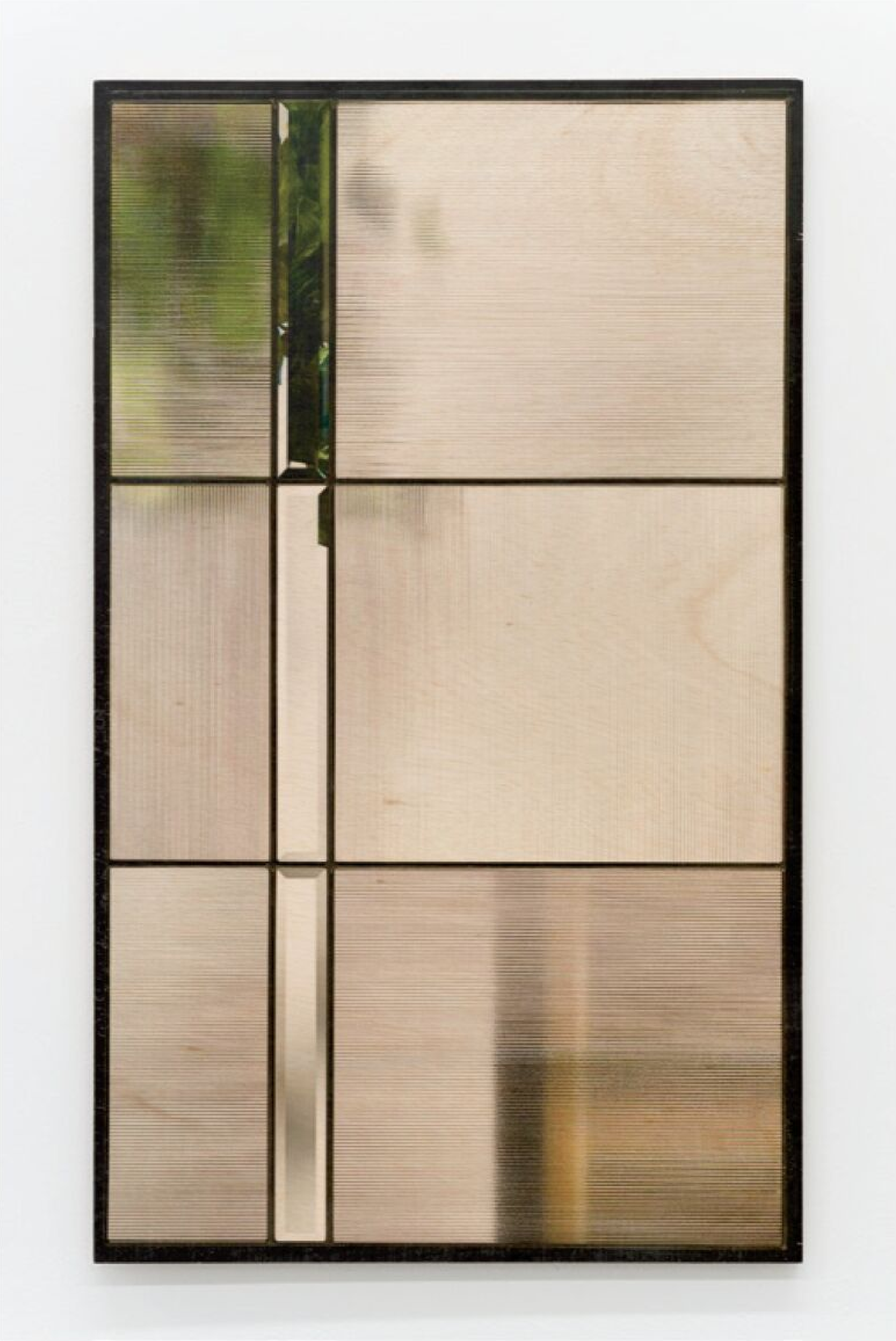
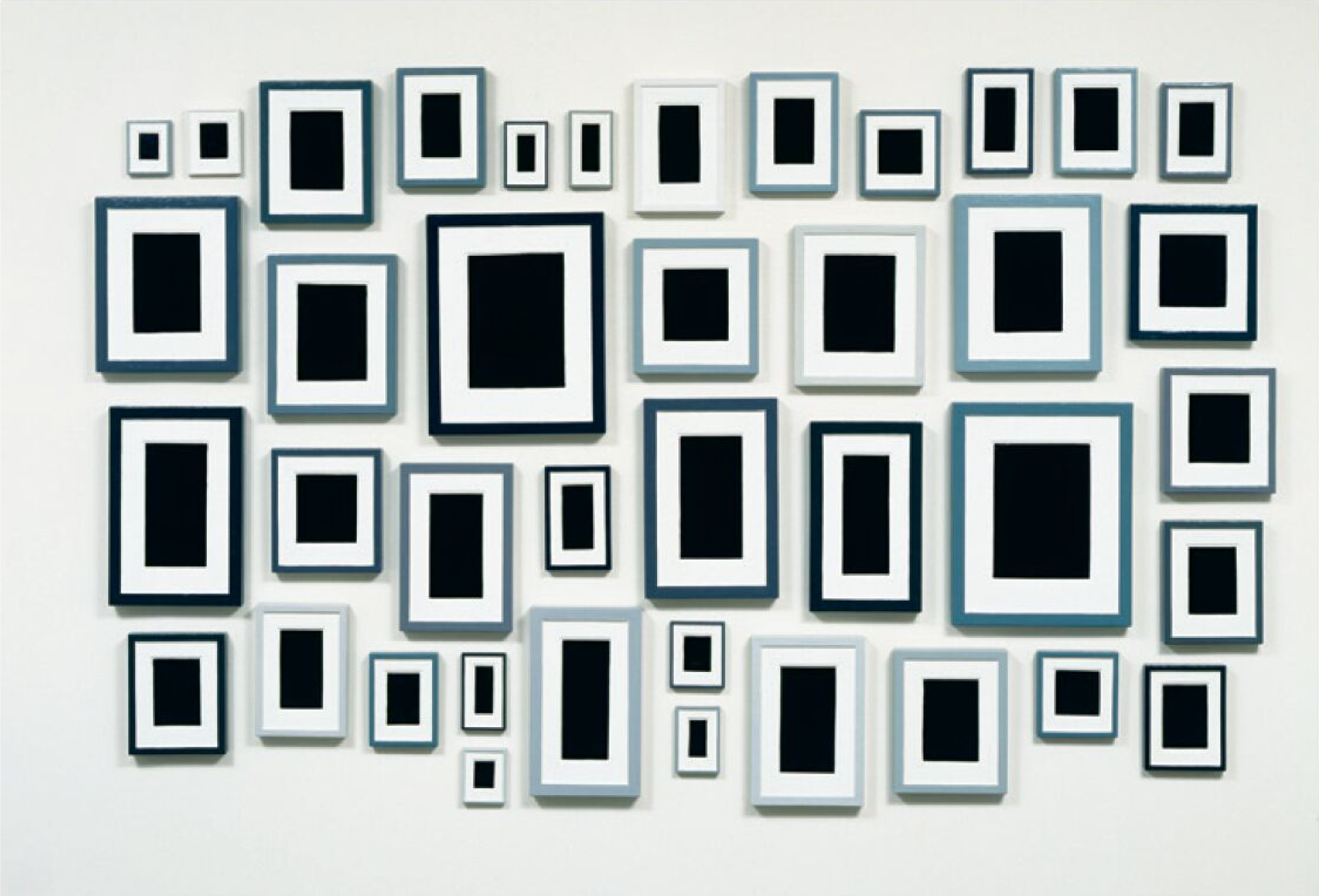
photographer, Conceptual artist, and avid reader and writer who composes pictorial essays that occupy space in the three-dimensional manner of sculpture, this shift manifested in a dramatic winnowing of imagery that occurred between the summer of 2023 and her Ulrik exhibition.

Before this change, Fauquet, who earned degrees from France's École Supérieure des Beaux-Arts, Valenciennes, in 2009, and the Städelschule Academy of Fine Art, Frankfurt, in 2014, had been knee-deep in "poor images," as artist Hito Steyerl characterizes them. She UV-printed found photographs of stained-glass windows and 1960s-style bubble mirrors on wood, and once placed a large, low-definition snapshot of a Saturn ring mirror on a billboard in Aubervilliers, France. For "Phenomena," a 2023 solo presentation at Kunsthaus Glarus in Switzerland—the show was titled after Dario Argento's 1985 slasher about a serial killer and an all-girls Swiss boarding school—Fauquet expanded her repertoire beyond pictures of single subjects into what she calls image "systems." The exhibition featured eight unassuming and almost clinically utilitarian rectangular tables. On each of them stood a salon-style plethora of sterling silver and molded acrylic frames, suggesting worldly abundance and encyclopedic knowledge. Inside them were film stills from Argento's movie; photos of assorted wildlife, including a dew-encrusted locust, a cephalopod, and a baboon, clipped from a natural-history book (the show's title also referenced a popular science exhibition the city of Zurich hosted in 1984); and, finally, soap bubbles and other types of viscous (and even bloodlike) globules, which Fauquet captured on a DSLR camera equipped with a macro lens. Like Bjarne Melgaard's *Greenland, a novel*, 2008/2010, an installation composed of antique furniture covered in effigies, photographs, and texts that tells a fragmented personal account of sexual abuse, Fauquet's "Phenomena" hinted at of equally charged yet more oblique narrative that had undergone a process of refraction and diffusion, the details of which were less important than its palpable aftershocks.

Fauquet included an image of Melgaard's installation in her notes for "*Nuit de cellophane*," her show at Ulrik. Here, the frame-and-table assemblages reappeared, yet their contents were conspicuously reduced. Gone were the film stills and nature prints: Only the suds remained. Nondescript forms that resisted interpretation, the blobs called to mind beauty serums and scientific specimens alike. They gleamed with surface tension, clumped together like sentient hordes. Fauquet's cryptic narrative seemed to have morphed into an obsessive repetition; the work hovered between the dispersed pathos of *Greenland, a novel* and the obdurate impersonality of Allan McCollum's *Plaster Surrogates*, 1982–, copious groupings of faux canvases, painted black, that Fauquet often references as well. Her bubbles, derived from mass-produced oils and cleansers, belong to everyone and no one. Part of the unsettling feeling of encountering one of Fauquet's profuse tableaux, however, comes from the sense that the artist has taken the docu-





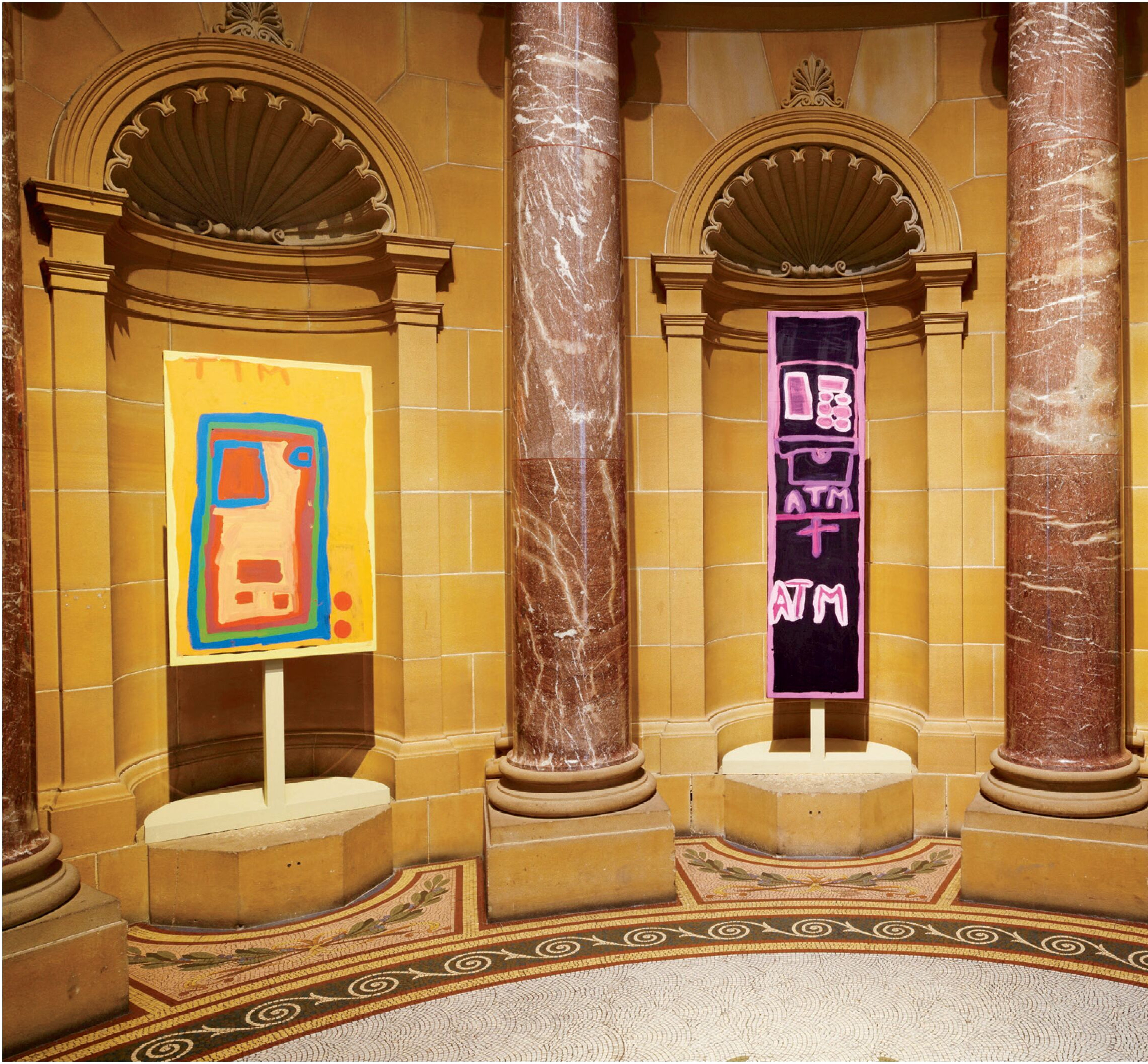
Opposite page, from left: **Hélène Fauquet, *life-world*** (detail), **2023**, ink-jet prints, gelatin silver prints, book pages, lobby cards, frames, table, 29½ × 33½ × 53⅛". From “Phenomena,” 2023, Kunsthaus Glarus, Switzerland. Photo: Gina Folly. **Hélène Fauquet, *Saturn Ring*, 2021**, billboard. Installation view, 124 Henri Barbusse Street, Aubervilliers, France. Photo: Morgan Courtois. Above: **Hélène Fauquet, *Wraith*, 2024**, UV print on wood, 36 × 22". From “*Nuit de cellophane*,” 2024, Ulrik, New York. Above, right: **Allan McCollum, *Collection of Forty Plaster Surrogates*, 1982/1984**, enamel on cast Hydrostone, forty panels, overall 64 × 110". Below: **Mark Cohen, *Bubblegum*, 1975**, gelatin silver print, 16 × 20". From “Mirrors and Windows: American Photography Since 1960,” 1978, Museum of Modern Art, New York.

mentation and preservation of this impersonal imagery quite personally, as if she were framing and arranging portraits of deceased relatives.

Living between Paris and Vienna, Fauquet frequently works at home, and the studio she does use is shared with fashion designers in the Parisian quartier of Belleville. She reads voraciously—the sprawling notes she takes serve as a substitute for a private dedicated workspace. These writings are filled with quotations from figures like Roland Barthes, Paul Frankl, and Susan Sontag, which commingle with stream-of-consciousness entries akin to those in Louise Bourgeois's journals. In her notes, Fauquet uses the term “shapes in turmoil” to describe bubbles and blobs, which are often, she laments, employed by advertising companies to evoke the concept of youth when selling anti-aging products. Rather than instrumentalizing her bubbles for the sake of narrative or marketing, Fauquet imbues them with a sense of preciousness by framing them so exquisitely. Just as Jennifer Corvino, the neurasthenic main character of Argento's *Phenomena*—who often seems naive about the existential threats that surround her—is imprisoned by the headmistress of her school, ostensibly for Corvino's own safety, so too has Fauquet sequestered her own delicate, destructible subjects from external harm.

Given that a bubble can be both reflective and transparent, one might recall John Szarkowski's survey “Mirrors and Windows: American Photography Since 1960” at New York's Museum of Modern Art in 1978. For that show, the director of MOMA's photography department divided the roughly two hundred works on view into two groupings: “mirrors,” or pictures that expressed the photographer's state of mind; and “windows,” those that offered a view into the world from a single vantage point. Fauquet's bubbles, however, refuse to conform to one category or the other. It is not immediately evident whether these thin, prismatic membranes tell us anything about life, or if the act of selecting frames constitutes a form of self-expression. Fauquet's persistent elaboration on a theme instead reveals the way an artist's obsessions refract into an array of associations and sympathies. □

JENNY WU IS A CRITIC BASED IN NEW YORK.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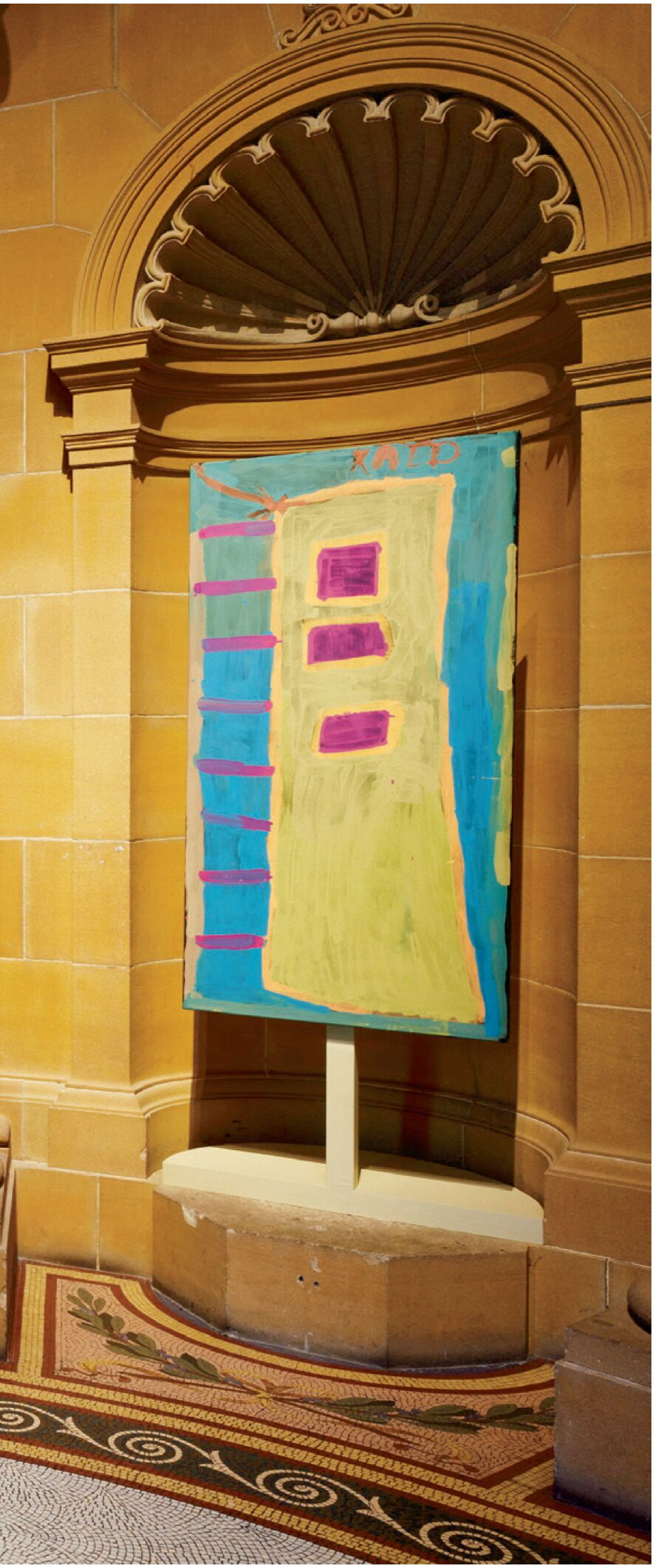

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YOKOHAMA

201 Du Keke *on the* **8th Yokohama Triennale**

View of works from Doreen Chapman’s series “Untitled,” 2024, Art Gallery of New South Wales. From the Biennale of Sydney, 2024. Photo: Christopher Snee.

24th Biennale of Sydney

VARIOUS VENUES

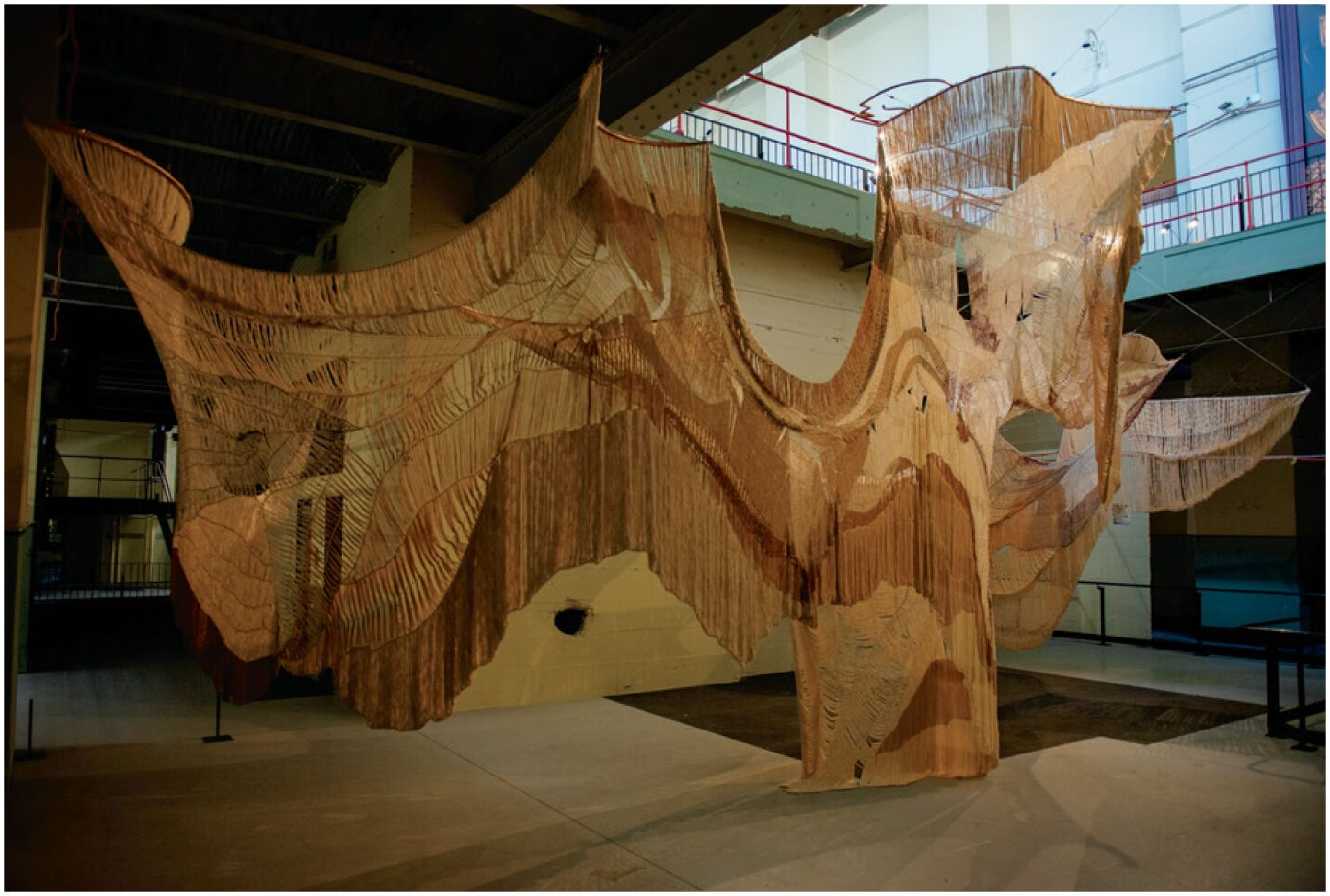
CURATED BY COSMIN COSTINAŞ AND INTI GUERRERO

Toni Ross

FOR COSMIN COSTINAŞ AND INTI GUERRERO, artistic directors of the Twenty-Fourth Biennale of Sydney, the title "Ten Thousand Suns" encompasses many ideas. As they observe in the catalogue, the "singular life-giving body" of the sun, "like the world it shines light upon," is known "by thousands of different words in as many languages." A multitude of suns also evokes contrasting images: radiant, life-affirming energy and the scorched earth of climate emergency. These elements converge in a vision of this Biennale edition as a celebratory gathering of profuse cultural perspectives—ninety-six artists from forty-five countries—while acknowledging, according to the curators, "the deep crises derived from colonial and capitalist exploitation," and yet "refusing to concede to an apocalyptic vision of the future." Such concerns are endlessly rehearsed in global art surveys these days, but Costinaş and Guerrero have managed to thread them through an ambience of celebration and joy. The exhibition includes a diverse range of First Nations artists, many from around the Indo-Pacific, as well as a high percentage of Indigenous Australian and Aotearoa New Zealand artists and collectives.

In some respects, the focus on First Nations art extends the impetus of "Nirin," the 2020 Biennale edition curated by Brook Andrew, which closed after just ten days due to Covid-19 shutdowns. However, to their credit, Costinaş and Guerrero have sought out many Indigenous voices less familiar to Australian audiences and the global biennial circuit. Here, they were assisted by curatorial adviser Vivian Ziherl and Australian artist Tony Albert in his role as First Nations Curatorial Fellow for Fondation Cartier pour l'Art Contemporain, which commissioned fourteen contributions from Australia and elsewhere.

Out of seven Biennale venues, the debut of the White Bay Power Station—recently renovated as a cultural hub—has drawn much of the media limelight. This monumental industrial relic of early-twentieth-century coal power generation, shut down in 1984, sits within the Balmain peninsula on Sydney Harbor, home to some of the city's most expensive real estate. Smart exhibition design at White Bay ensures that many works expertly negotiate the building's combination of soaring spaces (over eighty feet high), cramped alcoves, and islands of moldering machinery. A loopy, netlike weaving in natural fiber by Peruvian artist Cristina Flores Pescorán titled *Abrazar el sol* (Embrace the Sun), 2023–24, offers a meditative refuge within a tangle of heavy-duty pipes and girders. Diné artist Eric-Paul Riege has concocted one of the more striking responses to the building's vastness. His stacked column of circular, white muslin cushions and rounds of black faux fur titled . . . *oo-O-oo-O-oo-O-oo-O-oo-O-oo-O-oo-O-oo-O-oo-O-oo-O-oo* . . . , 2023, hangs from a great height in the roof of the old turbine hall and pierces a void in a platform below, ending inches aboveground. Suggesting an abstract intestine or backbone, the work pays homage to the Navajo-Churro sheep, descendants of a breed brought to North America by Spanish colonizers, but which subsequently became integral to Diné survival and spirituality. As a spatial intervention, the sculpture brilliantly merges awesome scale with a sense of featherlightness. Two smaller black-and-white fiber installations and a performance video by Riege form part of the Biennale chapter at Artspace in Woolloomooloo.

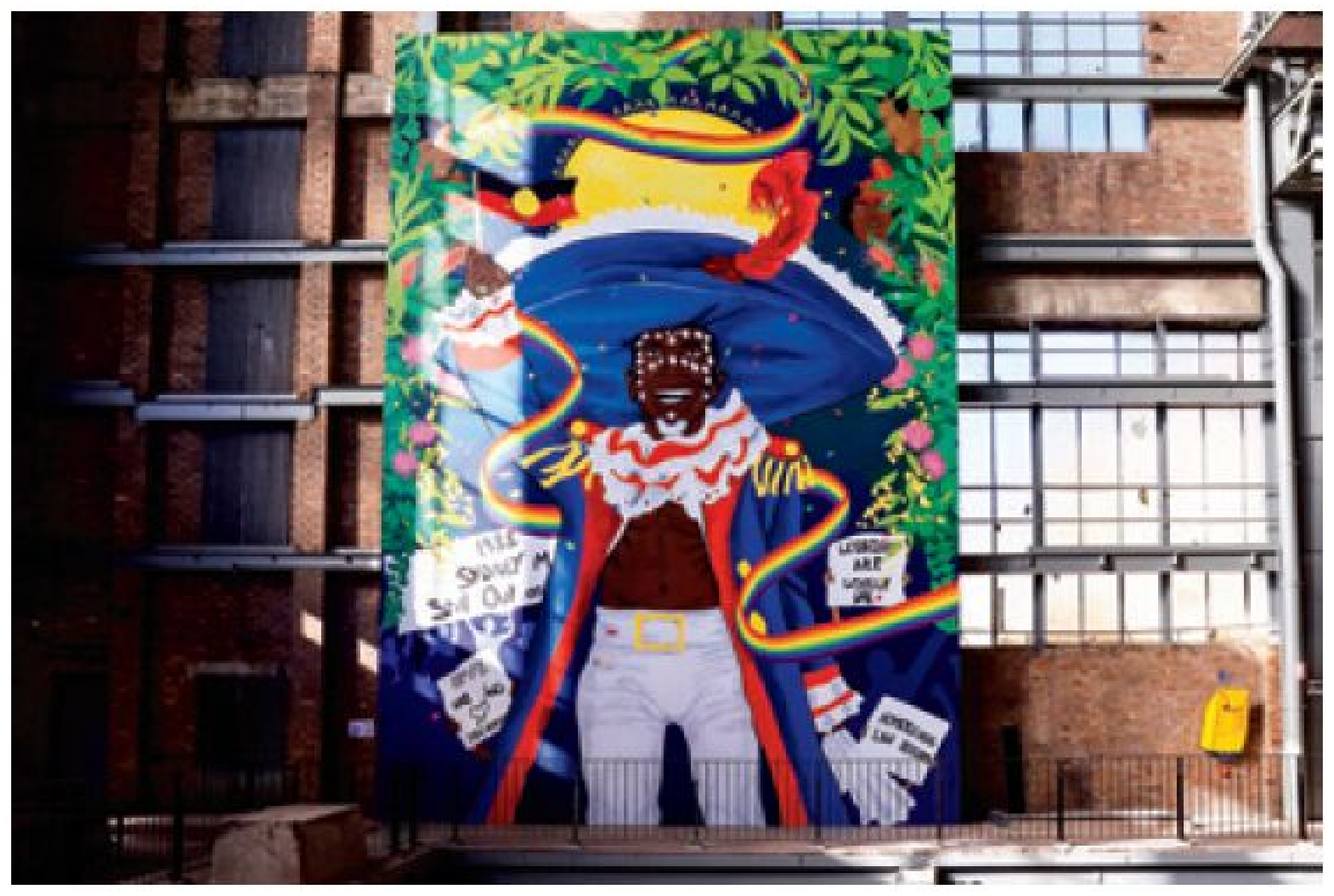


Elsewhere at White Bay, three festive, circular kites by the Guatemalan women's collective Orquídeas Barrileteras are suspended high above what was once the boiler room. In the spaces below, Australian Indigenous artists Kaylene Whiskey and Dylan Mooney also go big. Whiskey's walk-in television construction with life-size, cartoon cutouts of her pop-culture heroines such as Whitney Houston and Dolly Parton suggested a teenager's shrine to multiracial girl power. When I visited, the work was a magnet for small children. Mooney's high-impact mural celebrates queer Australian First Nations artist and activist Malcolm Cole, who died of HIV/AIDS in 1995. LGBTQ+ issues feature strongly in this Biennale. Mooney depicts Cole in drag as a Black Captain Cook in memory of Cole's performance at the 1988 Sydney Gay and Lesbian Mardi Gras parade on the first Aboriginal float ever included in the event. In keeping with Mooney's illustrative aesthetic and slightly treacly sensibility, a beaming, larger-than-life Cole is encircled by a rainbow ribbon symbolizing LGBTQ+ community and the Aboriginal Rainbow Serpent deity. Slogans such as LESBIANS ARE LOVELY appear on demonstration-style signage in the painting.

Exemplifying the curators' activation of links between artists and subjects across venues, Cole's legacy is also honored in archival photographs at another first-time Biennale host institution, the Chau Chak Wing Museum at the University of Sydney. Here, Elizabeth Dobbie's 1988 Mardi Gras photograph shows Cole in the English colonizer's costume, not smiling, but staring resolutely into the camera. Nearby a series of black-and-white photographs by Chinese Australian artist William Yang depicts pioneers of Indigenous dance theater, including Cole, who also appears in more relaxed, intimate portraits by Yang.

Yang is known not only for his insider chronicles of the Sydney gay scene in the 1970s and '80s but also for works addressing his Asian Australian heritage. Another Biennale venue, the University of New South Wales (UNSW) Galleries, exhibits Yang's seven-part photo suite *My Uncle's Murder*, 2008. Images drawn from family photographs and police records appended with Yang's handwritten commentary investigate the 1922 killing of his

Opposite page: **Cristina Flores Pescorán, *Abrazar el sol* (Embrace the Sun), 2023–24,** Peruvian cotton. Installation view, White Bay Power Station, Sydney, 2024. Photo: Ruben Grande. This page, clockwise from left: **Eric-Paul Riege, *yoo' (unstrung)*, 2024,** cotton string, faux sherpa, polyester yarn, foam, tin. Installation view, Artspace, Sydney. Photo: Richard Milnes/Alamy Live News. **Yangamini, *Mapurtiti Nonga (Evil Ass Dreaming)*, 2024,** termite mound, ocher, and Carpentaria palm from Gulumirrgin and Tiwi, HD video (color, sound, 28 minutes 41 seconds). Installation view, University of New South Wales Galleries. Photo: Jacquie Manning. **View of the Biennale of Sydney, 2024,** Art Gallery of New South Wales. From left: John Pule, *Experience*, 2021; John Pule, *Ai Manako Au Ke Nofo He Haau A Tau Miti Tukulagi – I don't want to live in your dreams anymore*, 2023. Photo: Mark Pokorny. **Dylan Mooney, *Malcolm Cole – larger than life*, 2024,** acrylic on wall. Installation view, White Bay Power Station, Sydney. Photo: Jenny Evans/Getty Images.



Militant political messaging is the exception rather than the rule in this Biennale. More prevalent are handcrafted works affirming the tenacious survival or resurrection of traditional skills and idioms from previously colonized cultures.

Chinese uncle by the Russian manager of the uncle's Queensland sugarcane plantation. Complicating predictable moral responses, Yang comments not only on his mother's trauma from this event but also on his uncle's reputation as a ruthless business- and family man.

Greeting visitors in the foyer of UNSW Galleries is *Mapurtiti Nonga (Evil Ass Dreaming)*, 2024, a riotously profane installation by Yangamini, a collective of Tiwi Islands trans and nonbinary First Nations "Sistagirls." Targeting the Santos oil and gas company's planned gas pipeline under Tiwi waters off the Northern Territory, Yangamini equates this and other settler extraction projects with the myth of Mapurtiti Nonga, the Evil Ass Spirit whose "mouth like a bum hole" exudes a noxious gas that "infects our people both mentally and physically." A wall of video screens details the history and impacts of such enterprises through visual documentation and interviews with elders and Yangamini members. Memorable comments therein include: "Shitty, shitty, shitty. . . white men" who "just live off Aboriginal Peoples' Land and stuff the resource that us we have here." Rectal references amp up in three giant butt-plug sculptures variously crafted out of tree foliage, earth, and other materials to signify metaphoric stoppers of the spirit's and the white man's toxic gas. Militant political messaging of this sort is the exception rather than the rule in this Biennale. More prevalent are handcrafted works affirming the tenacious survival or resurrection of traditional skills and idioms from previously colonized cultures.

Over at the Art Gallery of New South Wales, a collection of works by Aotearoa New Zealand–based artist John Pule includes three '90s oils on unstretched canvas using the visual language of a bark cloth tradition from his birthplace, the South Pacific island of Niue. Decorative and pictographic forms tell of Niue culture, history, and missionary colonization. At the same venue, it's a thrill to encounter a selection of pictures and ceramics by the late Francisco Toledo. Although Toledo, who amalgamated early modernist aesthetics and his Indigenous Zapotec culture, is considered one of Mexico's greatest modern artists, his work has not been much exhibited in Australia. The Biennale presentation of his red-tinted, rustic ceramics lamenting the 2014 abduction and presumed murder of forty-three largely Indigenous student teachers from Iguala are chilling incarnations of evil. Sharing a room with Toledo's works are ten spectacular sculptures by Nádia Taquary, inspired by her Afro-Brazilian heritage. These scaled-up interpretations of jewelry worn by African women transported to Brazil are meticulously crafted from bronze, wood, silver ornaments, yards of braid, African cowrie shells, and thousands of colored glass beads. While breathtakingly beautiful, they carry memories of a grim colonial history.

At the Museum of Contemporary Art Australia (MCA), Malaysian artist Anne Samat's fiber-based sculpture *Cannot Be Broken and Won't Live Unspoken* #2, 2023, likewise boasts detailed handiwork on a grand scale, commanding a wall and floor of gallery space. While Samat's totemic reliefs adapt traditional Southeast Asian weaving techniques, she inserts into her woven assemblages a mass of everyday items such as cheap beads and metal chains, thrift store trinkets, combs, household utensils, plastic toy soldiers, and swords. The accompanying wall text says these works are "modelled from the artist's relationships with friends or family and form sites of personal devotion and care."

Paintings of ATMs, *Untitled I–IX*, 2023, by Manyjilyjarra artist Doreen Chapman, who lives in the remote Pilbara region of Western Australia, are stationed at exhibition entry points of six Biennale venues. In her loose painting style, Chapman visualizes her subject as arrangements of crude geometric shapes, hinting at the ATM screen, keyboard, and slots, surrounded by contrasting color fields. Some pictures include the scrawled letters ATM. Chapman's pictures test expectations of the kind of subject matter represented by artists from so-called traditional Aboriginal communities. While she is known for depicting fauna and flora of her people's Country, here Chapman seems to imply that the prosaic ATM is also central to contemporary Indigenous life. On another level, the curatorial team's decision that these paintings should greet visitors at most venues functions as a wry comment on the minimal gap between the ethical high ground so often assumed in the Biennale world and the global art market. □

The 24th Biennale of Sydney is on view through June 10.

TONI ROSS IS AN ART HISTORIAN AND CRITIC BASED IN SYDNEY.

Janet Sobel

MENIL COLLECTION, HOUSTON

CURATED BY NATALIE DUPÊCHER

Natilee Harren

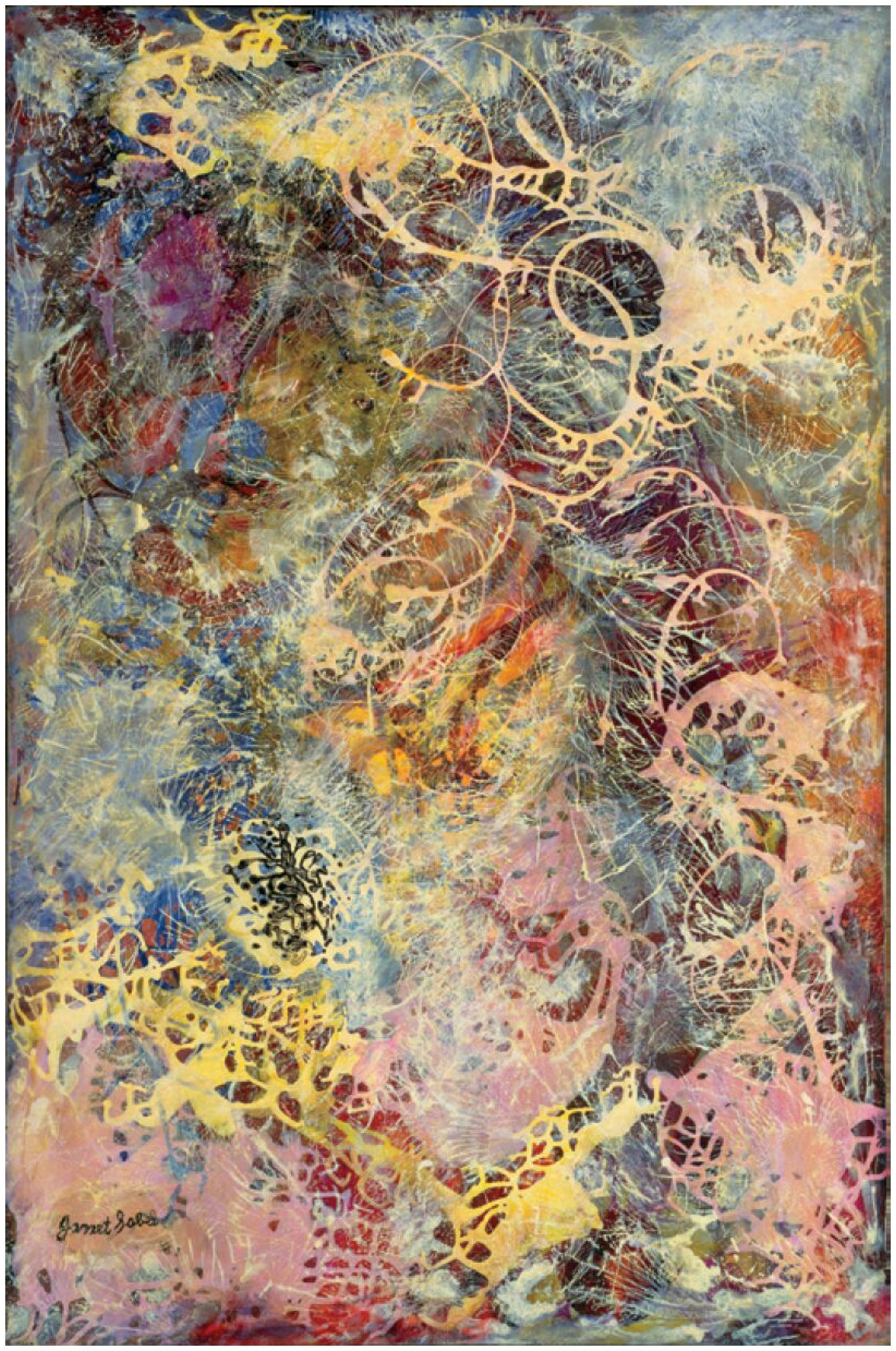
THE MOST FAMOUS drip painter you've never heard of is poised to make a comeback. "Janet Sobel: All-Over" is the first museum exhibition to highlight the abstract canvases for which Ukrainian-Jewish self-taught artist Janet Sobel won acclaim in the New York art world of the 1940s. Anchored at center by the superlative *Milky Way*, 1945—an edge-to-edge opalescent storm of plums, pinks, and creamy yellows now owned by New York's Museum of Modern Art—this tightly curated show is as bracing and brief as Sobel's dalliance with fame during her lifetime.

The early canvas *Disappointment*, ca. 1943, sets the terms of Sobel's provocative challenge to prevailing art-historical narratives that elevate the production of outsider artists while keeping them at arm's length from the modernist avant-garde. Pressing against the foreground is an expressive, humanoid landscape in which gnarled tree branches twist into proto-drips encrusted with sand and fields of flowers claustrophobically enrobe haunting, disembodied faces. Sobel collapses figure and ground as motifs inspired by Ukrainian folk art meet a Chagallian, faux-naïf elegance. Is it primitive or modern? How do we choose, and do we have to?

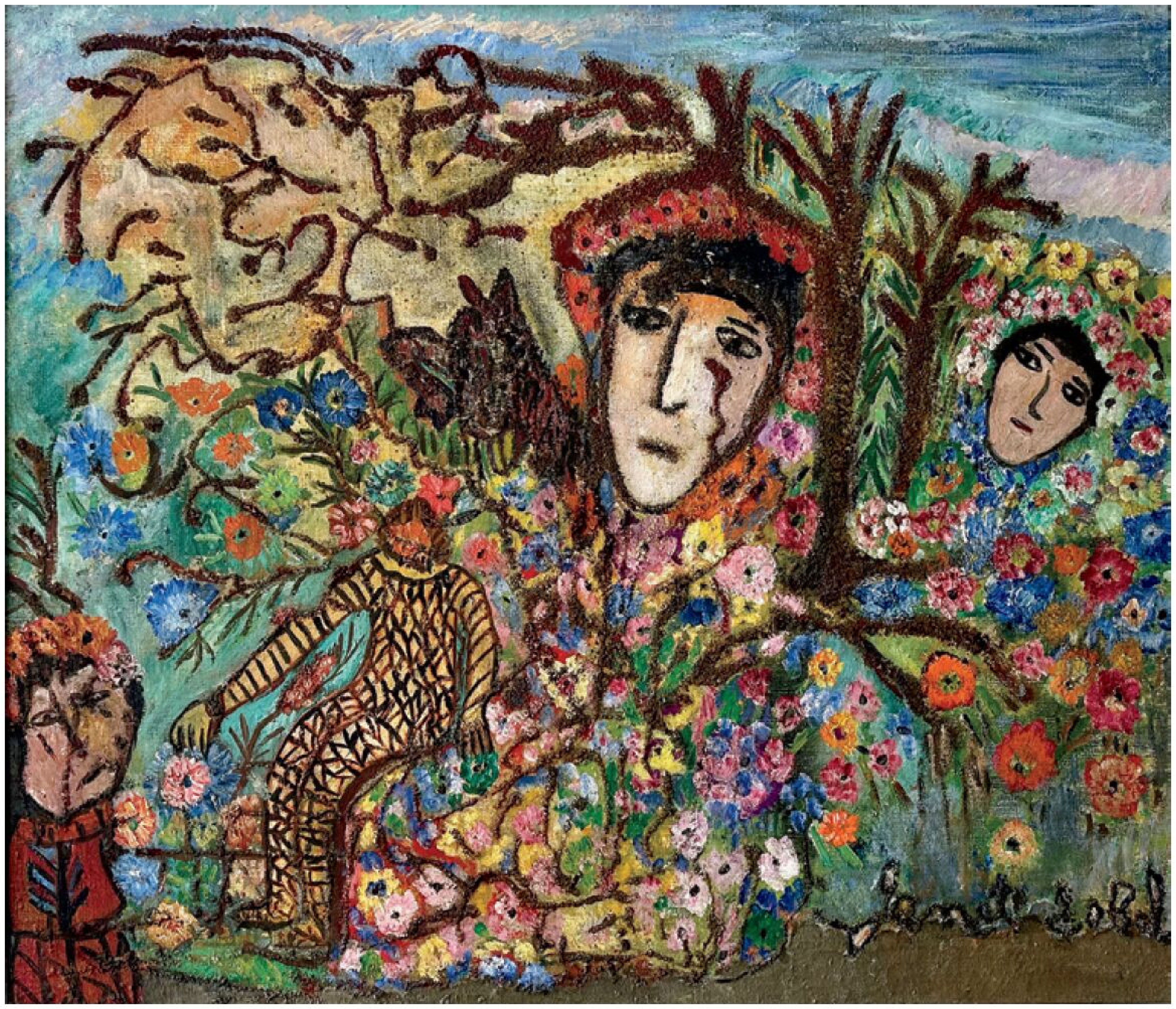
From here, the one-room exhibition proceeds clockwise from Sobel's small, densely patterned (yet still figurative) paintings on paper and board of the early '40s, through to her exuberant large-scale abstractions of 1945–48, and finally to her full return to paper with a cluster of drawings done mostly in crayon from the mid-to-late '40s in which impish, half-articulated faces peer out from wildly colored, tightly knit patterns of roving striations. A case of archival materials buttresses the visual narrative, chronicling the hedged enthusiasm with which Sobel's masterful paintings were received at the time of their making.

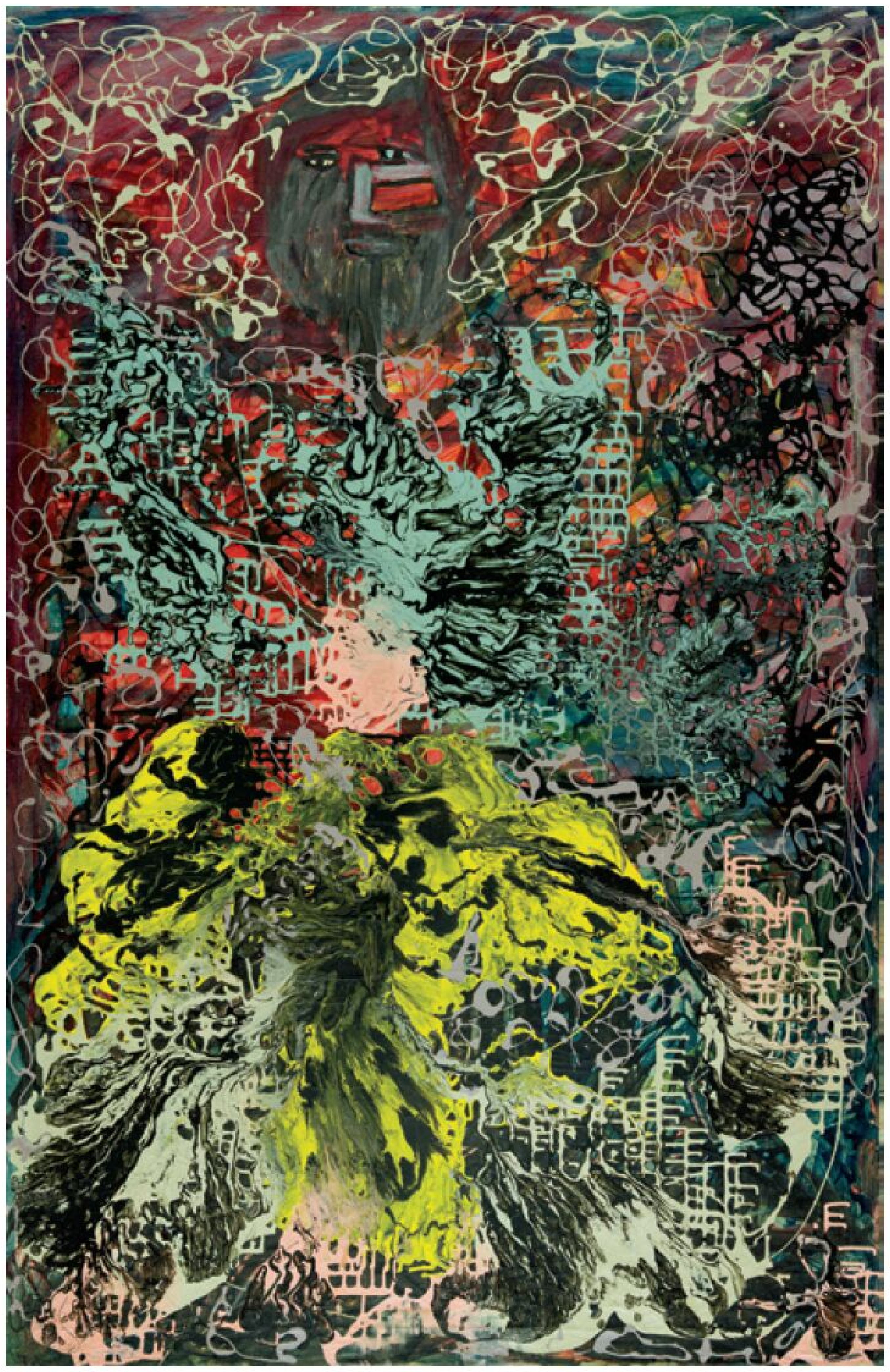
The story of Sobel's trajectory makes for a quirkily diagnostic tale of art-world elitism and misogyny that has been well articulated by art historians including Gail Levin and Sandra Zalman, though is worth retelling here. Born in a shtetl in eastern Ukraine, Sobel immigrated to the US as a teen in 1908 with her mother and two siblings to escape the pogroms in which her father perished. With no formal training, the artist began painting when she was almost in her fifties, now the matriarch of two generations of Americans. By 1943, she was exhibiting publicly: Her work was included that year in Sidney Janis's exhibitions "American Primitive Painting of Four Centuries" at the Arts Club of Chicago, where it was shown alongside Morris Hirshfield and Grandma Moses, and the following year in the nationally touring "Abstract and Surrealist Art in America," where her peers were Max Ernst, Jackson Pollock, and Mark Rothko. Sobel's 1944 solo show at the New York gallery of Fernando Puma, a highly professionalized self-taught artist, was positively reviewed in nearly a dozen outlets.

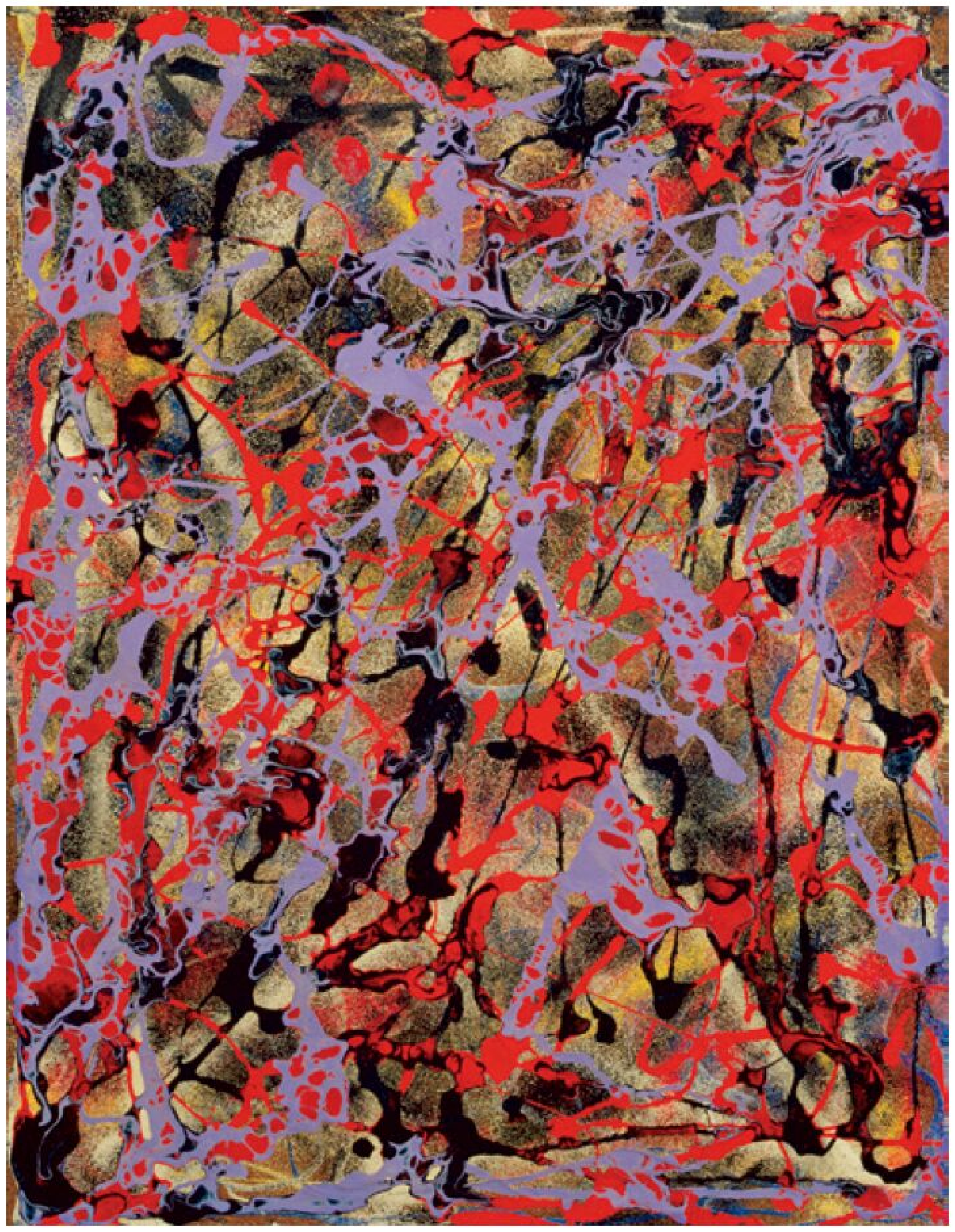
The combination of Sobel's magnetic art and fascinating biography was from the start a selling point for her revolving cast of champions (the dealers, curators, and scholars currently seeking to revive her renown being no exception). First among them was her son Sol, who encouraged Sobel to begin making work and then enterprisingly promoted it to major figures including Ernst, Janis,



Sobel's work falls outside the chain of artistic inheritance; it is *too* original.







Opposite page, from left: **Janet Sobel, *Milky Way*, 1945,** enamel on canvas, 44⅞ × 29⅞". **Janet Sobel, *Disappointment*, ca. 1943**, oil and sand on canvas, 26 × 43". Left: **Janet Sobel, *Hiroshima*, ca. 1948**, oil and enamel on canvas, 59½ × 39½". Above: **Janet Sobel, untitled, ca. 1946,** oil and enamel on board, 18 × 14".

and philosopher John Dewey, whose brochure text for the Puma show praised the works' "brooding maternal wholeness." André Breton and Peggy Guggenheim soon became fans, the latter calling Sobel "the best woman painter by far (in America)" and hosting the artist's second solo show at her New York gallery Art of This Century in early 1946, a time when Sobel's paintings were going for similar prices as Pollock's.

Within three years, however, Sobel's upward momentum had stalled. By 1947, Guggenheim had decamped to Venice, Janis's market fancies had turned elsewhere, and Sobel had moved from Brooklyn to Plainfield, New Jersey, where she developed a paint allergy and other health issues, likely owing to chemicals used in the family costume jewelry business (the factory location is now a Superfund site). Guggenheim brought Sobel's work with her to Venice, showing *The Frightened Bride*, 1943, in a display of her collection at the Venice Biennale's Greek pavilion in 1948. But Sobel's ghostly, lacelike canvas was hung next to Hirshfield's *Two Women in Front of a Mirror*, 1943, and thus characterized as outsider art, while on another wall in the very same exhibition Pollock made his splashy Biennale debut with a number of calligraphic abstractions including the poured painting *Eyes in the Heat*, 1946, made at least a year after Sobel had introduced her version of that innovation.

The next critical moment in Sobel's reception came in 1961, when Clement Greenberg's canon-defining "'American-Type' Painting," originally published in the *Partisan Review* in 1955, appeared in his essay collection *Art and Culture*. Greenberg had made slight tweaks, namely adding mention of Sobel as the inspiration for Pollock's allover technique and offering furtive admiration for the "strangely pleasing" "primitive" pictures of this "housewife living in Brooklyn." In a mere four sentences, Greenberg wrote Sobel in and out of art history, acknowledging and then immediately disavowing her impact on this catalytic moment of modern painting. Greenberg's bounded appraisal facilitated MoMA's purchase of *Milky Way* in 1968, though sadly Sobel never learned of this acquisition; she passed away within days of Sol's office having received but not registered the contents of the announcement letter. In his reply to the museum, Sol offered this paraphrase of Nathaniel Hawthorne's short story "The Artist of the Beautiful" (1844): "It is requisite for the ideal artist . . . to keep faith in himself . . . and be his own sole disciple. . . . the reward for all high performance must be sought for within itself, or sought for in vain." At this point, Sobel's most recent exhibition had been at her local art supply shop.

At the Menil, *Milky Way* and four small untitled paintings dated circa 1946–48 are the only fully abstract works on view. More paradigmatic of Sobel's high point are the large, minutely detailed *Hiroshima*, ca. 1948; *Heavenly Sympathy*, ca. 1947; and *The Burning Bush*, 1944, which employ a staggering array of distinct techniques and yet never turn away from the figure. Their infinitely complex interlayering of painterly filigree with encoded figures demands that Sobel be relieved of her burdensome role as handmaiden to Pollock. Made at a time when her techniques in wet media achieved their height of sophistication, *Hiroshima* offers a taxonomy of painterly marks and modes of application. The far background of the canvas is structured by an open weave of one-inch bands; thin washes frame the edges; skeins of dripped paint form decorative loops; deliquescent wet-on-wet passages merge but do not fully blend distinct colors and evidence Sobel's bodily manipulation of the entire canvas plane. Together, these various applications congeal into the outline of an ominous mushroom-cloud-shaped angel of death. *Heavenly Sympathy* offers a complementary balm; in it, a thin tracery of interconnected beings float upward toward a cosmic, vorticular sun.

The archival materials on view draw attention to the diverging rhetorics of "freedom"—to use a term often deployed to describe Sobel's practice—that structured the reception of Sobel's visionary art versus Pollock's Abstract Expressionism. In Pollock's case, a heroic notion of freedom imagines Pollock the bohemian freeing himself from strictures of polite society and artistic convention. Because she was pegged as a "primitive" artist, Sobel's "freedom" is free-floating; nothing is being rejected, there is no ground of aesthetic conflict, and so she is not the conscious agent of her own aesthetic liberation. The result is that her work falls outside the chain of artistic inheritance; it is *too* original.

The takeaways here may be more anthropological or sociological than art-historical. The exhibition's brochure copy perhaps overhypes Sobel as a "luminary of abstraction," but history is not just a game of firsts. Ongoing participation in art's social world is required for integration into its lasting narratives. Innovation must be coupled with endurance, and anyway feminist scholars have already made the case against expanding art history's blueprint without completely renovating the foundation. I for one am less bothered that Sobel's contributions to drip painting have been suppressed; more tragic for her legacy was the combination of fickle patronage and disability. It could be more productive and radical to resituate Sobel in more sympathetic contexts. Her directional drips in *Hiroshima* and preoccupation with the international repercussions of World War II (other works in her oeuvre include the undated paintings *Nagasaki*, *Hitler's Hell*, and *Prelude to Peace*) resonate with the atomic abstractions of Informel artists Jean Dubuffet, Jean Fautrier, and Wols, including Dubuffet's play with *art brut*. Or, if one takes seriously the mystical allusions in her titles and pictures, Sobel finds fellowship with spiritualist artists such as Hilma af Klint, Ithell Colquhoun, and Agatha Wojciechowsky. Thankfully, as this exhibition reminds us, the work of writing art history is never all over. □

"Janet Sobel: All-Over" is on view through August 11.

NATILEE HARREN IS AN ART HISTORIAN, CRITIC, AND AUTHOR OF *FLUXUS FORMS: SCORES, MULTIPLES, AND THE ETERNAL NETWORK*. SHE IS CO-AUTHOR OF THE *SCORES PROJECT*, A MAJOR DIGITAL PUBLICATION LAUNCHING IN 2025.

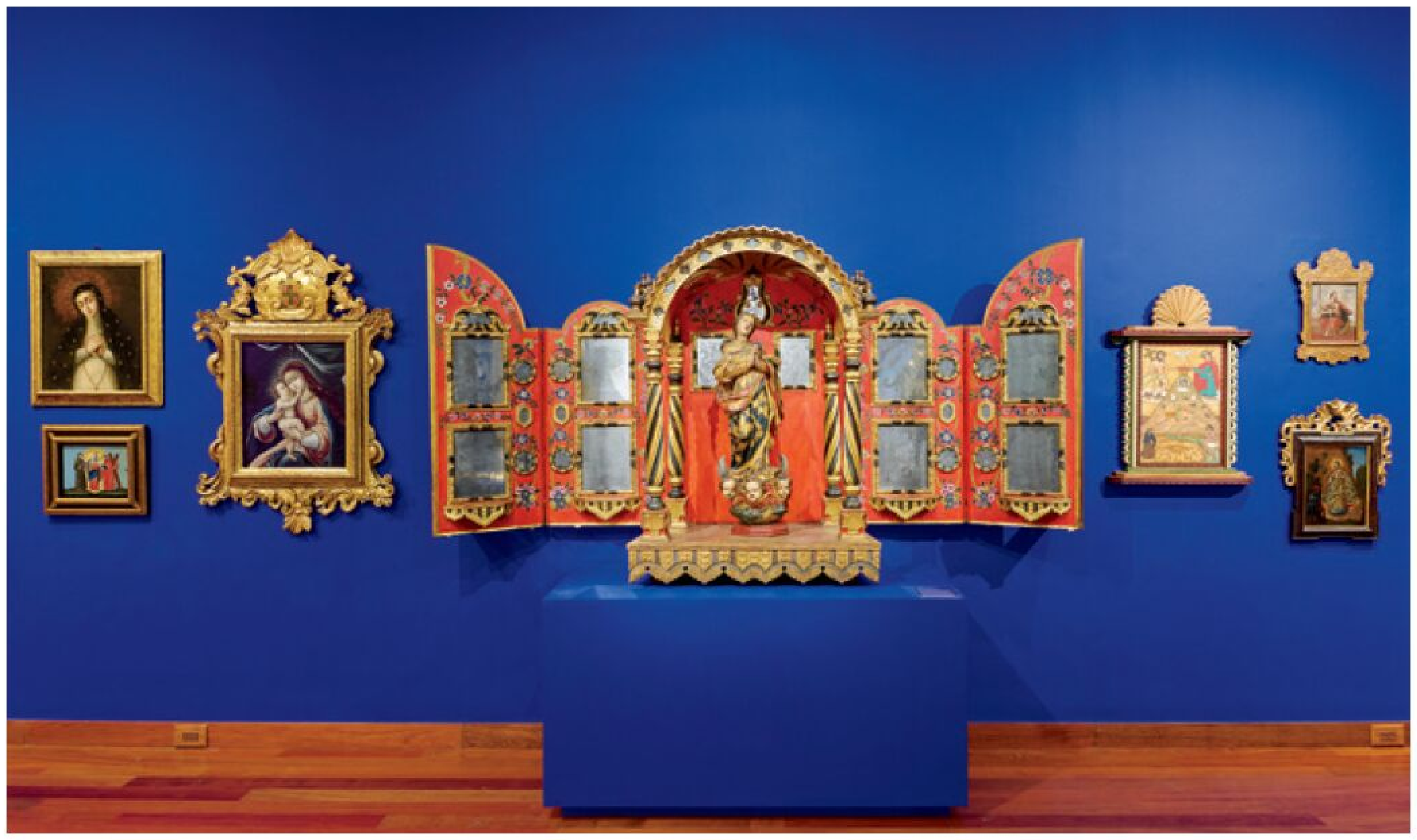
NEW YORK

“El Dorado: Myths of Gold” Part II

AMERICAS SOCIETY

Wide-ranging in its scholarly scope, “El Dorado: Myths of Gold” Part II was an ambitious attempt to explore this foundational legend and its profound and enduring impact on the Americas. The show was first conceptualized in 2020, when the Americas Society, Fundación Proa in Buenos Aires, and the Museo Amparo in Puebla, Mexico, joined efforts and convened a number of online information sessions that resulted in a series of exhibitions at each institution dealing with the theme.

Featuring works by more than sixty artists, from the pre-Hispanic period to the contemporary era, the presentation here was divided into two iterations (the first took place in 2023). The tale of El Dorado, a hidden kingdom of gold, not only spurred greedy European colonialist expansion that destroyed ancestral territories, endangered Indigenous lives, and wreaked environmental havoc, but also was largely responsible for the powerfully destructive materialist ethos that to this day continues to destabilize social, economic, and political structures in Latin America.



View of “El Dorado: Myths of Gold” Part II, 2024. Photo: Arturo Sánchez.

One of the great strengths of this exhibition—curated by Tie Jojima, Aimé Iglesias Lukin, and Edward J. Sullivan—was that it brought examples of precolonial goldwork and colonial altarpieces, along with contemporary photography, sculpture, painting, video, and more, into a seamless installation that facilitated dialogues between historical time periods and locations. These uneasy proximities served to reveal and complicate the impact gold had, and still has, on particular communities, spurring a reevaluation of how the El Dorado story shaped personal and collective values. As an introductory wall panel in the exhibition stated, “El Dorado is a tale of searches and quests, delirium, and violence.”

Andrés Bedoya, whose horde of silver *Moscas* (Flies), 2022, appeared to be crawling around the wall text in the first gallery, provided an apt introduction. Although created from a different precious metal, this horrifying plague serves as a metaphor for the effects of gold mining on Bolivia from the sixteenth century until today. Nearby, a long case held a priceless array of precolonial gold pendants and plaques that were scrupulously embellished with an assortment of frogs, eagles, crocodiles, and deities. Although gold’s incorruptible brilliance led it to be appreciated and used ritually by many Indigenous cultures, the element was not valued, as the Spanish thought, for status and currency.

One long wall of the larger central gallery, painted a celestial blue, featured a resplendent display of gold-filled colonial and colonial-inspired Catholic painting and sculpture. Made in Mexico, a large carved, gilded wooden tabernacle for private devotion from the eighteenth century had inset mirrors, presumably to reflect the shimmer of candlelight on gold, while nearby, *Virgen del Cerro T’samajo/Chimayo* (Virgin of Cerro T’samajo/Chimayo), 2023, a work by Vicente Telles, a contemporary *santero* (painter of saints) from New Mexico—depicted the mined mountains of Bolivia, reinfusing them with Indigenous notions of the feminine sacred. In a large vitrine was Mathias Goeritz’s arresting sculpture *Cruz en la Caja* (Cross in a Box), 1960–61. An important figure in Mexican modern art and architecture, Goeritz was inspired by the gold in religious European panel painting and its association with divinity. Although this piece can be folded into a gold cube, here it was unfurled into the titular cruciform shape, each panel outfitted with an ominously large spike. Intimating the suffering and transcendence of Christ, the object also alludes to the violent imposition of Christianity upon the Indigenous populations of the Americas.

Tiago Sant’Ana’s mesmerizing silent video *Chão de estrelas* (Ground of Stars), 2022, was projected on a wall in another gallery to great poetic effect. Shot in the Chapada Diamantina region in the state of Bahia—a historical site of gold and other precious-metal extraction—it refers to the subjugation of the Afro-Brazilian peoples by the European mining industry. A group of Black men, gracefully panning for gold in a beautiful river landscape, hold mirrors instead of pans, the reflective glass a lyrical allusion to how enslavement constructed their subjectivity. Their reflections in the water and in the mirrors, however, are reversals of reality—portals that offer an opportunity to reimagine the narrative as one of escape and liberation.

Each of the carefully selected works in this show had a complex and multivalent story to tell. Overall, the exhibition demanded we reconsider once again the cost of Europe’s ceaseless greed to Indigenous communities and cultures, both past and present.

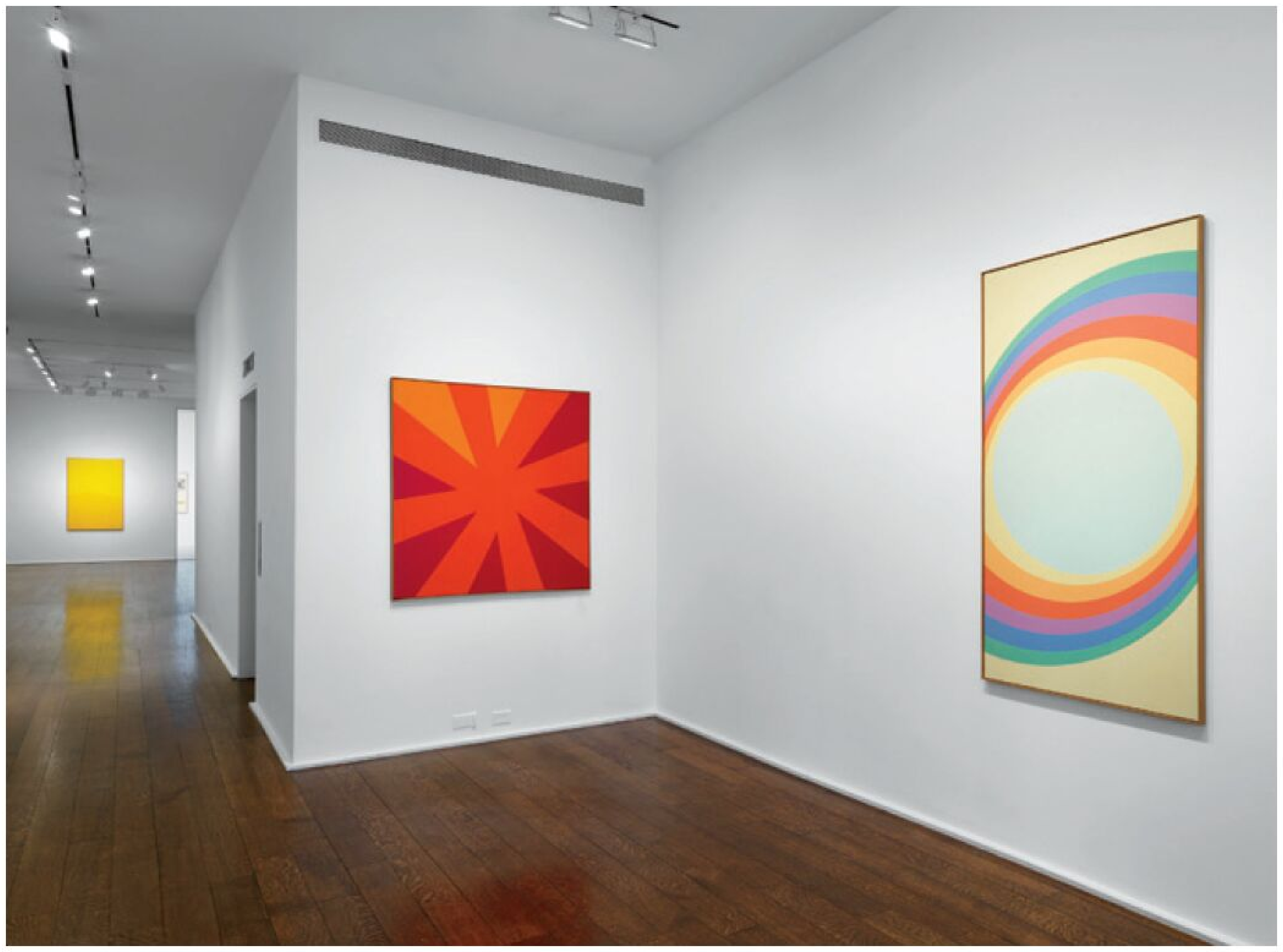
—Susan L. Aberth

Verena Loewensberg

HAUSER & WIRTH

Verena Loewensberg (1912–1986) remains largely unknown outside her native Switzerland. Trained initially in the applied arts and design, she also studied dance with Trudi Schoop and taught herself to paint in the 1930s. The only female member of the Zurich group of Concrete artists, which included Max Bill, Camille Graeser, and Richard Paul Lohse, she was further distinguished by her openness to broader postwar developments, from Color Field and Pop through Minimalism. Publicly reticent, she left no theoretical statements, systematically eschewed titles for her art, and kept her biography largely to herself. Spread across all three floors of Hauser & Wirth’s East Sixty-Ninth Street location, this revelatory solo show—her first in the United States—comprised twenty-eight compositions in oil on canvas from 1944 through 1985. (Also included was her lone foray into sculpture, realized posthumously after a 1982 conception.) Impersonal in facture, with flawlessly uniform handling, these paintings disclosed a singular color sensibility, alternately playful and restrained.

The survey opened with two extroverted, eye-catching abstractions. Positioned to the left for the visitor entering the first street-level space was a nearly fifty-inch-square painting from 1966 composed entirely in shades of orange and emblazoned with a slightly skewed element suggesting an outsize, octopod asterisk. Cropped by all four framing bounds, the bold vermilion form was further activated by the paler interstices



View of "Verena Loewensberg: Kind of Blue," 2024. From left: *Untitled*, 1972; *Untitled*, 1966; *Untitled*, 1971–72. Photo: Matt Grubb.

between its uppermost spokes ("Spin here," the painting seemed to say). Installed adjacently to the right, meanwhile, was a narrow vertical canvas from 1971–72, its dimensions clearly attuned to the standing human form. Here was a pale-blue orb encircled by a sharply tilted, laterally sliced rainbow ellipse. Vortex or nebula, the motif was at once exuberantly optical and gravitational, exerting a quasi-corporeal pull.

As the ensuing galleries made clear, Loewensberg's flair for striking design was a mainstay of her practice. Yet she also explored subtler, at times almost indiscernible, chromatic gradations, and two painting groups considerably dilated the act of looking. The first, a trio of near-monochromatic compositions, was installed in the second ground-floor gallery. Collectively, the blue, red, and yellow works (from 1971, 1985, and 1972, respectively) recalled Aleksandr Rodchenko's primary-colored triad of 1921—canvases with which he famously claimed to put paid to painting. Upon further examination, however, each of Loewensberg's abstractions revealed an asymmetrically stepped structure in a minimally differentiated shade or hue. Generated through the simple procedure of overlapping squares, each scaffold was nonetheless unique, inviting the beholder to discover its distinctive intervals and tempos at close range. The sensation was one of groping or even, as it were, treading carefully, of feeling one's way *through* color. The formats, too, appeared intuitively adapted: The warm-red painting, which expanded laterally in perception, was slightly wider; whereas the yellow painting was taller and narrower, as if simultaneously hitting both higher and lower notes (it was the only one of the three in which the bottom half was the darker). Less immediately kinetic than the gregarious abstractions in the preceding room, these rather quieter works were no less calibrated to embodied perception: color as lived experience.

The second group was installed one floor up. There, four perfectly square pictures—a pair of smaller formats from 1963, followed by two larger paintings from 1972—composed a continuous row on a single wall in the natural light–infused front room. (Like those of the near-monochromes downstairs, the disparate completion dates spoke to the recursive, nonlinear rhythm of Loewensberg's work generally.) Here, the color chords were laterally cleaved, appearing to either side of a centrally placed structure that in later pieces runs the full height of the compositions' central axes. Symmetrical in form, these paintings nonetheless introduced a new asymmetry, grounded in color. The two hues, warmer and cooler, flickered in and out of the plane; the internally homogenous halves appeared to darken or lighten immediately alongside the central elements. Explicitly addressed to the binocular, bilateral body, these works explored the rifts and opacities at the heart of human seeing.

—*Molly Warnock*

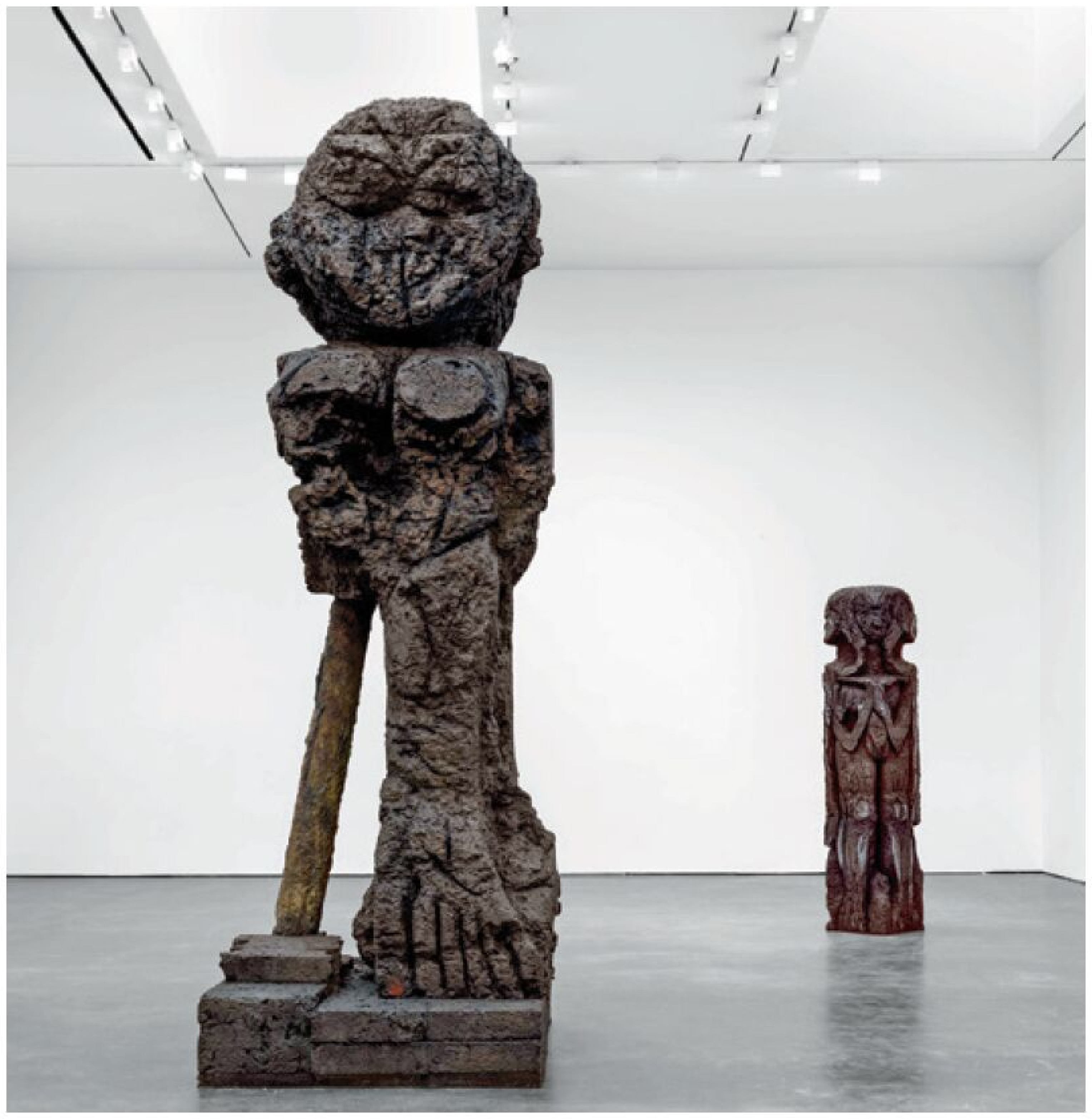
Huma Bhabha

DAVID ZWIRNER

The grotesque runs like an ominous scar across the history of Western art. The Hellenistic agonies of Laocoön and his sons attacked by giant sea serpents; the eternal terror of doomed souls being devoured by demons in Michelangelo's *Last Judgment*, 1536–41; the frenzied outpouring of monstrous beasts in Romanticism—to cite some early examples—echo our ongoing fascination with alienation, abjection, and horror. Francis Bacon, Louise Bourgeois, Jake and Dinos Chapman, Cindy Sherman, and Kiki Smith, among many others, took up the gauntlet during the twentieth century to show us the absurd and incomprehensible with seductive, transgressive force.

The art world that welcomed Huma Bhabha in the early 1990s was engorged with representations of fantastically dystopic and cyborgian bodies. For more than thirty years, her rusticated figures have reflected the ongoing fascination we have regarding the darker aspects of existence. "Welcome . . . to the one who came," an exhibition of seven new sculptures in David Zwirner's Chelsea space in Manhattan—with an accompanying presentation of six collages and two smaller-scale sculptures at the gallery's Upper East Side location—showcased Bhabha's humanistic take on decrepitude and aberrance. She fuses a raw, affective sensibility, which she traces to her Pakistani roots, with jocular pop-culture references purloined from sci-fi movies and an enduring obsession with ruins and resurrection.

Nobody does the look of antique desiccation like Bhabha. The distressed surfaces, the mutilated forms, the fragments of something once whole that is all but lost to us now conjure fictions about time and



View of "Huma Bhabha: Welcome . . . to the one who came," 2024. From left: *Even Stones Have Eyes*, 2023; *Maybe Nothing Maybe Everything*, 2024.

mortality. At the Chelsea gallery, three portrait busts, cast in iron and covered in active rust blooms—*Lodger*, *The Other Side*, and *Untamed*, all 2024—indulged such fantasies. Exuding a rough-hewn baroque charm, they served as a chorus to the nearby quartet of full-figure sculptures that were the stars of the show. Bhabha anatomically gendered three of the four patinated and painted bronze bodies as female, enabling discourses grounded in feminine experience, matriarchal power, and Great Goddess theory.

What Should It Be, 2024, a diminutive bronze just over three feet tall, embodied quiet dignity. She has no ears or hair, but her face is expressive and her gaze steadfast. Her head and neck are too large and thick, while her arms, hanging at her sides, are long and gangly. But her upright posture is proud, even confrontational, connoting strength. Complementing the work's rough modeling are a series of incised marks defining breasts and a triangular shape that signifies both a vulva and skimpy underwear. A vertical line runs from the space between her legs, straight through the clitoral zone, and up to her neck. She looks ancient, yet her bright-pink outfit—thinly painted with a bra-top detail—is fashionably contemporary.

The monolithic slab comprising *Nothing Falls*, 2024, an elegant, eight-foot bronze totem, featured an outline of a body, depicted from the neck down, that repeats the same triangular shape of *What Should It Be*—a motif used for millennia to symbolize the female. The sculpture is surmounted by a huge skeletal fragment that looks like the jawbone of a giant animal. Cast in bronze and lightly whitewashed, it invites visions nourished by mythologies of transhuman beings. *Maybe Nothing Maybe Everything*, 2024, which is more than seven feet tall, presented a Janus-like melding of heads—articulated with several orifices—planted atop an agglomeration of body parts, including breasts, butt cheeks, and a labial form that crowns a configuration of torso and legs.

Looming over the viewer at twelve feet tall was *Even Stones Have Eyes*, 2023, a tragicomic oddball with a peg leg and a slashed-up happy face that appears to have caved in on itself. It's kin with Thomas Schütte's wizened malformed characters, Paul McCarthy's battered pirates, and Isa Genzken's disaffected Eurotrash mannequins. It's also vintage Bhabha. While her figures do not intimidate, they nevertheless engage the dynamics between power and powerlessness. Though compromised, they search for contact and beckon us with their physical and emotional resilience, their dark humor, and a distinct subjectivity that suggests they are gradually and inevitably collapsing into desubjectivized cosmic dust.

—Jan Avgikos

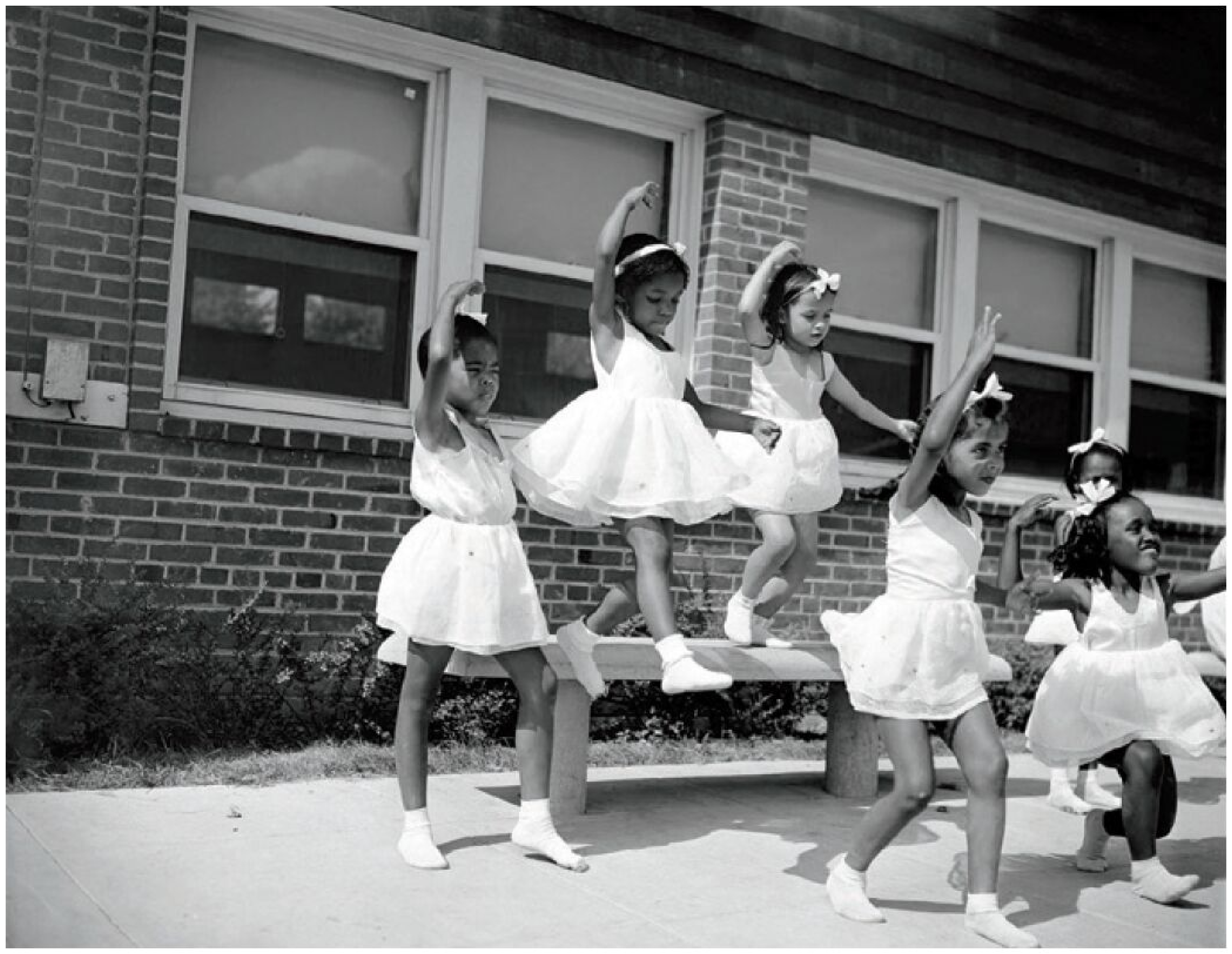
Gordon Parks

JACK SHAINMAN GALLERY

This show at Jack Shainman featured photographs related to *Gordon Parks: Born Black, A Personal Report on the Decade of Black Revolt, 1960–1970*, a book first released in 1971 and republished this year. Because Parks (1912–2006) penned the volume's text, he spoke for himself on its principal theme: Black Americans at a revolutionary moment.

The displayed works shared a core mystery: How can artworks visualize people as both distinct individuals and social subjects? On the one hand, we are all unique. On the other, we are social creatures, bound by elected association, classified without our consent. We identify with others and are identified by them. To portray his subjects as both at once was the task that Parks set for himself.

Take *Untitled, Anacostia, D.C.*, 1942. It shows a group of kids in a ballet troupe. While their matching tutus manifest their collective identity, their diverse expressions distinguish them. And while they try their best at taking third position, they are not yet able to discipline their young bodies. Uniformity meets chaos as we see children being socialized into a collective identity that they do not quite fully inhabit.



Gordon Parks, *Untitled, Anacostia, D.C.*, 1942, gelatin silver print, 26 × 30⅝".

Parks was a probing observer of historical painting, and to my eye such works gather resources from the genre of Dutch group portraiture. The reference is more literal in Parks's photos of Black Panther meetings, which knowingly recall town-watch paintings à la Frans Hals. The photographer seems to have delighted in the textures of slick leather and sumptuous corduroy as captured on gelatin silver, these ununiform uniforms connoting a politics of grassroots collectivity. He similarly drew on the history of art through his strategically placed pictures within pictures. I especially love *Untitled, Miami, Florida*, 1970, which shows Muhammad Ali's head and neck emerging from a crowd of admirers, who hold up multiple copies of the same publicity photo, eager to have them signed. Parks thus wove his iconic subject into fabrics of mediation. He captured the social reciprocity of emulation, of fans who wanted to be like their hero, and of a man who wanted to be the hero they saw in him.

Ballerina, militant, boxer—these are elected identities. But Parks's focus turned to the tragic when portraying how social identities are violently classified and enforced. *Untitled, Harlem, New York*, 1963, was one of very few works here that focused on a non-Black figure. It shows an elderly white woman, her face framed in profile against twin copies of the Black Muslim newspaper *Muhammad Speaks*. On the front page, beneath a headline that reads SEVEN UNARMED NEGROES SHOT IN COLD BLOOD BY LOS ANGELES POLICE is a grainy photograph showing a group of policemen and reporters crowding around three prone corpses. Parks gave the depicted image pride of place within his own, enabling comparison between their styles—artful composition versus haphazard rawness. Yet the very act of framing the reportage transforms its workmanlike style into something painterly. The body in its foreground, that of Ronald Stokes, is turned away from the viewer, echoing the subject of Manet's *Dead Toreador*, ca. 1864. The unsettling juxtaposition of victim and victimizers pits the named individual against the uniformed group; Parks amplified this opposition by capturing the real woman walking before this photo. The marks of age on her countenance impart a distinctly individual character, contrasting with both the named but faceless Stokes and the overall picture's other human presence: a nondescript hand holding the paper from the other side of the frame.

In a way, that hand stood in for Parks's own, orchestrating an image that captures something *true*. His style is unmissably artful, his works' refinement exceeding their useful purpose as journalistic illustration. His lens is less a mechanized retina than a surrogate person—willful, active, and completely in the world. His approach is particular, unique. Unlike the publicity pictures of Ali that await the fighter's signature, Parks's photos embody their author's signature. Yet their form remains responsive to a core trait of the world: the essential plurality of individual identity.

—Harmon Siegel

Christopher Wool

101 GREENWICH

Greetings, billionaires! Have you thought about investing in Wall Street—residentially? There's no better time: the fabled, gabled landmarks of yesterday's *âges d'or* are being parceled up, kitted out with containers of Italian marble and German appliances, and sold to the quickest bidder. Forget midtown's Yertle-the-Turtle supertalls. Wall Street has peak prewar grandeur—you pick the war! Crimean? Whiskey Rebellion? Your call. Why look for miles when you can see for centuries?

A primo way to get a sense of this storyselling is to visit Christopher Wool's sprawling show "See Stop Run" on the nineteenth floor of a stately 1907 office building. Installed in an 18,000-square-foot U-shaped space deconned down to the studs, the show has #spectacularviews overlooking New York Harbor on one side and, on the other, Trinity Church (one of the locale's biggest real-estate barons) and its churchyard, where the first US treasury secretary, Alexander Hamilton, is interred. It's also a great spot to look over One Wall Street, the 1931 Art Deco skyscraper and former home of the Bank of New York that is currently the area's splashiest residential conversion, with amenities including a seventy-five-foot, thirty-eighth-floor pool, a private restaurant, and a Whole Foods on the ground floor—all of which are situated at possibly the most brotastic address in the world.

Christopher Wool, *Untitled*, 2013, wire. Installation view. Photo: Christopher Wool.

When you're done, you can also look over what Wool has been up to since his 2013 retrospective at New York's Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum (and subsequent eight-digit auction sales) enshrined his sang-froid super-stencils in the pantheon of C-suite collector fetishes. Wool's *Untitled (FOOL)*, 1990, sold in 2014 for more than $14 million—perhaps the most expensive voluntarily purchased humiliation, *ever*—followed by *Untitled (RIOT)*, 1990, which ironized protest art into oblivion and commanded almost $30 million in 2015.

As these canvases suggest, Wool likes his jokes like yesterday's mille-feuilles: stale and layered. The title of the new exhibition is a metathetical gag on the old "See Spot run" kiddie reader line, and a spelling puzzle his psychoanalyst mother teasingly tested him with when he was a child—Freudian lips! But it also puns on how looking at Wool's work often means seeing spray-painterly spots run and then stop, or how an artist in love with the machinations of making has only three modes: see, run, and stop.

But while these heady kinds of questions about authenticity, automation, and agency have linked his fake-vacant '80s-graffiti doodles to the Dada wink and existential angst, granting him entry to the canon ball, his new show feels more like canon fodder. For one thing, the supposedly raw venue is depressingly far from Lower East Side *wabi-sabi*. Once the New York offices of Daniel Libeskind, it feels like an architect-ready space . . . where your dynamic creative team can dream big! In that context, Wool's ambigu-stractions (what's printed? what's painted? what's sprayed? what's screened?) feel so watered down that their arch coyness feels not just retro but repro, as if they were made by the marketers of a cute new photo-meme app rather than by an artist.

Most of the work could be moved right across the churchyard into one of One Wall Street's gleaming residences. Squiggly sculptures, purportedly fashioned out of barbed-wire found in Marfa, the Texas real-estate boomtown where Wool lived full-time during the pandemic, are utterly barb-less . . . but totally plinth-ready for the lobby of a modernist temple. Cementing the whole thing is an altarpiece to the show's WeWork vibe in the form of a massive mosaic of what kind of looks like a hunk of smeared old graffiti excised from a subway station. Somewhere else, it might seem clever. But here, in this crucible of hypertrophic wealth, it just looks like a superluxe archival upgrade of some long-lost decay: Arte Povera–*cum*–ricca.

In the end, the only irony here is how the master of irony lost control of his superpower. The exhibit, mounted by the artist himself with the help of curator Anne Pontégnie, makes clear that nothing is for sale. But come on: Everything in the art world is for sale. So the subtle sneer integral to Wool's brand doesn't feel as thoughtful or mature as it does toothless and conciliatory. This isn't a witty, poignant exploration of the desuetude of man. It's a serving suggestion for a tony property's facelift. And on that level, it's a roaring success.

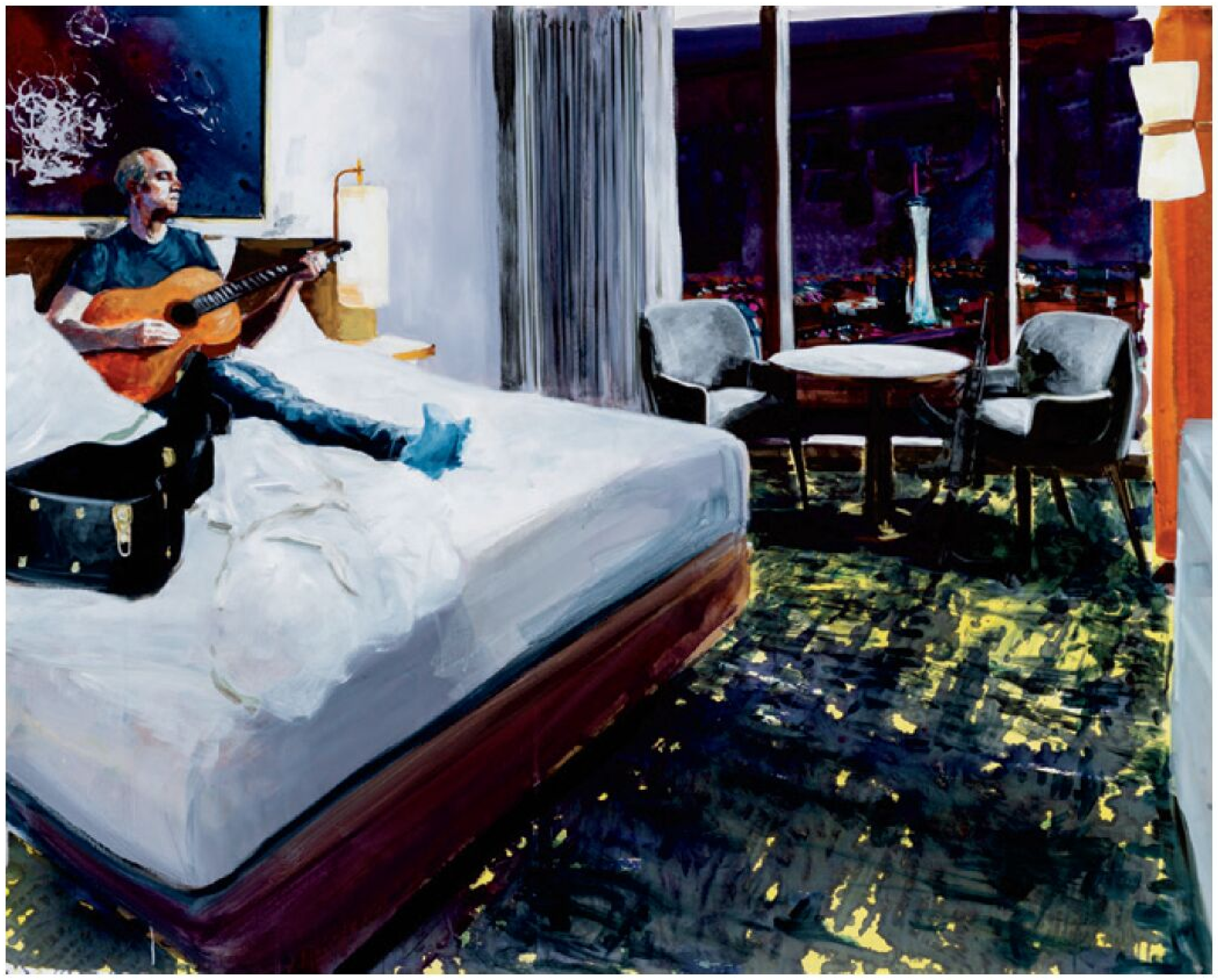
—David Colman

Eric Fischl

SKARSTEDT

The nine large canvases in "Hotel Stories" presented Eric Fischl at the top of his game. His painted world is one in which ambiguity and narrative complexity play consistent roles. You are never sure if something of import is about to happen, or if you are witnessing the aftermath of a particular event. Take, for instance, *Breakfast Begins the Day or Ends the Evening*, 2023. Is the woman in this picture removing or putting on her high heels? She is fully dressed, but why is the man in her bed still lounging around, unclothed?

These suspended moments encourage us to entertain a number of different narrative possibilities. In *Untitled*, 2023, we wonder who in



Eric Fischl, *King's Highway: Killing Time*, 2024, acrylic on linen, 54 × 68".

this tableau has startled the naked woman and one of her two dogs in her bed, making them both apprehensive? In *Standoff*, 2024, what has provoked a middle-aged man to leave the bathroom, lathers of shampoo still in his hair, to talk to a younger guy in the adjoining room? Whatever the cause of the interruption, a lissome woman in the shower presses her hand against the glass door in what we read as a sign of warning. Fischl has used a similar division of architectural space to indicate different psychological states in the paintings for his 2002–2003 series, "The Krefeld Project." Like the works in "Hotel Stories," all of the "Krefeld" canvases feature glimpses of various scenes unfolding in different close-knit settings. One of the pleasures of this exhibition was the way it deftly echoed earlier bodies of work.

Fischl has said that "there is an inherent mystery in intimacy," and that what he is trying to do is to find ways to capture it. He also depicts situations in which there is a pronounced absence of comfort or affection. In *Hotel Service*, 2023, a man wearing a large Stetson hat and a woman in a chic blue ensemble watch a bellhop wheel a breakfast cart out of their room. The banana on the trolley is an unmistakable reminder of the fruit bowl in *Bad Boy*, 1981, Fischl's iconic painting (and the title of his 2012 memoir) of an adolescent stealing something from his mother's purse as he watches her luxuriate in a post-masturbatory reverie. In *Hotel Service*, it's as if the bad boy grew up to be a cowboy with scuffed boots and fussily creased pants whose youthful wife is hipper and better dressed than he is. They both wait for the bellhop to leave in order to continue a conversation that holds little promise of intimacy. The couples in Fischlworld embody an altered version of Henry David Thoreau's lament that "the mass of men—and women, too—lead lives of quiet desperation."

Other paintings in the exhibition presented stories that connect to real historical events. The date in the title of *October 7: Heading Out*, 2023—the day Hamas staged a terrorist attack on Israeli citizens last year—explains the anguished hands of the woman whose unbelieving gaze is locked onto the TV. And it is easy to overlook the fake space needle of the STRAT Hotel, Casino, and Tower in Las Vegas outside the window in *King's Highway: Killing Time*, 2024, until you notice an AR-15 leaning almost imperceptibly against a gray chair. The pictured guitar player, a monster from the lyrics of the Joe Henry song that provide the painting's title, is biding his time before he begins his murderous version of sightseeing. He is likely based on sixty-four-year-old Stephen Paddock, who opened fire on a crowd attending the Route 91 Harvest Music Festival in 2017.

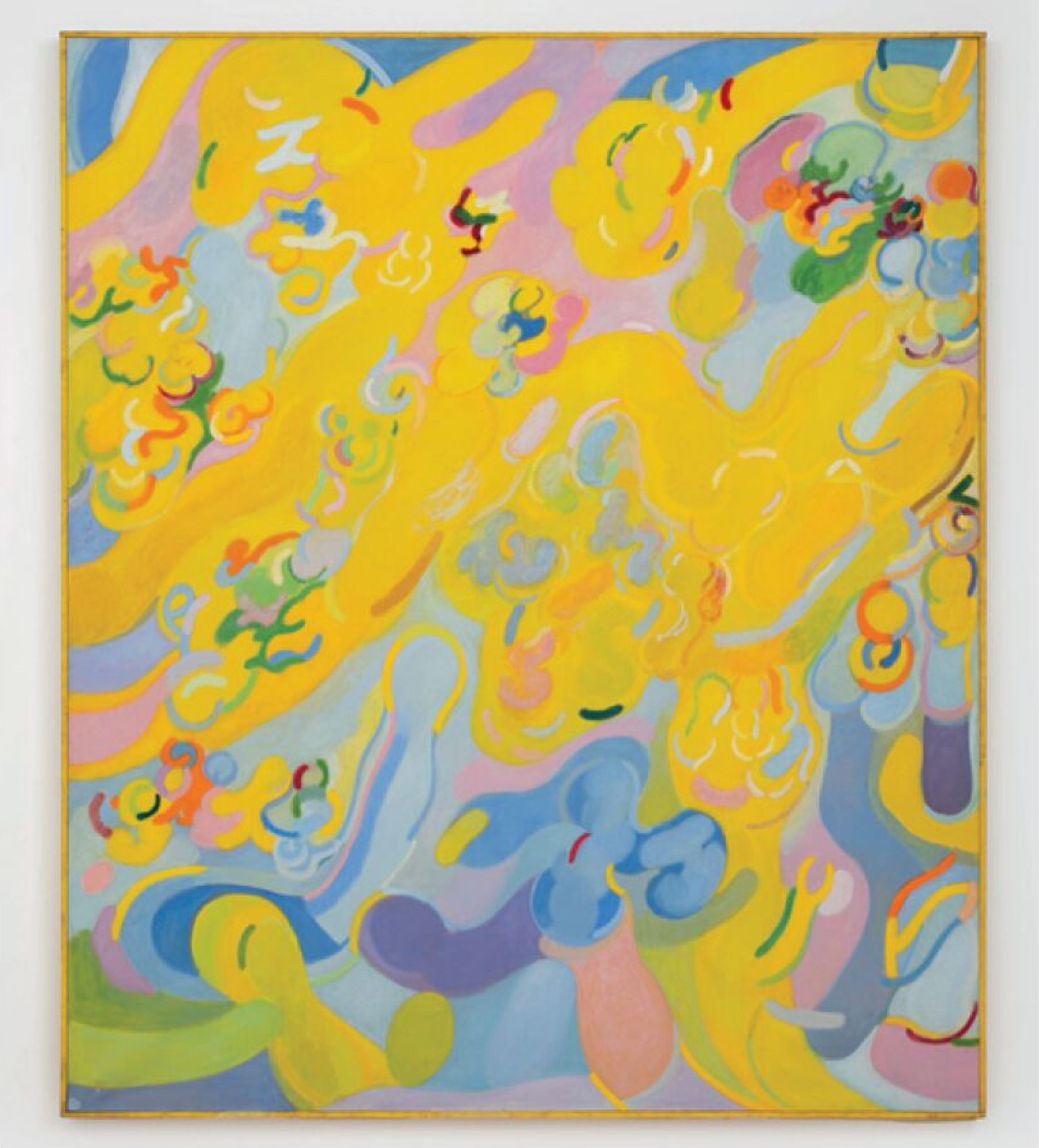
Last Days at Tender Cove, 2024, however, strikes a different note: A respite from the artist's trademark unease and desperation, this canvas depicts a moment of intimacy between an older couple, nude and in bed. The man's thinning hair and the woman's settling weight evidence the advance of time, but the tenderness of his head on her breast and the way she clasps his forearm are timeless gestures. The painting is simply what it is: an image of unmitigated care and trust. Its poignancy is a reconciliation and, if such a thing exists in Fischl's universe, a secular benediction. Among his hotel stories, this picture is the only one that tells us about love.

—Robert Enright

"Tide Pool"

KASMIN

The Earth is fading. *Fast.* "The chemicals that [pollute] the soil and water [symbolize] nature's death from the very success of mechanistic science," Carolyn Merchant wrote in a 2006 essay titled "The Scientific Revolution and the Death of Nature." Miraculously, life goes on in a tide pool, a "small [pocket] of water that form[s] during the tidal cycle," according to OceanConservancy.org. The nonprofit goes on to explain that these briny spots, which are prone to extreme shifts in temperature, can also "leave animals exposed to predators and other threats. . . . Sea birds, crabs, [etc.] can walk from pool to pool, looking for their next meal." This basin is often home to some of the toughest breeds of sea creatures—mussels, barnacles—that can adapt to all sorts of harsh settings, much, I daresay, like artists. "Tide Pool," a group



Anthe Zacharias, *Untitled*, 1966, oil on canvas with wood trim, 79 × 67". From "Tide Pool."

show at Kasmin featuring contributions from fourteen artists, presented pieces that "are abstracted from natural forms and [phenomena]," according to the gallery's press release. But, fortunately for my regressive eye—hopefully regressive in the service of the ego of art, to allude to psychoanalyst Ernst Kris's definition of the concept—only a few of the seventeen paintings and works on paper actually depicted the outdoors in a state of aliveness. Representational pictures such as Fairfield Porter's *The Plane Tree*, 1957; Jane Freilicher's *Still Life with Pink Azaleas*, 1969; Hedda Sterne's *Untitled (Flowers)*, 1975; and Nell Blaine's *Bright Fall, Dark Clouds*, 1981, had the freshness of thriving flora—death is far from their unaltered beauty.

In sharp contrast, the show's namesake, a watercolor-and-shaped-paper mélange from 1972 by Grace Hartigan, is a wonderful tumble of abstract figures in a heaven of pure-white light and cerulean. Elaine de Kooning's collaged drawing *Charging Bull*, 1960, was a muscular, nonobjective rendering of the titular creature. At only ten by twelve inches, it is a small but forceful portrayal of animalistic power, executed in various greens, blues, reds, oranges, and yellows. Jimmy Ernst's surreal oil painting *Another Silence*, 1972, at six by ten feet, was the largest piece on view. And, given the geometrically configured sex organs of the monumental alien plant being depicted, it was also the most exhibitionistic work here. Indeed, nature was generally more evoked than appreciatively described across these works.

Anthe Zacharias's abstract oil *Untitled*, 1966, featured an overwhelmingly sunny yellow that nearly obliterates the painting's delicate passages of sky blue. Lynne Drexler's gouache-on-paper *Untitled (60–4)*, 1960, was a manic, impressionistic display of green—the color of life, as Goethe once noted—flanked by scintillating outbursts of goldenrod, orange, aqua, and red. Emily Mason's oil-on-paper *Untitled*, 1966, with its dour blues and dirty golds, offered a more solemn evocation of nature. Robert Motherwell's acrylic-on-canvas *The Park*, ca. 1964, presented a tree that has been flattened into a ghost of itself, suggesting it is dead. And there was something melancholy about Pat Passlof's oil-on-linen *Mock's Turtle*, 1971—a composition primarily made up of shadowy violets, emeralds, and indigos—that reminded us of Wassily Kandinsky's remark about the importance of *mood* in abstract painting.

In Edmond and Jules de Goncourt's review of "Painting at the Exposition of 1855," staged at Paris's Palais des Beaux-Arts, the critics wrote: "It is when nature is condemned to death, when industry dismembers it, when iron roads plow it . . . that the human spirit hastens towards nature, looks at it as it never has before, sees this eternal mother for the first time. . . . Will landscapes become a resurrection, the Easter of the eyes?" As we watch our planet disintegrate, this question haunted the show's abstract renderings and responses to nature. Hopefully we have the barnacle's fortitude to face what's coming next.

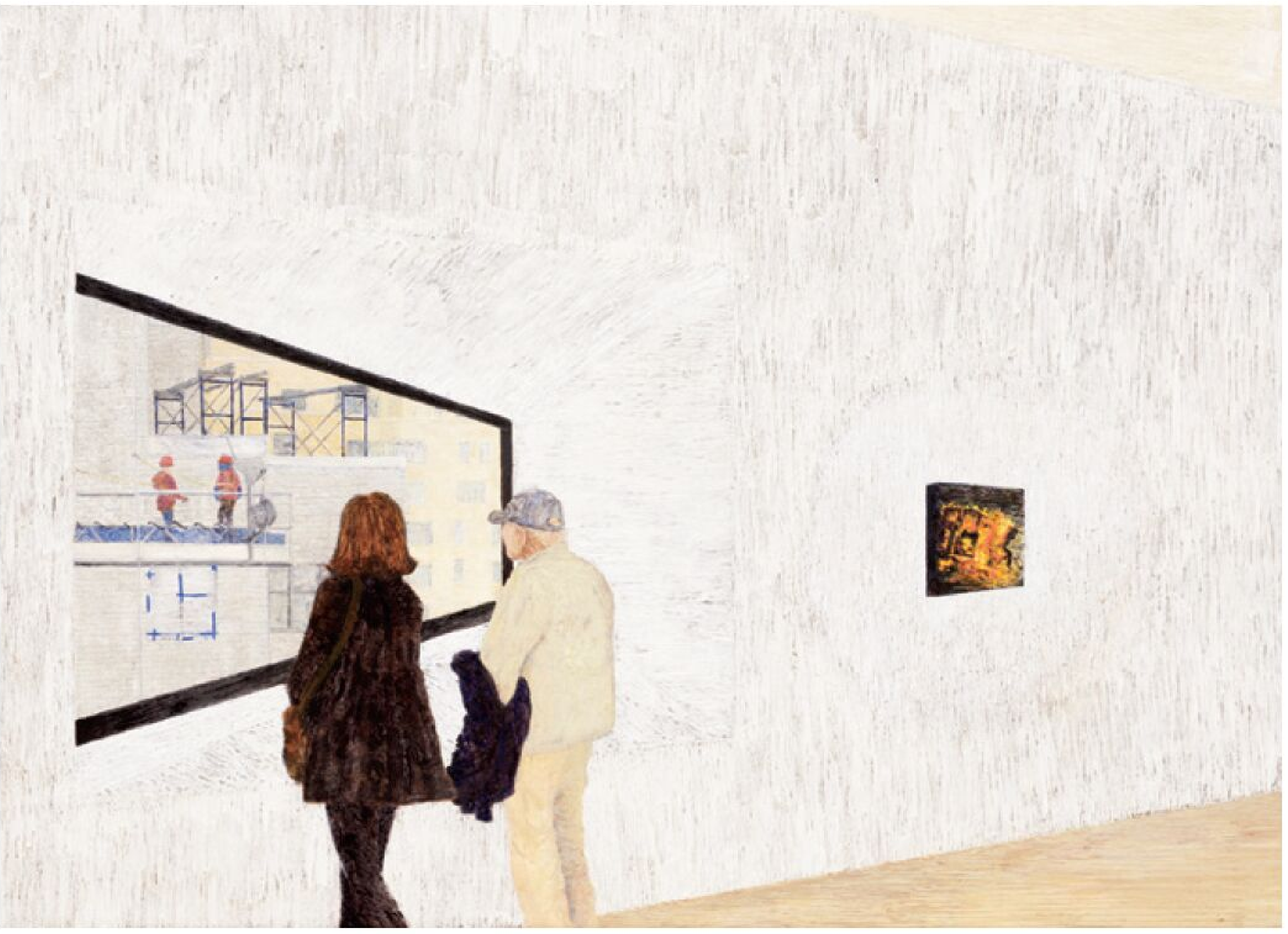
—*Donald Kuspit*

C'naan Hamburger

CHARLES MOFFETT

"Vanitas" was the title of C'naan Hamburger's striking solo debut. The painter was born in Jerusalem and is now based in New York, where she completed her MFA at Hunter College in 2023. The show comprised six modestly scaled paintings executed in the ancient technique of egg tempera on panel—the largest of them was twenty-eight by thirty-nine inches, but the others were more in the neighborhood of fourteen by eighteen inches, or less—along with eight pen drawings and a ceramic sculpture.

The exhibition's title might suggest a display of traditional still lifes, akin to those Dutch Golden Age canvases depicting skulls and other symbolic reminders of mortality as well as the vanity and transience of material goods. The use of egg tempera—which was the primary medium for panel painting in Europe during the Middle Ages and early Renaissance prior to the widespread popularity of oil paint in the late fifteenth century—implies an even more thoroughgoing historicism. Yet Hamburger's gritty realism is highly attentive to the mundanity of the present. The largest of the six works here, the namesake *Vanitas*, 2023, depicted a few dog walkers (and several of their canine charges) in a recreational area overlooking the water—I wondered if it was New York's Riverside Park. They stand on a rise in the painting's lower-left quadrant, not unlike the subjects of Bruegel's *Hunters in the Snow*, 1565, regarding somberly hued autumnal landscape of bare trees. The scene is dotted with tiny figures and, toward the top left, some vehicles and a tent: Work is being done to maintain the grounds. Seventeenth-century *vanitas* paintings were meant to keep the viewer's thoughts on matters beyond the earthly realm, yet Hamburger's convey a different message: The things of this world are transitory, yes, but that means serious effort is needed to keep them in good condition.



C'naan Hamburger, *Wall Power*, 2024, egg tempera, pigment, and scraped paint from the Met Breuer's walls on panel, 13¾ × 19".

Labor was a recurrent topic of most of these works—specifically, the energy involved in maintaining the outdoor urban fabric of New York: streets, buildings, and so on. *Painting Class*, 2023, for instance, depicted an orange-vested Metropolitan Transit worker applying a fresh coat of yellow to an entrance at a Canal Street subway station, while *Wall Power*, 2024, though set in what I can only think of as the former Whitney Museum of American Art—and the erstwhile Frick Madison—was really about what a couple of museumgoers are contemplating as they gaze out one of its famous angled trapezoidal windows (rather than at the small painting of a fiery scene just to their right): a pair of hard-hatted workers doing their thing on the roof of a building across the street. Seven of the drawings in this exhibition, part of the suite *14 Stations of the Scaffolding*, 2023, depict various stages in the creation of the titular structure.

I'm not sure why Hamburger feels compelled to lend some of her works such overweeningly portentous titles. Does the everyday task of setting up a scaffolding genuinely resonate with the Passion of the Christ, or is the maintenance of a public park really a kind of memento mori? The attraction of this sweat and toil as a subject for art lies precisely in its worldly, unsanctified, quotidian character—and Hamburger's treatment of it benefits from her similar take on artistic labor. In an interview with collector Tanya Traykovski, the artist throws shade on colleagues "waxing poetic" about their materials and subscribing to "a whole theology behind paint from the tube." By contrast, Hamburger likes to mix matter from the sites she depicts in with her pigments—I've never before seen "ground NYC sidewalk" as part of a painter's materials (gritty realism, indeed)—and her approach to painting is resolutely without lyricism, bravado, or piety: The always visible but never ostentatious brush marks, dry and measured, show her building compositions with care, patience, and practical know-how. Look at these works long enough, and the imagery might start to evanesce, it's true, but what is then revealed is not the transcendent, but the delicate materiality of paint and ink.

—Barry Schwabsky

BUFFALO

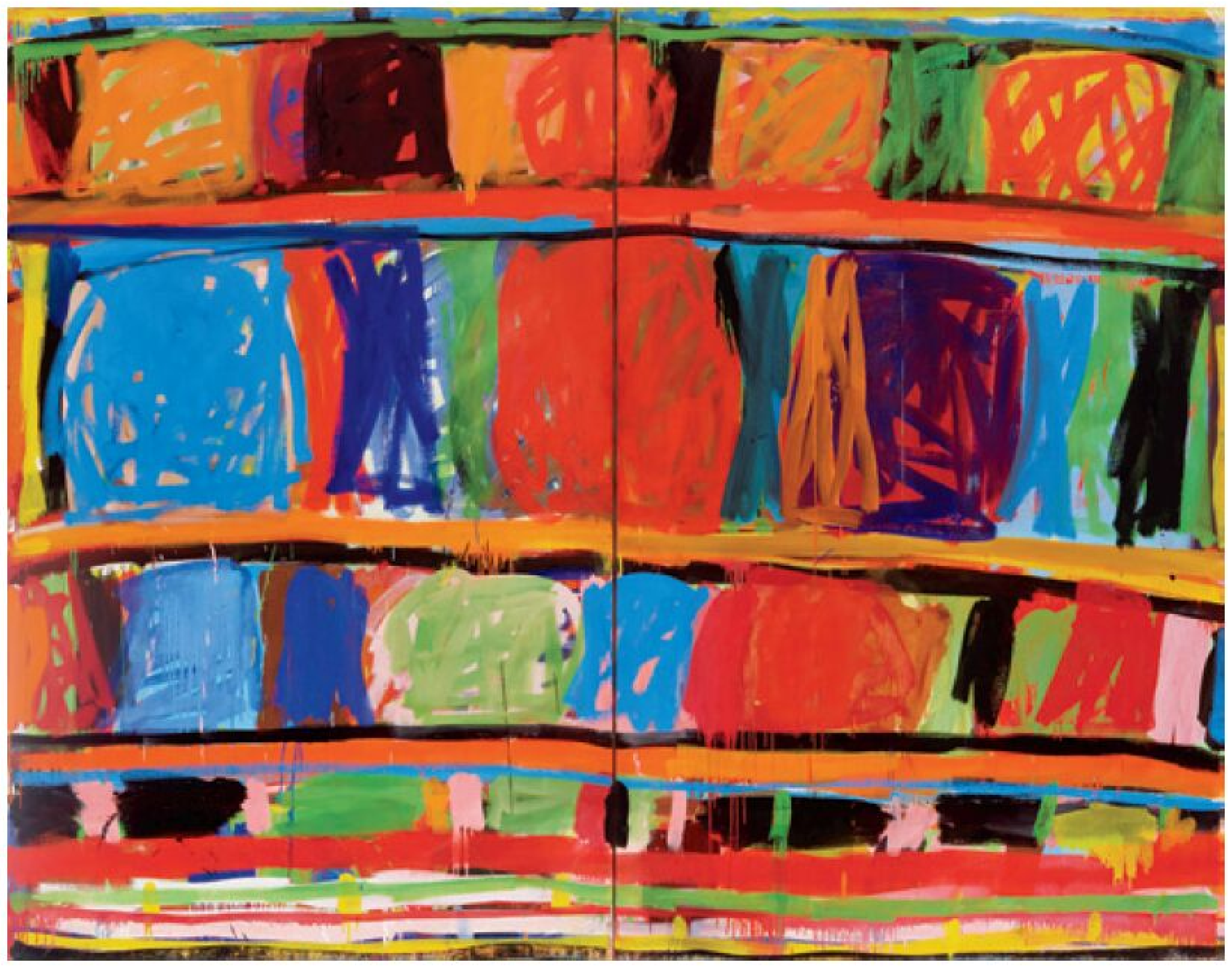
Stanley Whitney

BUFFALO AKG ART MUSEUM

Few abstract painters working today have used color in as exciting a manner as Stanley Whitney. Here, the artist's retrospective, "How High the Moon"—which will travel to Minneapolis's Walker Art Center later this year and to Boston's Institute of Contemporary Art in 2025—spanned nearly five decades of work.

Whitney is a history buff. The artist can be found reading poetry, fiction, and nonfiction between painting sessions. He is fascinated by ancient Roman and Egyptian architecture. His palette is a nod to Henri Matisse and Bob Thompson, both of whom coupled sensual line with a decidedly airy application of saturated hue (in homage to the former, Whitney exacts a palpable sense of pleasure, which he adumbrates with a healthy dose of the latter's cultural anxiety). Since his mid-fifties, Whitney, who is widely celebrated in the New York art world, has been known for creating fluctuating grids of modulated color in compositions that are retinal, spatial, and environmental. To call these elements *grids*, however, feels wrong. If his drawings are any indication, his paintings are to be read as chromatic matrices: abstract pictographs in which each rectangle operates as a zone of color expertly balanced with the next.

Whitney first came to New York in 1968 while he was a student at Missouri's Kansas City Art Institute during a cultural moment not unlike today's. It was a period filled with racial tension, political disillusionment, student-led anti-war protests, and enormous pressure for Black artists to make representational work. Whitney has stated, "I want everything in the paintings—the complexity of the world." Past and present modes of realism utilized by other artists in an effort to capture our troubled times often ran afoul of lived experience, given that not everything one witnesses can be properly represented. Whitney's survey asked us if a formalist approach to history might more accurately, if obliquely, reflect it.



Stanley Whitney, *By the Love of Those Unloved*, 1994, diptych, oil on linen, 78¾ × 102½".

The show featured paintings, drawings, prints, and the artist's notebooks. Early paintings from the 1970s and '80s are more rugged and less graphic, containing large circular forms set against pale-colored grounds, overlaid with broken dashes that are vertical or horizontal. By the early '90s, these elements began to coalesce with a strong sense of lateral movement and visual density. Works such as *By the Love of Those Unloved*, 1994, no longer present outsize geometric forms set into nebulous fields. The dashes have been replaced by lines, while color matrices appear and, with them, a sense of planar composition. In this diptych, the artist has painted four horizontal bands in crimson and tangerine, dividing the vertical axis with irregular, rounded rectangles executed in cadmium red, hot orange, vivid cerulean, light green, and deep black. Whitney's visual lexicon of lines, drips, and scrawled gestures alternates between opacity and transparency, lending these works a frenetic baroque energy. The task of deciding what to put and where to put it is at the heart of all figure/ground relationships. And most explicitly in Whitney's paintings of the early '90s, he abandons this modality in favor of allover composition and the dissolution of a painted ground.

The works from the mid-2000s onward were a high note, an apt description for an artist whose titles often allude to jazz and soul music. Slivers of color framed up loose edges, unfussy materiality, and confident sweeping expanses of paint. All of these qualities were apparent in these paintings, but especially so with *Elephant Memory*, 2014, in which four distinct yellow rectangles act as window-like apertures packed by bright reds, emerald greens, and scintillating blues.

In 2015, New York's Studio Museum in Harlem hosted Whitney's "Dance the Orange," a presentation that covered roughly seven years of the artist's output. With this significant and comprehensive survey at the Buffalo AKG Art Museum, however, chief curator Cathleen Chaffee did, with generosity and rigor, what New York institutions have not yet managed to do. At a moment when the art world has been fascinated with painters making NFTs and other such technological baubles—or fawning over "Just add water" types of narratives and storytelling—it was refreshing to see an exhibition prioritize active and embodied looking as painting's rightful domain. What emerged from this show was Whitney's sophisticated use of color and facture, applied in a syncopated rhythm, that manages to capture speed, temperature, elegance, attitude, and identity with each carved-up square. This is a painter in full mastery of his medium.

—Jason Stopa

CHICAGO

Christopher Williams

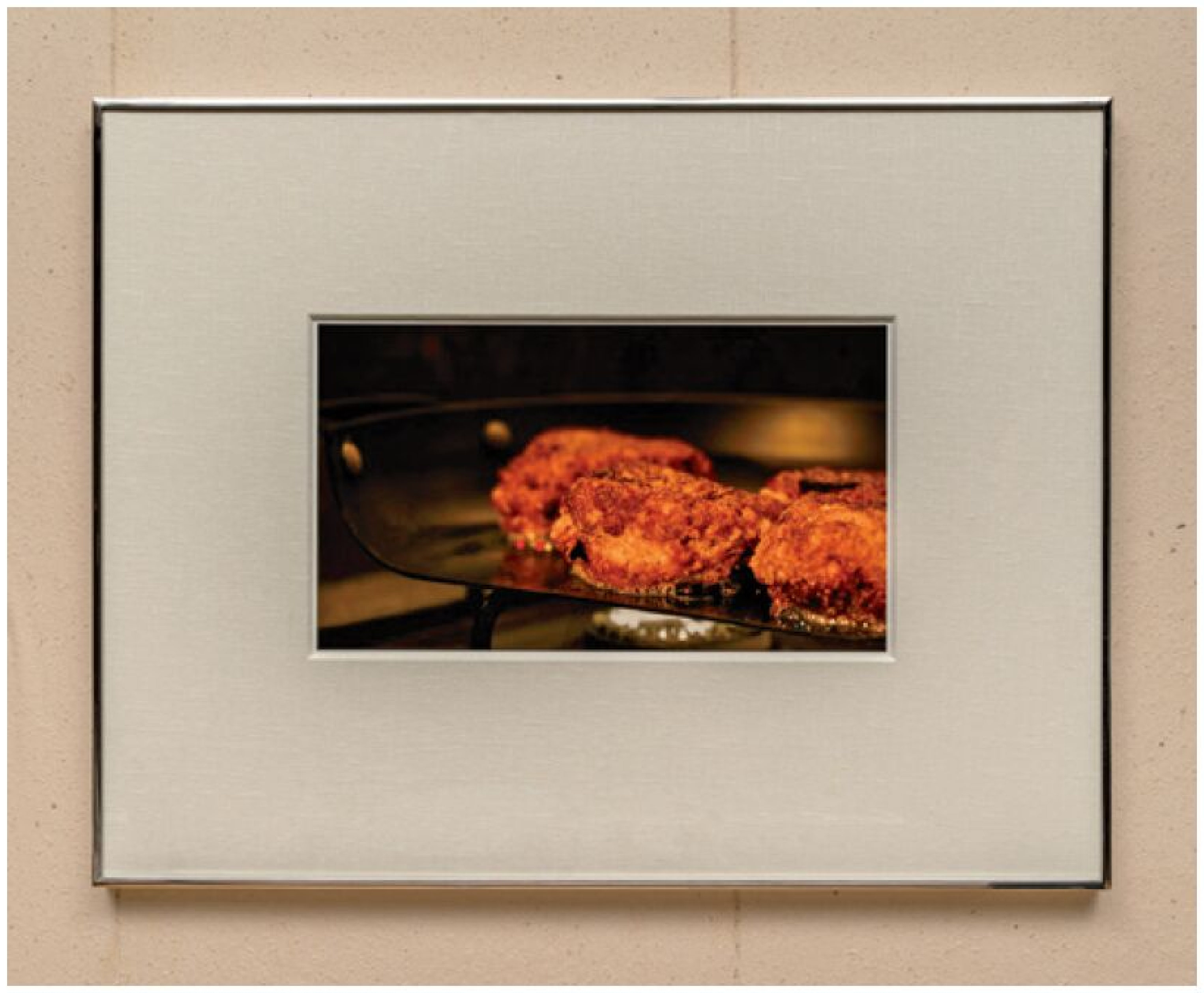
NEUBAUER COLLEGIUM FOR CULTURE AND SOCIETY

German playwright Franz Xaver Kroetz and his 1972 radio play *Inklusive* (Included)—a seven-scene script, adapted from a travel brochure, that recounts the activities of a West German couple on an all-expenses-paid trip to Italy, performed by actors with Bavarian accents—were the organizing force behind Christopher Williams's exhibition "Radio/

*Rauhfaser/*Television." This presentation furthered the artist's examination of postwar class issues in Germany and the aesthetics and conventions of *der typische Deutsch Kleinburger*, or the typical petit-bourgeois German.

The Neubauer gallery is a small, oak-paneled room, accented by a stately limestone fireplace, nestled within an imposing Gothic-style building. The exhibition was anchored by six white-painted steel vitrines designed by Egon Eierman, which together formed an authoritative island in the middle of the room. Each case displayed a collection of historical documents, scripts, and arcane printed ephemera alongside a selection of Williams's illustrative, collage-like works made with ink, adhesive tape, and photographic imagery. Each piece appeared archive ready, overlaid with a sheet of protective translucent vellum. The artifacts and art displayed within the shallow, linen-lined stands were obliquely relational to one another, connected only through Williams's fastidious research into Kroetz's life and work in theater. Yet the shifts between German and English, image and text, commercially produced print media and rarified cultural oddments refused to allow the exhibited objects to coalesce as a unified body of knowledge. Among the featured items were a May 21, 1973, copy of *Der Spiegel*, the cover of which depicts an image of a fetus that accompanies an article addressing the social and psychological impact of abortion; a black-and-white photograph of the ivy-covered edifice where Kroetz's *Inklusive* was created; file folders containing paper-clipped pictures of the equipment used to record the radio play; yellowed newspaper clippings; and a reproduction of a Candida Höfer photograph torn from an exhibition catalogue. All of this was uniformly arranged to underscore the ideological forces and mundane cultural conditions shaping Kroetz's output.

The treatment of this material was aesthetically bureaucratic, in line with Bernd and Hilla Becher's deadpan photographic grids of architectural banality. The project also called to mind the Joseph Beuys–influenced photography of Anna and Bernhard Blume, artists a generation older than Williams who also explored the modest tastes and conventions of the German lower and middle classes, but with a tongue-in-cheek sense of theater, emotion, and humor. Williams's cultural artifacts, methodically handled with administrative constraint, were further manifested in the architectural prosthetic next to the vitrines. This freestanding prop wall—with a cutout doorway that led to nowhere—inelegantly obscured a portion of the fireplace and the gallery's donnish oak-paneled interior. The wall's outer face was covered with the show's namesake *Rauhfaser*, an unremarkable oatmeal-colored wallpaper once common in East German homes. *Blocking Template: Ikea Kitchen (Three-quarter). Studio Thomas Borho, Oberkasseler Str. 39, Düsseldorf, Germany, September 10, 2022*, 2023, a saturated industrial photograph of golden *frikadeller* frying on a cutaway skillet, hung on top of the wallpaper to the left of the doorway. The image highlights the pan's sturdy construction and allowed consumers to see the meat patties getting evenly browned. Conveying the seductive pleasures of hot sizzling flesh, the photograph usurped the fireplace as the gallery's central hearth.



Christopher Williams, ***Blocking Template: Ikea Kitchen (Three-quarter). Studio Thomas Borho, Oberkasseler Str. 39, Düsseldorf, Germany, September 10, 2022,*** **2023,** ink-jet print on cotton rag paper. Installation view. Photo: Robert Heishman.

Installed on opposite walls were two text-based enamel-on-glass works. *MODEL (David Zwirner, 34 East 69th Street, New York, NY 10021)*, 2020, and *Untitled (Provisional Prop)*, 2021, feature brown, sans-serif typefaces that perfectly matched the gallery's wood paneling. In the lobby were two adjacent video monitors that listed the key elements of the exhibition. *Provisional Prop: Wall Coverings, Radio, Printed Matter, Picture Frames, Photographs, Films, Arrangements*, 2021, played on one screen while the other presented a 1973 German newscast that ran in place of a panel discussion, produced for West German television, about Kroetz's 1972 theater production *Oberösterreich* (Upper Austria)—the recorded conversation never aired, owing to the playwright's Communist activities. Kroetz and his obscure yet critical output are worthy of historical resuscitation and aesthetic analysis; however, Williams doesn't provide us with an easy entry point into the artist's history. Like his photographs of scrupulously bisected camera lenses that reveal their mind-boggling construction, Williams's "portrait" of the artist, while frequently exacting, remained utterly elusive.

—*Michelle Grabner*

NEW ORLEANS

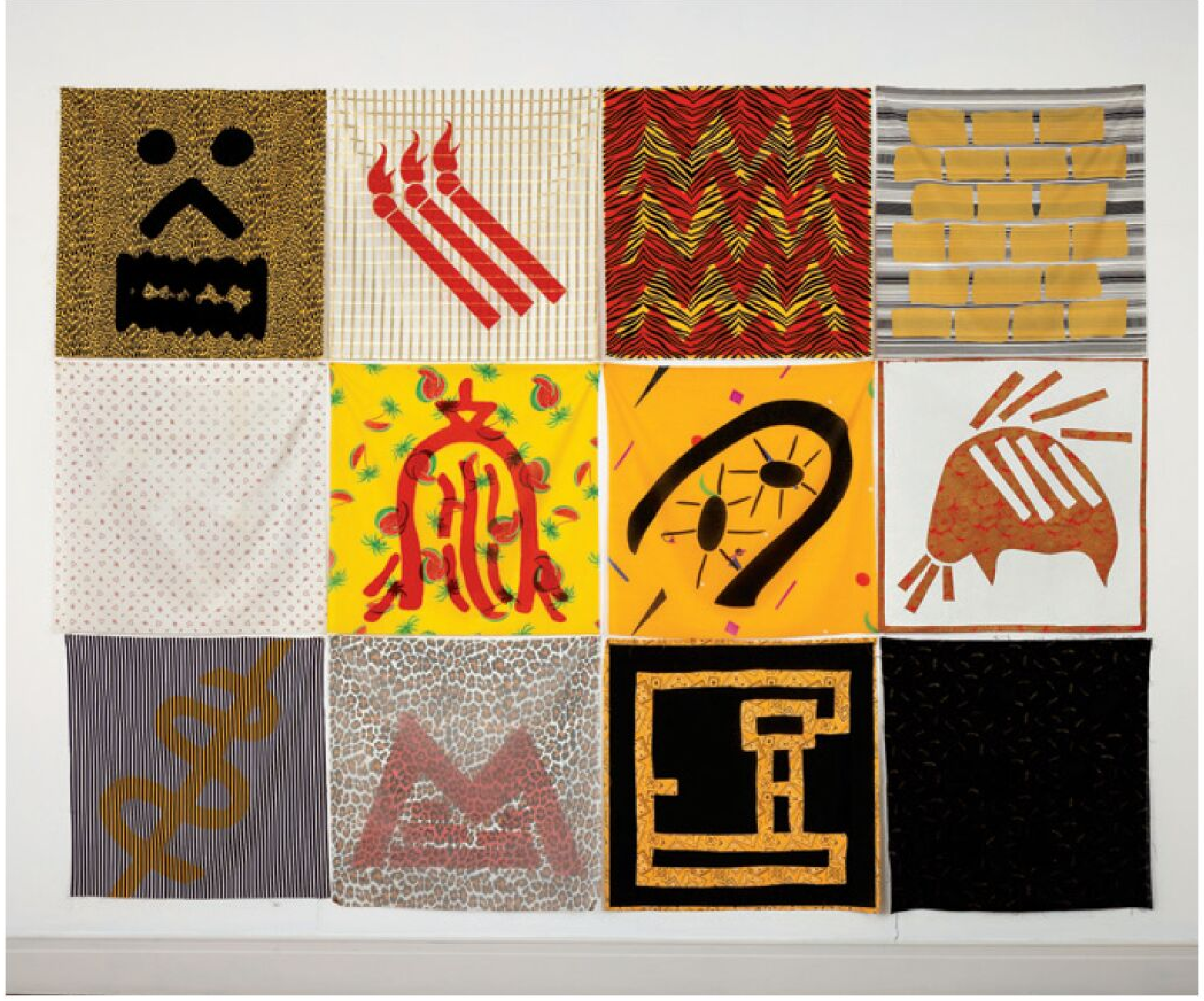
Tina Girouard

OGDEN MUSEUM OF SOUTHERN ART

Anarchitecture, a term Gordon Matta-Clark coined for a movement that experimented with disassembling traditional architectural designs and concepts—and that was subsequently adopted as the name of a group of like-minded artists—describes a coterie that, in some ways, was a real boys' club. Constituted of Herculean feats that defied physics and practicality, the collective's output was often destructive: Think blown-out windows, collapsed buildings, and homes made uninhabitable. Take *Splitting*, 1974, for which Matta-Clark cut a house in half and set it back on its foundation to exaggerate the white space between, emphasizing the physical limits of materials under stress and a desire to divorce himself from the mundane trappings of the American Dream.

Perhaps this is what sets the Louisiana-born Tina Girouard (1946–2020) apart from her contemporaries in the Anarchitecture group. Where others focused on material anarchy and disrupting the normative politics of urban spaces and private property, Girouard undertook the "women's work" that underwrites this territory, illuminating everyday domestic chores such as cooking, cleaning, grooming, decorating, and homemaking as gendered performances via art.

In "Tina Girouard: SIGN-IN," her first major retrospective at the Ogden Museum of Southern Art in New Orleans—organized by the Rivers Institute for Contemporary Art & Thought—Girouard serves as both muse and maker. Her career trajectory resembles the plotline of "Cinderella": In a suite of photographs documenting her 1971 installation/performance *Swept House*—part of curator Alanna Heiss's "Brooklyn Bridge Event," a temporary exhibition that appeared beneath the titular structure—we see the artist sweeping dirt from under the steel supports of the overpass alongside a crew of local children. Elsewhere



Tina Girouard in collaboration with the Fabric Workshop and Museum, Philadelphia, *Conflicting Evidence*, 1980, sewn fabric panels with pigment, overall 12 × 9'.

in this show, we watch her debone a chicken at the de facto soup kitchen for SoHo artists, Food, which fed thousands for next to nothing (or for free) between 1971 and 1974. In archival footage, Girouard hand-washes silks bequeathed to her as a dowry by her mother-in-law for *Maintenance III: Sewing, Washing, Wringing, Rinsing, Folding Solomon's Lot*, 1973. In 1978, however, after a decade of living and working in New York, the artist returned to Louisiana to convert a former convenience store into a shared house and studio with her husband (and fellow anarchitect) Richard Landry. A scrapbook of photographs in this presentation chronicles the building's transportation to the couple's property in Cecilia, a poetic gesture that underscores anarchitecture's potential for rehabilitation as well as decline.

Also on display in "SIGN-IN" are Girouard's works on paper, archives, and personal letters; of particular interest are her serial codices of pictographs made by different cultures, accompanied by her own renditions of them. These symbols make up the prototype for a universal language composed of simplified line drawings, which anticipate the artist's interest in world heritage and cross-cultural exchange.

Most easy to love are the artist's experiments with decorative arts from the 1970s, in which she repurposed linoleum, wallpaper, textiles, and other types of home decor for unabashedly gaudy and girly collages. These materials were not costly or recherché; they are easily sourced goods that were plentiful and cheap. One also gets the sense that these works were made without much irony, unlike her peers' gendered critiques (e.g., that of Lynda Benglis, also from southwest Louisiana, who ironically detourned the tropes of pornography with her own body in a purchased advertisement that appeared in this magazine in 1974, creating an art-world schism). Considering the period during which these collages were made, concurrent with the emergence of radical feminism, Girouard has been largely excluded from the canonical art discourse. Her work prioritizes a familiarity with suburban and rural cultural norms over those found in more urban settings. The art focuses on communal harmony and shared social practices, illustrating the pleasures and aesthetic beauty inherent to hosting or homemaking, e.g., creating kinships through ritual.

Domestic labor makes up the lives of most Cajun women in Louisiana, where Girouard was born, lived, and died. These works cleverly draw attention to the financial realities that underwrite both artmaking and women's labor, invoking one of anarchitecture's chief aims: to cut away from material excess, greed, and overconsumption by repurposing ready-made patterns and designs. Girouard does so in order to make home a place we'd want to return to, the site of a happily ever after.

—Lauren Stroh

SEATTLE

Sky Hopinka

FRYE ART MUSEUM

The poetic title of this exhibition, "Subterranean Ceremonies," called attention to the numinous, communal realms of Sky Hopinka's art. In this presentation, the artist, known for his writing and dreamy, color-saturated films and photographs that document his journeys throughout Indigenous homelands, focused on works made in the Pacific Northwest—particularly Washington State, where Hopinka grew up—and in his ancestral Ho-Chunk Nation's territories in the Midwest.

Language and landscape intertwined profoundly throughout this show, in part guided by Hopinka's collection of poems, *Perfidia* (2020). The writings were quoted in many of the works here. Recentering Indigenous filmmaking is at the core of the artist's practice, while his poetry questions the power dynamics of communication. His art creates a polyphonic space, where translation, via different tongues and visual forms, can be withheld or offered plainly. Is equivalence of meaning possible when two languages don't hold the same worldviews?

It's fitting that one of the first photographs encountered in this show, *We were at a loss of language, except for what we could speak*, 2023, has its title incised onto the work's surface. As secondary witnesses to Hopinka's extensive travels, viewers were offered ample opportunity to fill in the gaps and piece together various elements and thereby to create their own journeys and understandings. Meaning could be

Sky Hopinka, *Kicking the Clouds,* 2021, 16 mm transferred to digital video, color, sound, 15 minutes 36 seconds.

gleaned from the many references woven throughout—including texts by W. G. Sebald and Marc Augé, elements of Ho-Chunk mythology, and nods to Ezra Pound and Dante—all of which were juxtaposed with Hopinka's softly spoken accounts and transporting soundscapes. The result was an enthralling and generous audiovisual space that could be endlessly reread.

Listening carefully to the barely perceptible audio of *Kicking the Clouds*, 2021, one could hear recordings of Hopinka's great-grandmother teaching Pechanga to her daughter, as well as stories of the artist's family's migrations, most recently from California to Washington. The video reflects on the experience of learning ancestral languages and embracing Indigenous culture. Yet Hopinka's great-grandmother's voice also contains ambivalence, indicating the painful linguistic repression forced upon her in a Southern California boarding school, where the instruction was meant to erase Native American heritage.

Other videos, such as *Mnemonics of Shape and Reason*, 2021, placed emphasis on embodiment within the landscape. As the artist tells us, we are merely guests within this space, just as he and his camera are. Nature, of course, is Hopinka's primary subject; he uses it to reenvision how we communicate with one another, our environment, and the spirit world. This approach could be described as what Donna Haraway, in her 1988 essay "Situated Knowledges: The Science Question in Feminism and the Privilege of Partial Perspective," calls "[seeing] from below," a form of "loving care [that] people might take to learn how to see faithfully from another's point of view."

A dynamic, two-channel, corner-projected work, *The Island Weights*, 2021, led viewers to the cardinal points of Ho-Chunk creation stories in order to meet the four water spirits—or "weights"—that prevent the earth from spinning chaotically out of balance. The narrator notes the spirits' weariness with their duties. "How do you engage with myth when you're trying to keep it close and precious, trying to protect it?" asks Hopinka in a 2021 monograph about his work, published by Poor Farm Press. "Rather than telling the myth, I try to tell the effects of it, or what are the repercussions of the story when you believe it?"

In Dreams and Autumn, 2021, the exhibition's finale, draws from Hopinka's 2021 poem, "Flesh and Ghost." The text unravels steadily across three screens depicting various images (nature, crowds of people), allowing the viewer to read them with a slight delay—an echo that enables the artist's words to sink in deeper. The work makes palpable the presence of Hopinka's ancestors. "We imagined the colors were their dreams," he says in this piece, "churning away in their memories." The artist's poetic visions are mirrored by his cinematography: His saturated colors also reflect his own impressions of filming in situ. At one point, we're presented with a flipped and doubled horizon, first seen in *Mnemonics of Shape and Reason*, which radically shifts our sight line. When this kaleidoscopic illusion abruptly ends, the artist makes us realize how constructed our vision of the landscape really is.

—*Emily Butler*

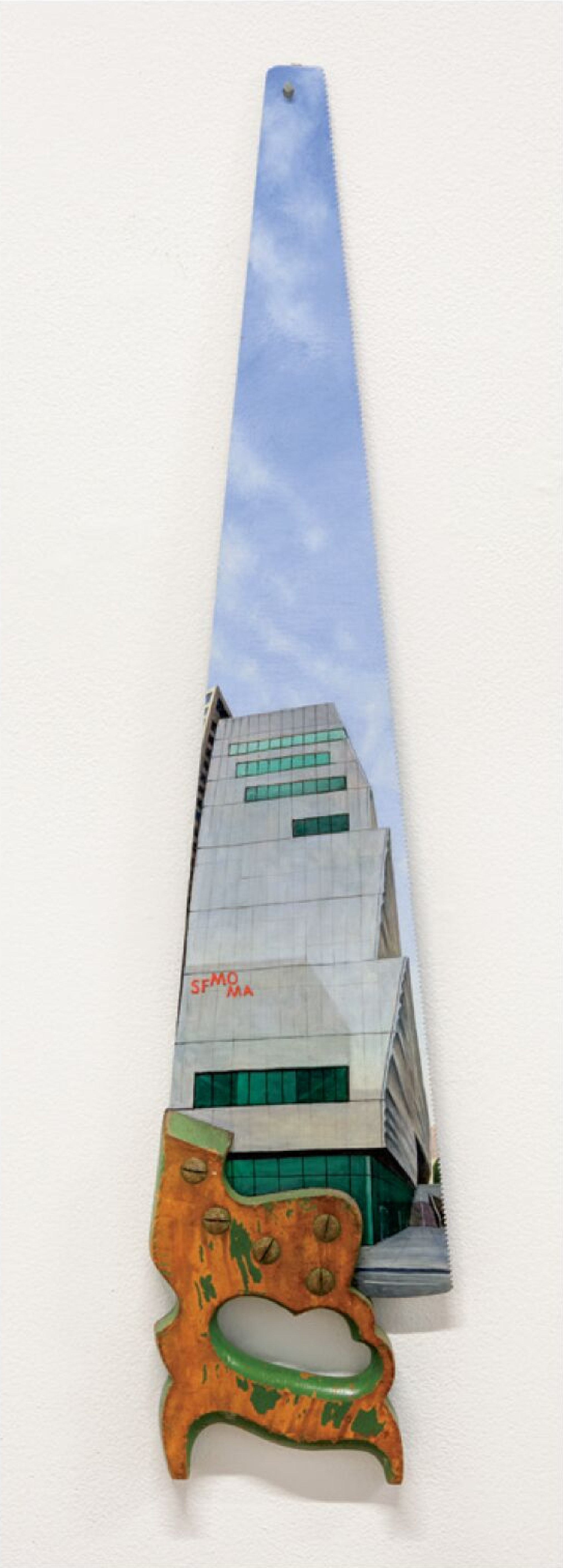
SAN FRANCISCO

Rico Solinas

ANGLIM/TRIMBLE

Rico Solinas is a plein air landscape painter, working in a genre rarely encountered in the contemporary art world. His subject matter is largely focused on San Francisco and its environs; he has made thousands of works depicting the city: from its manufacturing sites and remnants of a military-industrial complex to scenes featuring famously tilted streets. During the Covid-19 pandemic, Solinas traveled daily to the Bayview—one of the area's few yet-to-be gentrified neighborhoods—to complete new gouaches of its streets and storefronts.

Since the late 1980s, Solinas has also worked as a preparator at the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art. This day job has taken him to museums far and wide, accompanying art on loan to other eminent institutions or shepherding borrowed works back to their permanent collections. In the course of these travels, he began painting pictures of these faraway museums—on saw blades. The folk tradition of decorating everything from coffeepots to toy boxes, known as tole painting, brought to the US from Europe, reaches back to the eighteenth century. Solinas's interest in his chosen support began while he was still in graduate school at San Francisco Art Institute in the late '80s, when—already committed to painting landscapes, he spied a painted saw hanging on the wall of a dive bar. Enchanted, he began using saws for a range of subjects: initially, the exteriors of famous artists' residences and studios, then collectors' houses and, finally, the museums he was visiting for both work and pleasure. Over the years, saw blades have also served as his support for images of Bay Area airports, bridges, trucks, warships, and more.



Rico Solinas, ***SF MOMA*****, 2015,** oil paint on saw, 30 × 5½ × 1".

Several of his "museum portraits" were included in "You Never Know," a survey of eighty-four works on panel, paper, and saw, made between 1983 and 2024. Although he is devoted to working *en plein air*, Solinas seems to be fine with using photographs when necessity dictates. Only about fifty of his museum paintings, for example were done on-site: More than one hundred others were made from photographs, though he paints them outdoors, while sitting in a park. In several works included in the show, he framed views in eccentric ways, not only angling a single canvas to straighten a steep street, as he does in *151 Third St*, 1991, but tilting each picture in a vertigo-inducing checkerboard of thirteen framed seascapes to level out all of their steeply angled horizon lines.

Sometimes, his approach is truly inventive. He created a group of tondi of various sizes by attaching a convex mirror to his easel, then recording the fish-eye view of the scene shown in the mirror's reflection. The angular forms of buildings or signs that normally create the predictable grid of a city scene are radically transformed into swooping curves by the mirror's distortion. In some, such as *Untitled (American Flag)* or *Untitled (Downtown)*, both from the 1990s, a view of sky rimmed with buildings is so disorienting that it seems only the artist could know which way is up.

Solinas's predilection for tilted vistas must surely be a critical response to decades of adhering to the strict mandate for level, perfectly spaced hangs at his day job. There is no right way, after all, to hang a saw. Once Solinas has decided whether to portray his subject vertically or horizontally, he composes the image so that it is suited perfectly to the tool's triangular shape. In an early work with such compositional legerdemain from 1989, a crane perched on a tall pile of rocks stretches upward, almost reaching the very tip of the blade. In contrast, in a 2019 portrait of the Seattle Art Museum, the glass-and-steel building hovers in the bottom third of the blade, seen from neither front nor side but in a flattering demi-profile, cloudless blue sky extending far above. Like an aristocratic portrait, the composition suggests a kind of moneyed elegance without looking particularly distinctive: less like a temple of culture than a corporate headquarters. This, Solinas might be telling us, is a different kind of tilt.

—Maria Porges

LOS ANGELES

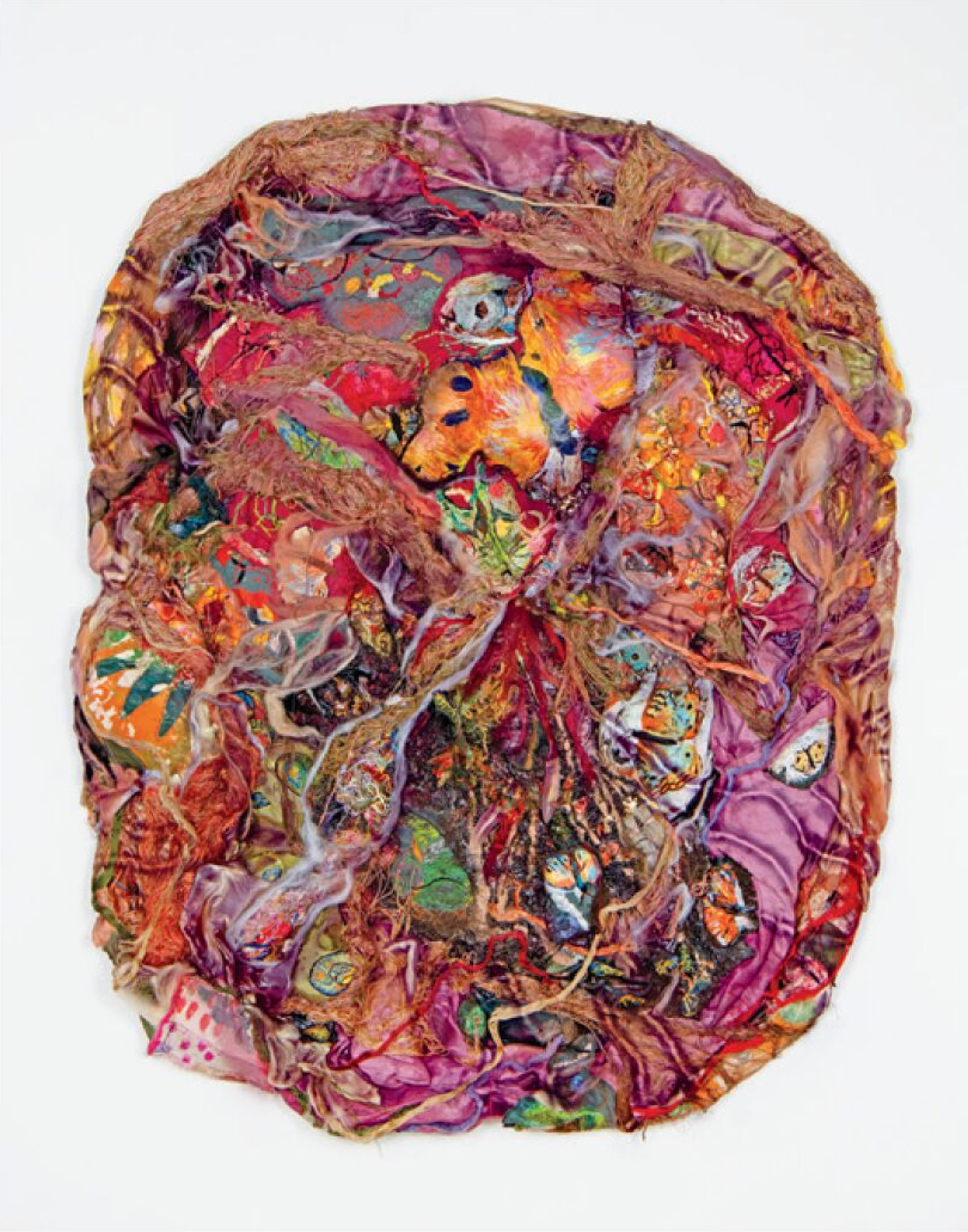
Daniela Gomez Paz

NOON PROJECTS

Daniela Gomez Paz doesn't make sculpture; she unearths it. That's the process suggested, at least, by the five materially diverse "habitats" presented at her first solo exhibition in Los Angeles, which also featured a series of delicate ebony drawings. Varied in scale, Paz's wall-mounted habitats share a compositional format: Each one has a cloth substrate, curled inward at the edges to contain a carefully arranged tangle of fibers, fabrics, and organic matter, interspersed with tender passages of embroidered flora and fauna. *Arrebato de una juventud/snatched yellow*, 2023, was the most exuberant of the group, true to its title. The lining of a bag hangs from the top of the relief, spilling dead leaves and flowers across a field of matted fuchsia yarn bordered and traversed by shocks of neon pink. Needlepoint sunflowers peek out at the bottom, while skeins of cottony fiber weave in and out of the surface, conjuring cobwebs or entrails. This visual and tactile complexity, which we perceive as ordered disorder, proves both elusive and seductive.

Paz refers to herself as a "processor of things," and the lines between artistic intervention and natural processes are made blurry in her sculptures, which evoke both digestion and decomposition. *Gabinete del ave/bird cabinet*, 2023, fully embraces the aesthetics of rot, its hand-embroidered cloth suffused with tightly packed soil and colored a fecund shade of near black. At the heart of the work is a miniature armoire lined with deep-crimson fabric, a bit of doll furniture that gives the sculpture its title. The armoire's doors are left open, and empty shelves are exposed; if placed outside, it might well prove enticing to an animal visitor, bringing new life into a work already quietly alive with the activity of decay. That description could equally apply to *gota al derramar/drops in search*, 2023, which looks like a nest carefully assembled by a magpie with a penchant for potpourri and embroidery floss.

What is most captivating about these sculptures is that their surfaces resist memorization and familiarity. Even as they invite the eye to roam, they hold onto secrets. In *arrebato de una juventud/snatched yellow*, for example, a purple zipper embedded in its threads is left half open, teasing us with the suggestion of an interior space. *Grietas en su apoyo/crevasses of pinkies*, 2023, one of the largest reliefs in the show, has a thickly layered ground that harbors all sorts of found objects, textiles, and embroidered images and text. The snarl of stuff has a purpose: Its density and arrangement suggest that the lifelike hands that peek out along the edges of the work are attached to unseen bodies concealed by detritus. The sculpture becomes a burial ground (and maybe even a crime scene), filled with clues halfway gone to seed.



Daniela Gomez Paz, *alas enmarañadas/coiled wings*, 2023, wool, yarn, thread, naturally dyed fabric, fabric scraps, printed cloth, paint, synthetic hair, hand-embroidered cloth, 72 × 60 × 6½".

Layering—or entangling in Paz's lexicon—gives physical form to the complexity of lived experience, cultural memory, and inheritance that informs her practice. Her relationship to embroidery "stems from home," she explains in an interview with Kristan Kennedy, noting her imagery is drawn from "broken items that were given to me and belonged to my grandmother and mother . . . adornments like *manillas* (bracelets), necklaces, rings, earrings, and *pañoletas* (scarves)." Signs of these personal effects are entombed in her sculptures. The accessories are precious enough to be turned into artistic material, but not impervious to the decay that comes with the passage of time. A Victorian sensibility is evident here, further amplified in *alas enmarañadas/coiled wings*, 2023, an intricate web of earthy fibers dotted with needlework butterfly wings—symbols of the souls of the dead in both Victorian visual culture and pre-Hispanic folklore. The cloth that contains *arrebato de una juventud/snatched yellow* bears a pattern derived from indigenous Andean textiles; its use as a vessel is reminiscent of offerings carried in coca bags. But there is nothing didactic in these references, no personal or cultural symbology that we must understand to access the work, which has enough force of feeling to communicate without instructing.

Paz's drawings, elegant quasi-abstractions in ebony pencil on dark-gray paper, extend the intimacy of her reliefs. Floral motifs abound, and the mark-making echoes the short strokes of embroidery and the long sinuous lines of thread in the sculptures. *Aullido de la aguja/howling needle*, 2023, bridges the two mediums with a spectacular raven flower that radiates outward across a patchwork of pastel-hued fabrics. The visceral energy of the reliefs is absent here, but this textile, standing more than five feet tall, still has the body as its measure, its petals offering to envelop us, in life or in death.

—Andrea Gyorody

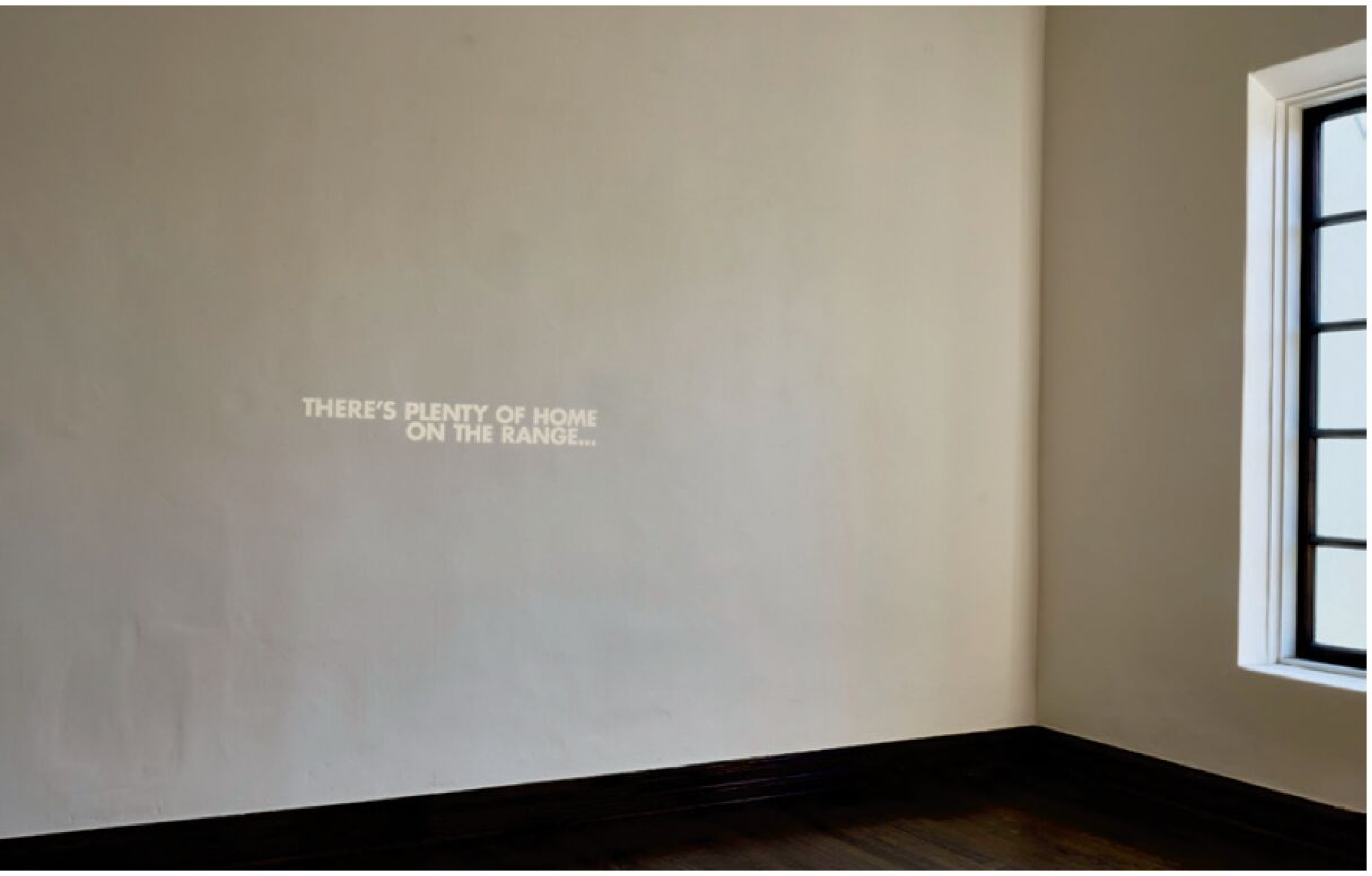
John Knight

O-TOWN HOUSE

John Knight's exhibition at O-Town House, "Referential Elegance," consisted of a single piece from 1974. Sitting atop a narrow custom-made pedestal, a Kodak Ektagraphic projector slowly clicked through the slides in its half-full carousel. On the facing wall, a succession of advertising slogans appeared, culled from the *Los Angeles Times* real estate supplement, promoting properties then up for sale. Some examples: WELCOME BACK TO VILLAGE LIFE; ROOM TO GROW; THERE'S PLENTY OF HOME ON THE RANGE . . . Knight delivers these blurbs—bold white letters in a variety of fonts—without their accompanying pictures, inviting us to ponder the haikus of admen with no small measure of bitter irony. A glance out the window of the gallery rendered such claims patently absurd. The vision of Los Angeles as an Edenic frontier town consistently promised by this verbiage has been eclipsed, in the intervening half century, by its congested reality. This city's lateral sprawl has more recently rebounded; we are building upward from the center.

Knight is an artist who has held fast to the critical practices of the 1970s, his period of emergence, never abandoning the Post-Studio ethos of working in situ. Bearing this in mind, we should note that when this piece was first exhibited publicly, in 2015, it was paradoxically installed at Greene Naftali in New York. Yet what this serves to demonstrate is that insistence on siting does not necessarily equate with the singular demand for site specificity, or with the ideal of an art inextricably rooted to its location. In other words, Knight's work breaks forcibly with "the logic of the monument," as analyzed by Rosalind Krauss in the opening lines of her epochal 1979 essay "Sculpture in the Expanded Field." Its function as a "commemorative representation," one that "sits in a particular place and speaks in a symbolical tongue about the meaning or use of that place," is convoluted by the experience of displacement, in both space and time. When shown in Chelsea, Knight's slideshow was fitted snugly between two windows overlooking a street densely packed with apartment buildings, there summoning an imaginary, as-yet-underdeveloped, spacious elsewhere. When shown at O-Town House—and thus for the first time in its city of origin, or from which it was "situationally derived," as Knight put it in an accompanying exhibition statement—this same work may have prompted some rueful reflection on the more recent "Manhattanization" of LA.

John Knight, ***Untitled*, 1974**, Kodak carousel projector, Transvue 80 slide tray. Installation view. Photo: Peter Tomka.



O-Town House is located in the block-long Granada Buildings complex, a classically Southland mix of Mediterranean and Spanish Colonial styles, built in 1927 in the Westlake District, near MacArthur Park. The origins of the complex are detailed in a keenly worded text penned by O-Town's owner, Scott Cameron Weaver, which has to be considered integral to this exhibition of Knight's work. As stated by developer Franklin Harper, a journalist from Kentucky, the brief of the Granada Shoppes and Studios, as the complex was initially named, was to inject an old-world taste of mixed-use living into an environment where commercial and residential architectures are more generally set apart. By 1974, such separations had come to be enforced by strict zoning laws–this in the midst of the era of white flight, a phenomenon subtly signaled by much of the ad copy lifted by Knight. Since then, this area has largely become known for its population density and crime rate. Nevertheless, right across the street from the gallery, a massive new pseudo-modern apartment structure has recently been erected; it, too, is now part of this work.

Knight's practice is characterized by its economy of means, yet it is anything but ascetic or strict. Radical reduction here yields an experiential surplus. Decoupling the language of advertising from its accompanying image turns everything around those words imagistic: the view out the window, the room itself right along with the people within it, and finally the projector. This component presently operates somewhat like a magic lantern, a haunting emissary from the past, but one that will not stay put. PLEASE, NO MORE TIES!—a tagline that might summon thoughts of LA's vaunted informality—applies equally to this work. Do not approach it as a twentieth-century antiquarian; although deeply sedimented with history, it thrives in the moment, whenever and wherever you drop in to see it.

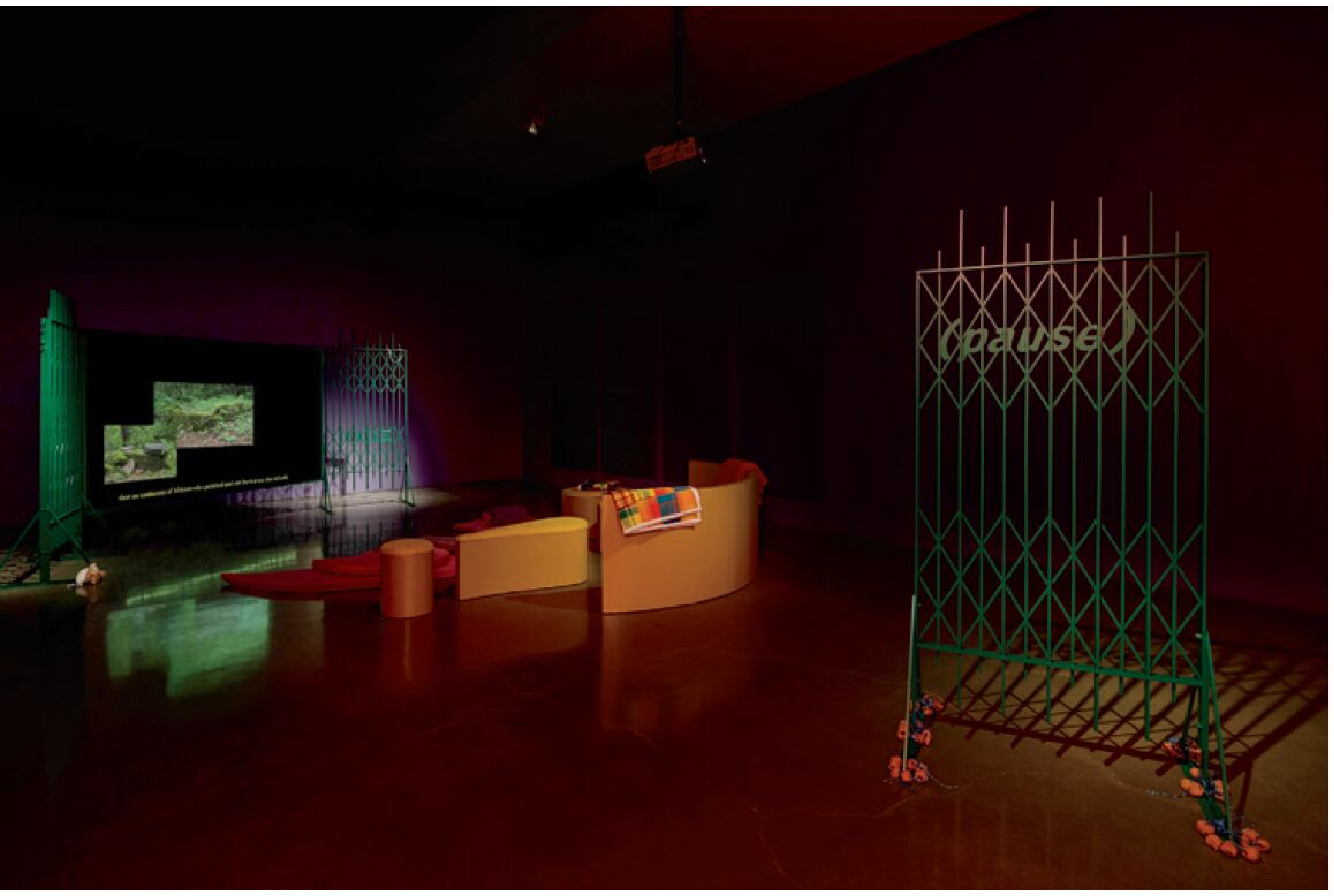
—Jan Tumlir

Alberta Whittle

REGEN PROJECTS

The title of Alberta Whittle's solo exhibition "Learning a new punctuation for hope in times of disaster" served as a poetic cipher that ballooned in meaning the more one sat with her work. A collection of nine paintings and a video installation, the exhibition proposed forms of warmth—from rich colors to gestures of care—as reparative methods for addressing lineages of trauma wrought by forces of racism and colonialism. While this theme represents a momentous conceptual undertaking, Whittle approaches her subjects—both people and places, filmed and painted—with tenderness, infusing her work with humanity while nonetheless maintaining a tenor of critical sharpness. Emerging in both material (through painting, video, and sculpture) and linguistic form (through shifts in speech and narrative), punctuation here functioned as a connective tissue that united discrete bodies, experiences, and gestures, offering a symbolic structure for examining expressions of care as antidotes to legacies of power.

Six large paintings lined the walls of the main gallery space, which was painted in deep, vibrant hues of magenta, coral, and apricot. These color-soaked walls complemented Whittle's equally vivid palette. Just outside the main gallery were three small tondo paintings variously adorned with beads, cowrie shells, and cascading trails of raffia: sculptural components that repeated throughout the exhibition. Taken together, the paintings (all 2024) dexterously fused languages of figuration and abstraction, shifting seamlessly between them like a string of interconnected clauses. Some works, such as *Genealogies of Chosen*



View of “Alberta Whittle: Learning a new punctuation for hope in times of disaster,” 2024. From left: *Lagareh—The Last Born*; *Taking a breath to rest*; *(pause)*, all 2022. Photo: Evan Bedford.

Family (Blessing Amos aka Precious), incorporated representations of female figures, while others, such as *Red Sky at Night, Shepherd’s Delight*, depicted meandering plant forms.

The largest painting in the exhibition, *Genealogies of Chosen Family (Tracian Meikle)*, featured a portrait of Jamaican curator Tracian Meikle peacefully asleep atop a bloodred blanket, her body afloat in a teeming sea of sapphire brushstrokes. In this work, the passive act of pausing or resting—particularly when engaged in by a woman of color—defies, according to the artist, colonial capitalist metrics of labor and productivity, manifested by Whittle’s representation of a state of intense bodily vulnerability. As such, her depiction of her subject points to a shared experience of sisterly intimacy—underscored by bodily safety—with the act of painting doubling as a gesture of genial care.

Inhabited by material connections to specific places, Whittle’s paintings collectively formed a visual sentence with multilayered narrative and historical meanings. For each, she mixed water gathered from the Osun River in Nigeria—so named after the Yoruba deity of fertility—with acrylic paint, thus situating the work in relation to the river’s history as a site of both traditional ceremony and colonial enslavement (it once functioned as a crucial artery in the transatlantic slave trade). The large-scale paintings included wooden frames ornamented with fretwork, a vernacular form of architectural embellishment traditional to Whittle’s native Barbados. These carved, curved forms resembled a series of commas or apostrophes—a silhouette that also recalls the shape of cowrie shells—that protruded like thorns from the paintings’ perimeters. Here, the fixed punctuation mark and the fluid river water could be viewed as allegorical ligatures: Together, they functioned as dual material and conceptual tethers for compounding diverse, and often painful, cultural narratives.

These threads coalesced in *Lagareh—The Last Born*, 2022, a film installation comprising beautifully poetic vignettes organized by the days of the week. Occupying its own large, darkened gallery space adjacent to the paintings, the film was joined by an arrangement of plush lounge furniture shaped like various punctuation marks, directly inviting viewers to literally and metaphorically pause. The invitation was echoed by a large freestanding sculpture *(pause)*, 2022, a green metal fence in which the title had been embedded. Handmade blankets and quilts crafted by members of Whittle’s family accompanied the furniture—a gesture of generosity that found echoes in the film. In one sequence, Whittle soberly recites the names of victims of police violence, pointing to the power of language as a humane and reparative force. In another, a queer couple, limbs interlaced, joyously banter about their budding love for their future child. Here, buttressed by Whittle’s nuanced use of grammatical frameworks, the exhibition’s titular notion of hope took hold, a sense of tender anticipation that looks toward the future, undeterred by the brutal tragedies of the past.

—*Jessica Simmons-Reid*

Rodney Graham

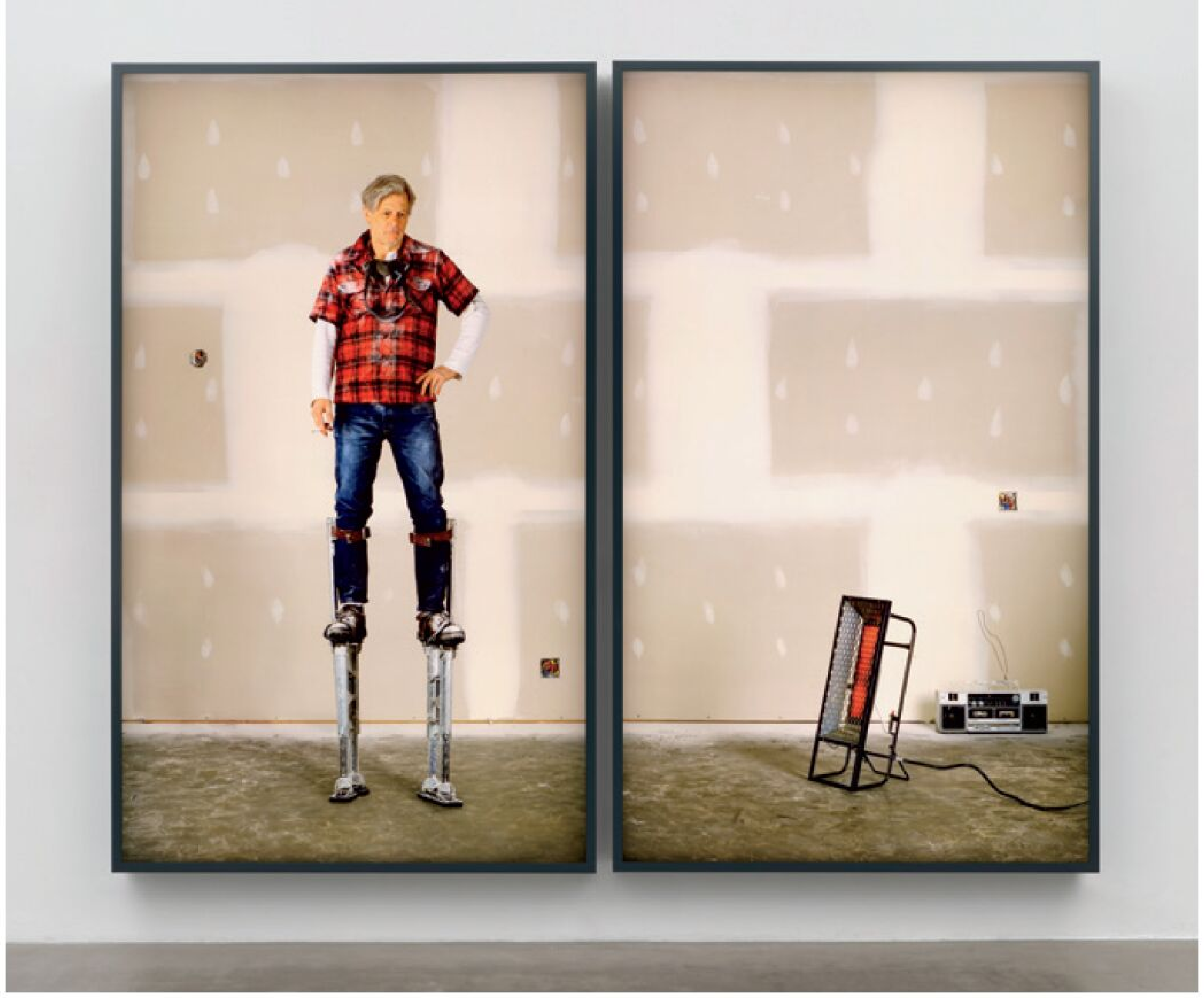
LISSON GALLERY

There was an elegiac air to the first exhibition of Rodney Graham’s work at Lisson Gallery since the artist’s death, in 2022. Graham made the four light boxes and seven abstract paintings during the final decade of his life, and this fact may have added to the sense of an ending. But his work was often marked by a delicate melancholy, whether in its nostalgia for older genres—here, golden-age Hollywood films and Cubist painting—or in its evocation of those small tragicomic moments (of doubt, hesitancy, or absurdism) that puncture the idea of a stable “self.”

The open-ended stories of Graham’s photographs are at once beguiling and impossible, fantasies to be reveled in and illusions to be pricked. The two-part light box *Smoke Break 2 (Drywaller)*, 2012, which prefaced the first of two interconnecting spaces at Lisson, elevates a mundane incident—a plasterer on a smoke break—into a finely crafted spectacle. Rendered at the grand scale of a history painting, nugatory details acquire a heightened strangeness. In the left-hand panel, the stilts on which the drywaller stands transform him into a nonchalant performer. A floor-bound radio and heater in the adjoining panel acquire the symbolic charge of attributes in an altarpiece.

Nothing is incidental in Graham’s art. His light-box images have the poise and contrivance of *tableaux vivants*—conveying the air of poses

Rodney Graham, *Smoke Break 2 (Drywaller)*, 2012, two painted aluminum light boxes with trans-mounted chromogenic transparencies, overall 9' 11⅝" × 12' 4" × 7".



held to the brink of absurdity. The smoking worker, for all his affected self-absorption, appears acutely aware of the camera. (As when we experience Cindy Sherman, we are never *not* conscious of Graham's playing a part for the camera.) The drying plaster wall—the darker sections of which hover like the colored panels of a Rothko—accentuates the staged ambience, flattening the pictorial space. As in Courbet's set pieces, the scene's ordinariness is a bluff. The everyday hiatus of a cigarette break becomes a theatrical act and a playing-out of allusions, not least to Graham's own previous work: This scene is a successor to *Betula Pendula Fastigiata (Sous-Chef on Smoke Break)*, 2011 (not included in the exhibition), in which a chef sits beneath a tree, doleful as a lovelorn Romantic.

The other light boxes in the exhibition shared a theme common to much of Graham's work: characters at rest, seemingly caught between actions or roles. The diptych format was likewise employed in *Tattooed Man on Balcony*, 2018, where the titular figure gazes out from the balcony of a mid-century-style Vancouver apartment building, and in *Actor / Director, 1954*, 2013, where Graham inhabits what appears to be a soundstage, decked out in eighteenth-century aristocratic attire and wielding a movie camera, as if he were a period actor directing a 1950s Hollywood film. Here, his character's deadpan expression, together with the cigarette tucked between his fingers, undercuts the florid mood of the wider scenario.

At first glance, Graham's paintings seemed to share little with the light boxes. In place of frozen narratives, they consist of colored shapes layered together like the fragments of a Cubist collage. Yet these works, begun in the early 2000s, channel the artist's sampling impulse: Each is based on a canonical modern painting— an Aleksandr Rodchenko, for example—obscured beyond recognition by digital excision and rearrangement. The resulting images suggest both the unsteady amalgams of their source material and something closer to what they really are: clunky virtual splicings. The oil paint was mixed with sand to achieve a uniformly grainy surface, contributing to the depersonalized effect. Graham's willingness to subvert the aura of his own work—so often a criterion of his art—has backfired here. For all their boldness and crispness of design, the pictures exude a mocked-up quality. Their artifice lack the counterweight of feeling found in the photographs.

As this exhibition reflected, Graham's art didn't develop in any traceable sense so much as cycle through ideas that are continually restaged and reduplicated. To assess the relative dates of his works on the basis of viewing alone would be hard, and the dynamics within a given composition are typically more arresting than the relationships between the works. It was apt, then, that the display was nonchronological, aside from its ten-year focus, sampling painting and photography with something of Graham's own breezy insouciance. A slice rather than a survey, the exhibition nonetheless captured the twin currents of sincerity and irony that have run through his art from the outset.

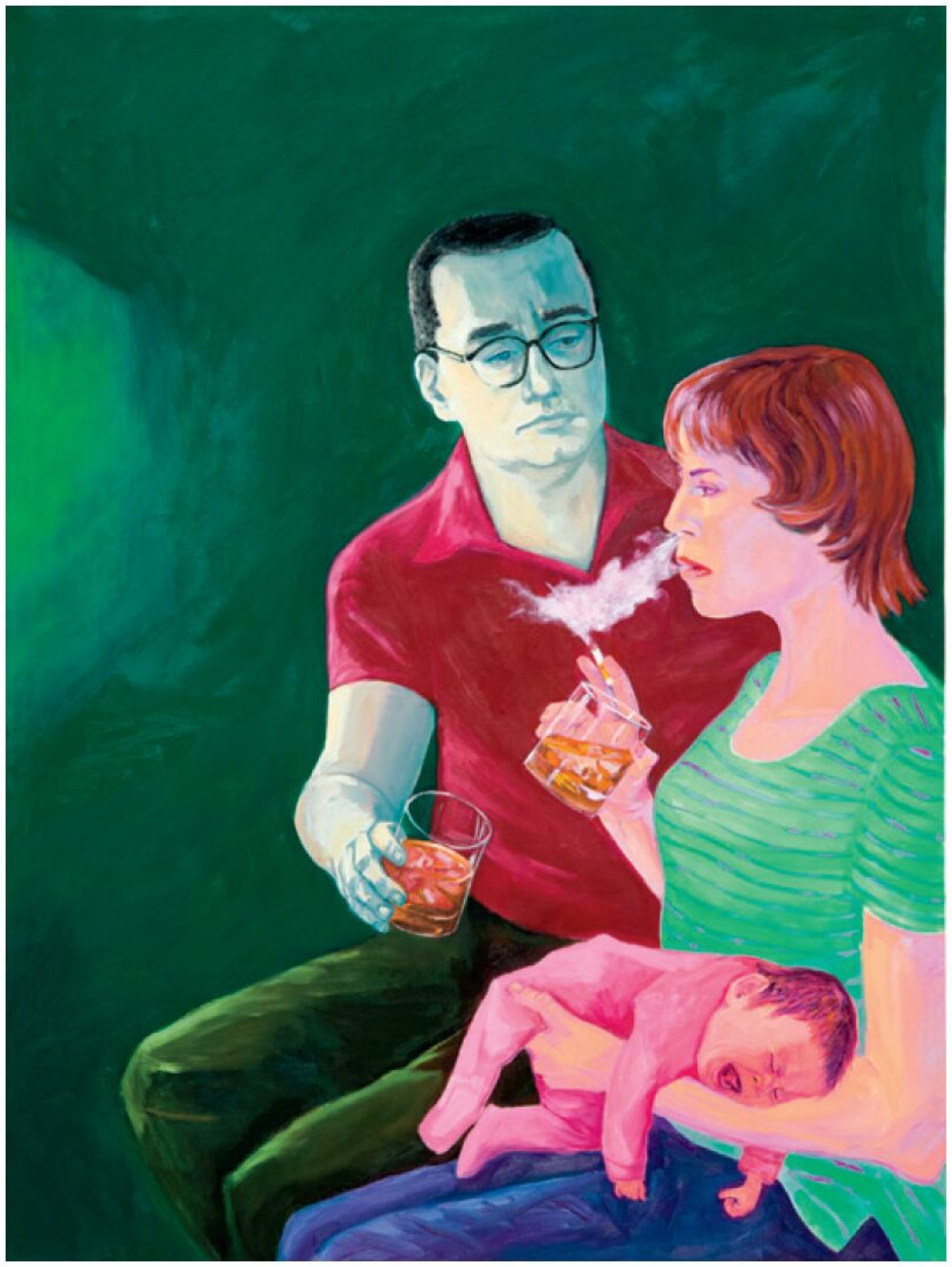
—James Cahill

Amy McCormac

SERIOUS TOPICS

In Amy McCormac's painting *Regularly Scheduled Programming*, 2023, a woman puffs clouds of smoke from her nostrils like an angry dragon. The needs of a bawling infant propped awkwardly on her left arm seem far from the woman's mind as she fretfully gazes outward, presumably at a television outside of the composition. The man beside offers her his drink in an apparent gesture of conciliation, even though she already has her own. His worried face is pale, corpse-like; the sallow green background heightens the dismal mood. The baby here is McCormac herself, the man and woman her parents: recurring characters in her recent exhibition "What Made Her?", an incisive autobiographical investigation of intergenerational trauma.

Although the twelve paintings in the show were not ordered chronologically, two of the walls in the gallery featured scenes from McCormac's early years, while the canvases on the other two walls portrayed her as an adult, suggesting the cyclical nature of family dynamics. Throughout these dramatic vignettes from her life, she evoked emotion via delicately wrought facial expressions, dark outlines, and unusual symbolic colors. In *Response*, 2022, a florid McCormac shouts angrily at her husband as he naps in a chair, seemingly ignorant of her rage. In his deep state of repose, he appears almost dead, an effect heightened by a cool, cadaverous complexion that is similar to that of her father in *Regularly Scheduled Programming*.



Amy McCormac, *Regularly Scheduled Programming*, 2023, oil on canvas, 48 × 36".

During a lecture at the gallery, McCormac explained that she began this body of work while coming to terms with her lifelong struggles with anxiety and depression. According to the artist, she grew up in a pastoral Chicago suburb, yet her parents, "nerdy sensitive types," didn't conform to the archetypal suburban lifestyle, and her mother became distant, perhaps as a result of her alienation. It was only after McCormac had two daughters of her own, one of whom was diagnosed with depression at the age of seven, that she began to consider how intergenerational anxiety shaped her history.

Upon reflection, she believes her parents were deeply depressed following a late-term miscarriage that predated the birth of her and her sisters. Several of the most poignant paintings addressed how her parents, devout Catholics, insisted upon viewing the deceased baby as an integral part of the family. In *Still Blue*, 2018, her father presides over a pink bedroom where three little girls with worried miens say prayers while a fetal apparition looms ominously overhead.

In *Not Now*, 2018, McCormac as a toddler offers a cookie to her mother, who seems to be too busy smoking and ironing to pay heed. The warped one-point perspective of the banal white kitchen cabinets and flat garish patterning on the ironing board convey a claustrophobic feeling through childlike simplicity. When McCormac was a teenager, her mother, desiring a smoking companion, encouraged her to take up cigarettes. The exchange is pictured in *Nurturing*, 2017, wherein the manicured and jewelry-clad matriarch offers a young McCormac a light. The painting is rendered in a style that evokes girlish glamour, appearing almost as a high-school doodle or a vintage young-adult novel cover.

Whereas the off-kilter proportions and simple compositions of McCormac's portrayals of her early years exuded a naïveté that agreed with the subject matter; the paintings of her as an adult were more technically refined, perhaps alluding to a heightened awareness of the passage of time and personal growth. Several scenes hinted at postpartum depression and alcoholism, including *It Helps with Let Down*, 2021, where the artist chugs a beer while breastfeeding her newborn. In *Let Go of Me*, 2017, her daughter, now much older, sits on the floor clutching her leg while looking pleadingly upward. McCormac meanwhile looks away—her tight-lipped expression of annoyance and crossed arms give the impression that the young woman is a burden, holding her mother back from whatever she wishes to do.

McCormac doesn't shy away from representing distressing scenarios, consistently placing herself and her relatives in less-than-favorable lights. Combating stigmas with regard to open discussions of relational problems and childhood trauma, she lays bare her messy life for viewers to see, and perhaps to learn from.

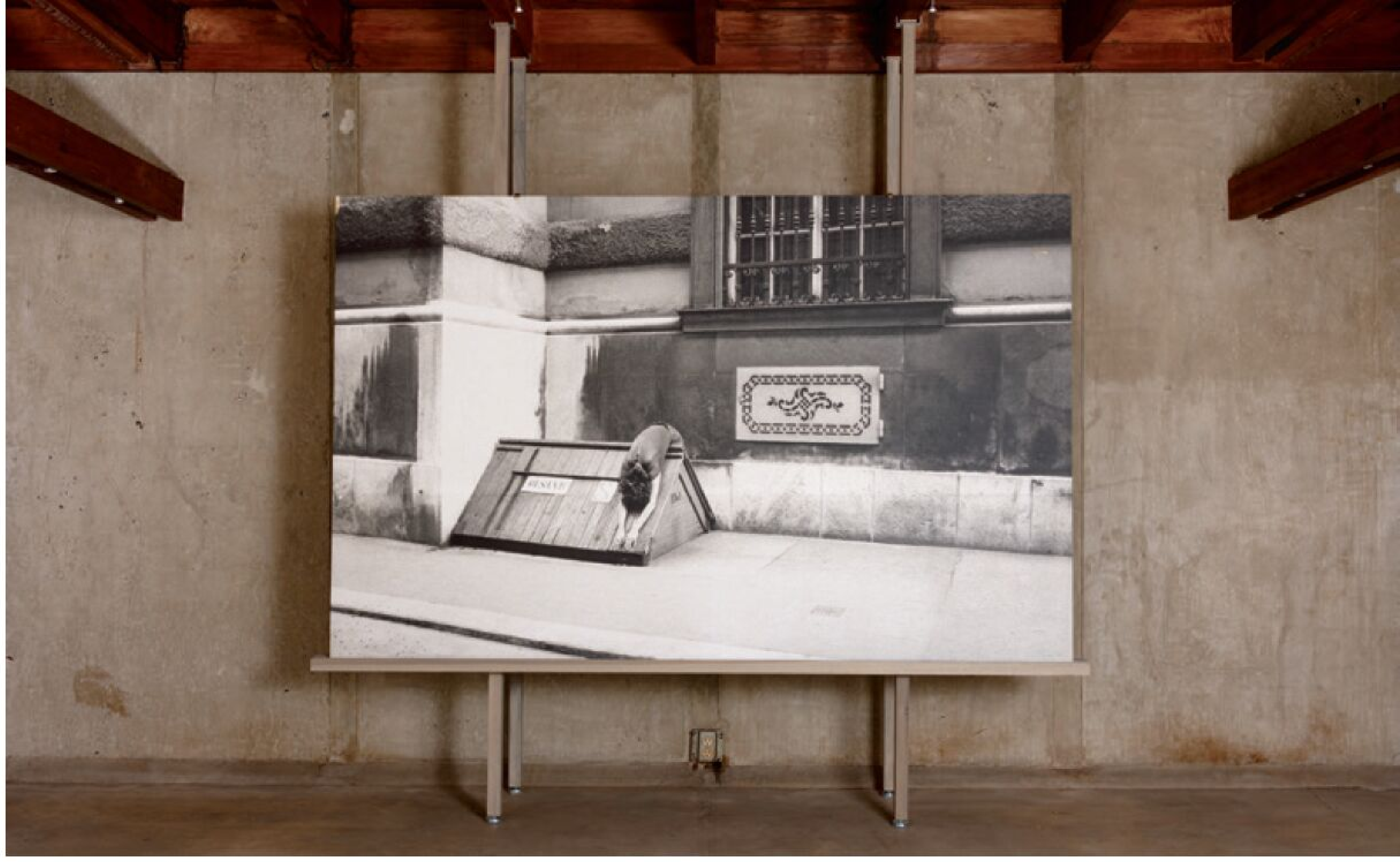
—Annabel Osberg

VALIE EXPORT

MAK CENTER FOR ART AND ARCHITECTURE

Taking place inside a century-old house built of concrete wedges, the exhibition "VALIE EXPORT: Embodied" was installed with such a light, effervescent touch that at moments you could squint and miss it. The centerpiece of the show was a group of six oversize gelatin silver prints laid on chipboard from EXPORT's series "Body Configurations," 1972–76. The placement of the prints—not hanging from walls but attached to rafter-like stands—lent the exhibition an emergent feeling, a welcomed porousness between where EXPORT's body stopped and the house began. These architectural near-contortions, in which she rests her body in intimate proximity to banal outdoor spaces (body as cornice, body as curb) also served as a backdrop for *In Their Own Image*, a daylong performance program organized by Chloë Flores that transformed the Schindler House, a modernist construction turned gallery, into a party house. Over three deliberate hours, artists Zachary Drucker, Sierra Fujita, Emily Lucid, Lara Salmon, Andrea Soto, and Dorian Wood offered a breadth of performance practices that reveled in pain, pleasure, soaring acoustics, rope play, and masks.

Part theater, part circus act, part lap dance, Fujita's *HANNYA* (all performances 2024) featured a Noh mask affixed to the back of her head that stared blankly at the audience. Freaky and disarming, the performance was a bit horror movie and a tad S&M party. At one moment Fujita erupted into a fit of oscillating smiles and grimaces; in the next, she disrobed, revealing a painfully tight *shibari*-like rope suit, and began flipping and jumping, hair whipping, pieces of wet grass flying all around. Even with the yoga and circus moves thrown in, *HANNYA* remained focused, energetic, and harsh, rupturing the stoic modernism of the setting through explosive acts of vulnerability, rage, and desire. In the 130-minute *Carry us, nourish them (prayer)*, Wood let out a sound so smooth and soothing, it had to be a lullaby. Clad in a gauzy pink maxi dress and big, jangly, spiky hoop earrings, Wood used song to dissolve the concrete and canvas. The lyrics of the lush melody consisted of the names of the laborers who built this enduring edifice, a call of acknowledgment that was clear and strong, yet gentle. The beginning of their refrain, "Oh foundation, over ground stolen from Gabrielino/Tongva peoples," restored the real meaning of land acknowledgment—not something perfunctory or rhetorical, but soulful, healing, tragic.



VALIE EXPORT, *Der Mensch Als Ornament* (The Human as Ornament), 1976, gelatin silver print mounted on chipboard. Installation view. From the series "Body Configurations," 1972–76. Photo: Joshua Schaedel.

For *sURGE*, performed throughout the event, Salmon lay with her back to the cold concrete floor, legs up against the wall. Her complexion was corpse-like, drained of blood, and her sheer slip revealed nipples, bruises, body hair. Electrodes, strung to her thighs from a nearby transcutaneous electrical nerve stimulation (TENS) unit, delivered pulses to her body. The presence of pain was alarming, yet somehow unknowable. A printed text near the TENS unit gave instructions to "please help manage my pain," and visitors were invited to twist knobs on the machinery, yet they received no palpable reaction from Salmon. The idea of inflicting pain to relieve it may have been lost to the pose itself, which reeked of discomfort. Meanwhile, on the soft, grassy stage of the guest garden, Lucid gracefully draped herself in the lap of a monster for *Minotaur*, a reimagining of the myth of Heracles with Lucid as a version of the story's hero who embraces the Minotaur instead of destroying it. As Lucid stroked the beast's thick white horns and leaned into a full-tongue kiss, the depth of intimacy between them could only be described as enviable.

If you followed the pinwheel floor plan all the way around, you ended up at the north-facing window of what once was Rudolph Schindler's studio, now partially obscured by a monitor that played EXPORT's *Adjunct Dislocations*, 1973, a silent black-and-white film composed of three concurrent vignettes that run simultaneously: a 16-mm frame to the left and two stacked Super 8 frames to the right. The larger frame tracks EXPORT's actions: doing push-ups, running in a field, jumping backward off a chair. She wears an apparatus for holding two cameras: one pointing out from her chest and one from her back. *Adjunct Dislocations* allows us to watch EXPORT and the film captured by her body cameras simultaneously. There is a Janus effect, but an even more complex triangulation of embodied perception: I look out of myself, I look in toward myself, I am watched, but my subjectivity is my own. To be indelibly recorded as a body in space—not as ornament, but as subject—was the core of both "Embodied" and *In Their Own Image*, as each added more lenses to capture ever more angles, a welcome permutation for this concrete bastion of modernism.

—Georgia Lassner

MEXICO CITY

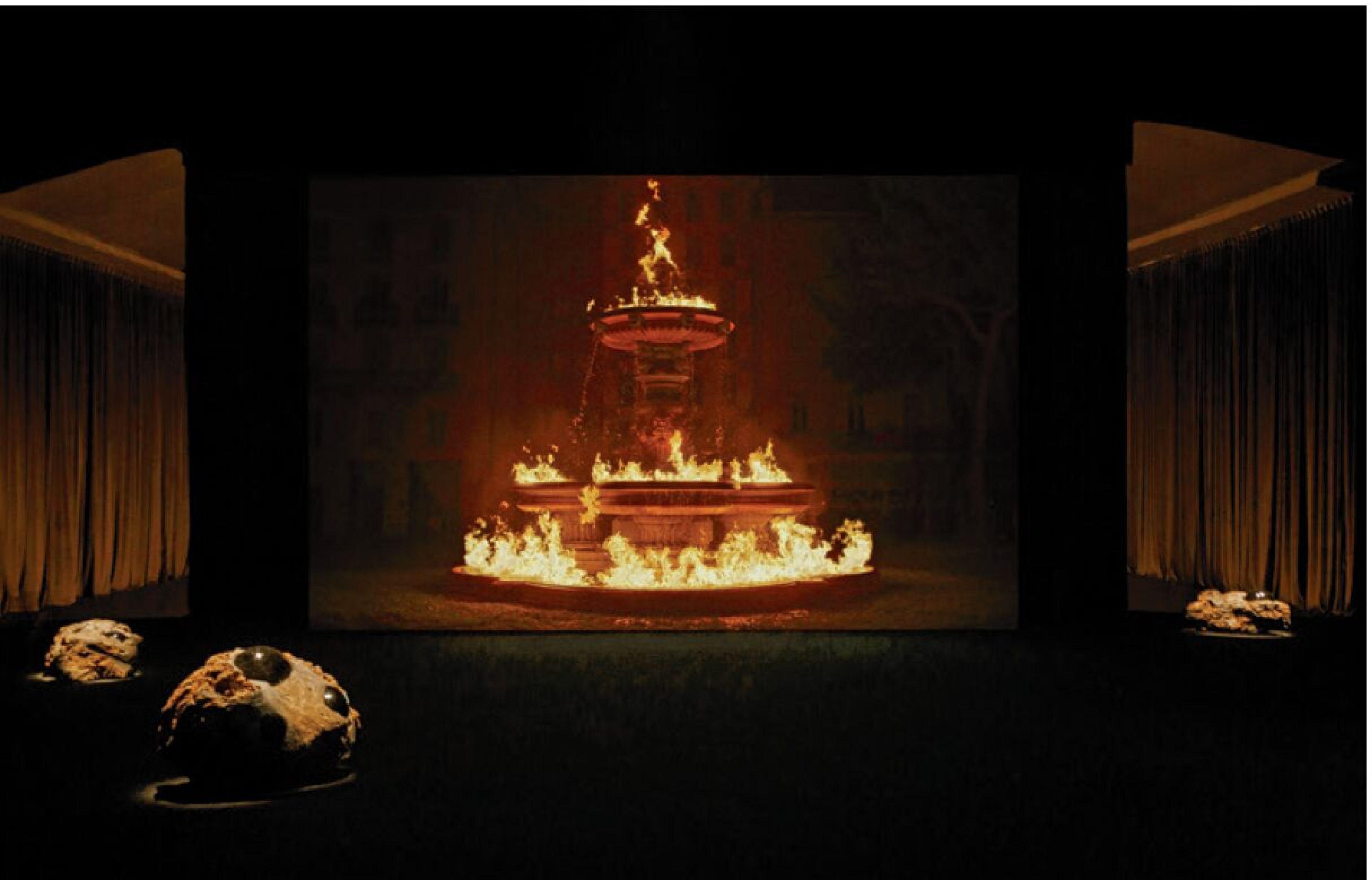
“Capítulo V: Heat”

LAGOALGO

How to do things with art? How might it be a vehicle for engaging socially and politically with the world? Amid an ecological catastrophe of a colossal magnitude, the question of art’s relevance to society has only become more urgent, and it was the driving force behind “Capítulo V: Heat.” Dwelling on human-produced disasters and addressing the immediacy of climate change, the exhibition relied on fire-related metaphors to bring together four vastly dissimilar projects. According to the curatorial premise, each echoed a type of combustion: slow, rapid, spontaneous, and explosive.

Described as “a spontaneous female combustion,” Ebecho Muslimova’s large-scale, cartoonish paintings of Fatebe, the artist’s ever-naked alter ego, and her shadow were the first works visitors encountered: scenes of mischievous uninhibited actions (hazardously balancing swords from head to toe, like a juggler, or inserting a miniature train through her orifices) and open sexuality. “Fatebe,” stated the wall text, “acts like a playful, seemingly harmless match that could soon ignite a blazing fire.” Conversely, Ana Montiel’s pastel-hued abstract spray paintings from the series “Topologies of Experience: Streams. A Pilgrimage Through the River of Being,” 2024–, were quartered inside a small room with low ceilings and cobalt-blue carpets, propitiating a quiet, introspective experience: “a slow combustion, emanating like flameless heat,” per the exhibition text.

Curated by Jérôme Sans, LagoAlgo’s artistic director and Palais de Tokyo cofounder, and Cristobal Riestra, owner of the long-established OMR gallery (a parent company of LagoAlgo), “Capítulo V: Heat”—the title refers to the fact that this was the fifth exhibition at the venue, described as a meeting point between art and gastronomy—seemed disjointed. It was unclear how the works of Muslimova and Montiel contributed to the show’s proclaimed purpose of delving critically into issues around the environment and its preservation. It was no surprise that Julian Charrière’s works were infinitely better suited to expanding on the intentions articulated in the show’s curatorial statement, given that the artist’s practice directly addresses the reverberations of human activity on the planet. Two film works involving different sorts of conflagrations were installed within a black-box room: *And Beneath It All Flows Liquid Fire*, 2019, features a three-level stone fountain engulfed by blazing flames, while *Controlled Burn*, 2022, shows an aerial view of fireworks exploding inside an open-pit mine, edited in a reverse sequence. And yet even here, I found the spectacularity of both works—ambitious productions coupled with immersive large-scale displays—unlikely to help convince visitors to act “for a reconfiguration with our home planet,” as suggested in the wall text. Slow violence—as scholar Rob Nixon calls it—silently increases throughout time, and the main challenge the ongoing ecological crisis has posed is its perceptual disguise.



Julian Charrière, *And Beneath It All Flows Liquid Fire*, 2019, 4K video, color, sound, 16 minutes 10 seconds. Installation view. From “Capítulo V: Heat.” Photo: Alum Gálvez.

The inclusion of ARTISTS AGAINST THE BOMB, the exhibition’s fourth project, organized by artist Pedro Reyes’s studio, offered an opportunity to steer the show in a more productive direction. Historical and new posters calling for nuclear disarmament hung from the venue’s hyperbolic paraboloidal ceiling. Even if some were originally designed in full color, all were printed in black and white. However, with no access to the posters’ files on offer, the only way to keep these messages circulating was to buy a T-shirt adorned with the posters’ imagery. More than agitprop, the setting evoked designer boutiques or concept stores. Has political or committed art become a style option? Here, antinuclear propaganda was used as a readymade—and, in the process, neutralized. I fear that art framed under an ecological concern faces the same risk.

LagoAlgo aspires to be a cultural space “strongly committed to the most current social and environmental issues” and, attracting a large public, it would be an appropriate social forum. Nevertheless, while the projects in “Capítulo V: Heat” offered fuel for meaningful conversations, the show also left me wondering whether art is really the forum in which they can be most effectively pursued.

—Fabiola Iza

SANTIAGO, CHILE

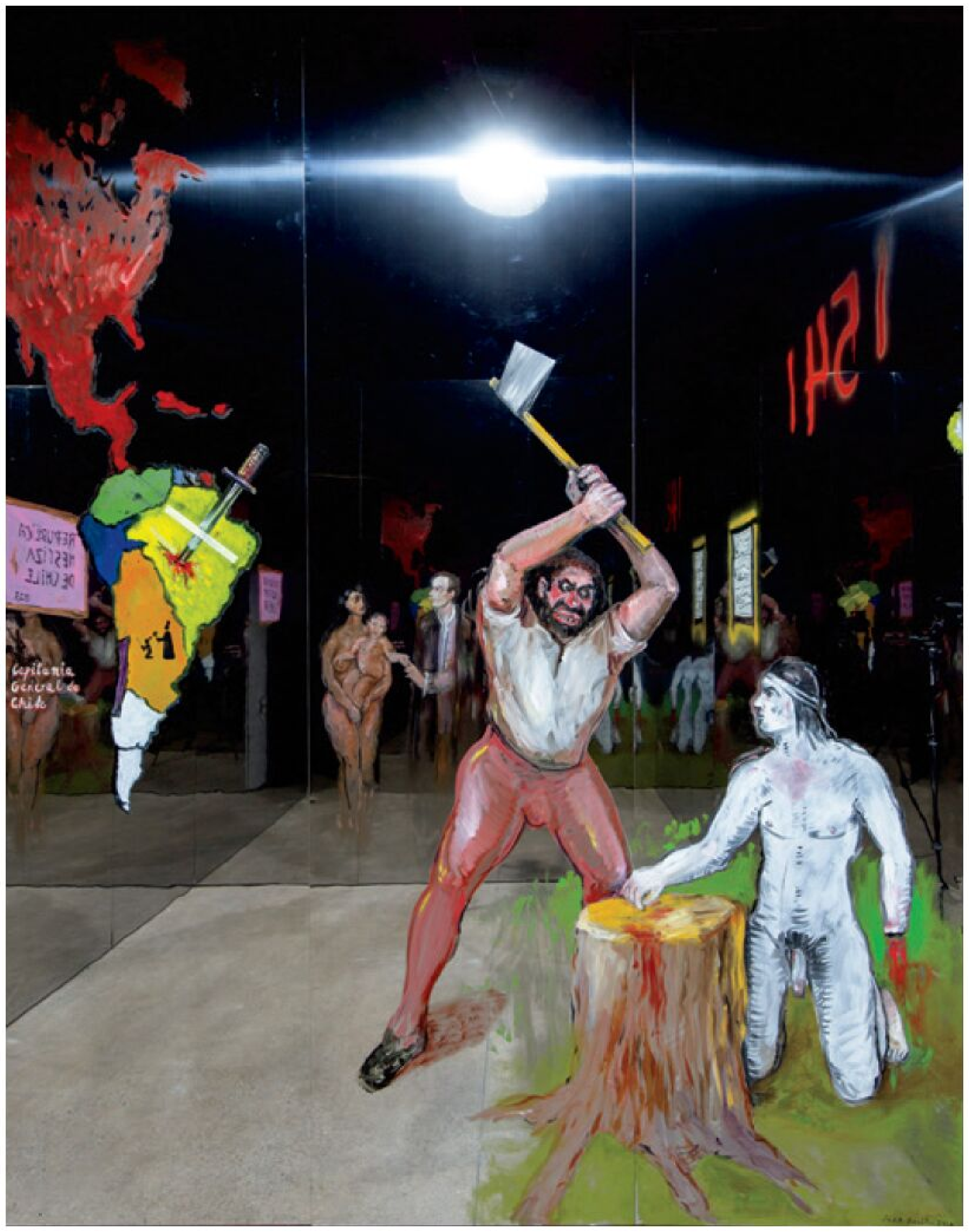
Juan Dávila

MATUCANA 100

For Juan Dávila’s exhibition “*Contrato social (trilogía chilena)*” (Social Contract [Chilean Trilogy]), the warehouse space of Matucana 100 has been transformed into something halfway between an immersive diorama depicting some heroic battle scene and a mirror maze in a provincial amusement park. On display are three large cubic structures, each with space for no more than ten spectators, who can access the cubes’ interiors through doors. The artist has painted a few—very few—scenes and figures on the reflective steel surface of each cube’s interior, so that visitors see themselves “inside a painting.” Of course, they can take selfies—posing, for instance, next to a depiction of the mutilation of an Indigenous warrior. But encapsulated in these games of mirrors, Dávila’s painting and his ironic readings of history are reduced to a kind of playacting.

The show, curated by Paco Barragán, proposes a pictorial journey through the history of Chile, from pre-Hispanic times to the present, translating national milestones through Dávila’s perspective, which is to say through sarcasm, acidity, and a postcolonial point of view. Choosing to title his exhibition after Jean-Jacques Rousseau’s treatise *The Social Contract* (1762), the artist calls attention to the disintegration of the idea of a society whose will is protected by a rule of law in a country such as Chile, which has been a victim of abuses of power since the Spanish conquest.

The first of the three cubes, *Época indígena* (Indigenous Era), 2020, includes references to the Battle of the Maule, in which the Mapuches stopped the advance of the Inca empire, and to the Ewaipanoma, those mythological headless beings that sixteenth-century British explorer Walter Raleigh swore inhabited Guyana. On the second, *Época colonial*



Juan Dávila, *Época colonial* (Colonial Era), **2020**, oil on mirrored steel. Installation view. Photo: Benjamin Matte.

(Colonial Era), 2020, Dávila has painted in red the number 1541 (the date of arrival of the Spanish), a map of South America slashed by a dagger, and a scene narrated by Spanish poet Alonso de Ercilla in the sixteenth-century epic *La Araucana*, in which a conquistador cuts off the hand of Mapuche warrior Galvarino. In the third, jumping to the present, *Época neo-liberal* (Neoliberal Era), 2020–24, Uncle Sam appears clutching the Chilean flag while a kneeling Chilean general licks his buttocks. The figure of an Indigenous woman is included as if in a dream, beneath a veil of orange paint and carrying a cinnamon branch, a sacred Mapuche tree.

Dávila is a painter of adulterated quotations. He mixes historical figures with images taken from cartoons, advertising, or pornographic magazines. For this occasion, he uses a sixteenth-century engraving for *The Discovery of Guiana* by Sir Walter Raleigh (1599); the drawings of Felipe Guamán Poma de Ayala, the Quechua nobleman who wrote and illustrated a book denouncing the Spaniards' mistreatment of Indigenous people; and the version of Galvarino's story as told by Walterio Millar, a modern Chilean historian and cartoonist. Dávila even quotes himself, including figures and caricatures drawn from his past works—for instance, the burlesqued face of a Chilean soldier. The use of mirrors, too, has been recurrent since his earliest works, though never quite so boldly as in this exhibition.

The show concludes with an enormous time line on the wall—largely unnecessary, since it chronicles facts known to all Chileans—and three display cases each housing an object that symbolizes a different stage mentioned in the exhibition: These include a copy of *El Ladrillo* (The Brick), 1973, a collection of studies of economic policy known as the bible of neoliberalism that laid the economic foundations of the dictatorship; a cinnamon branch; and a conqueror's helmet. The vitrines act as a reductive footnote to the cubes that make Dávila's pictures bounce from mirror to mirror, generating incongruous echoes. This grandiloquent and disjointed installation leaves us wanting both more (paintings by Dávila) and less (of the pretentious montages).

—*Juan José Santos*

LONDON

Kaye Donachie

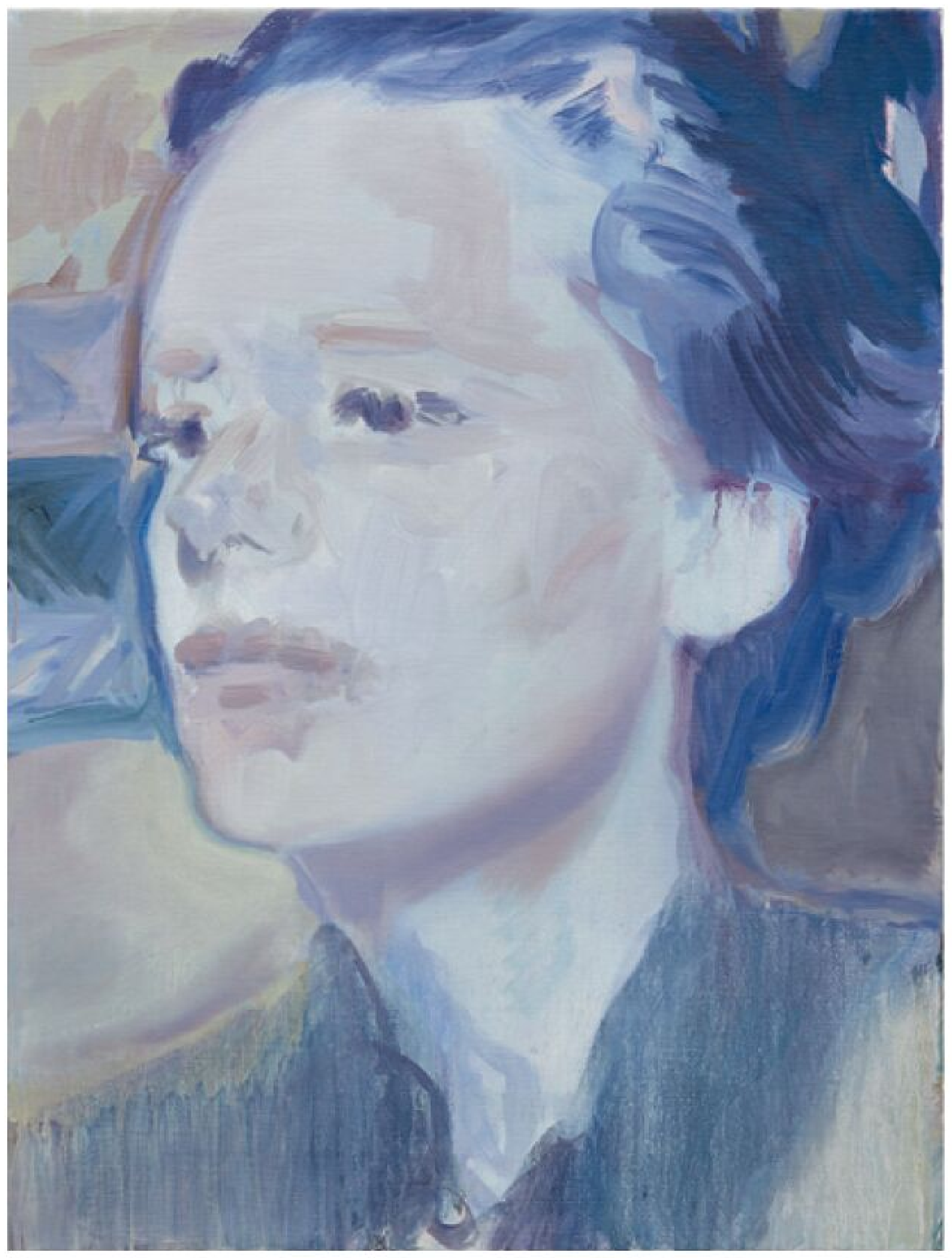
MAUREEN PALEY

The title of Kaye Donachie's exhibition "I kept the memory for myself" is taken from a statement the seventy-nine-year-old German Expressionist painter Gabriele Münter made in 1957 about a drawing of a landscape she'd made fifty years before. According to the gallery's press release, this new body of work also refers to Virginia Woolf's simply delineated story "The Lady in the Looking-Glass: A Reflection" (1929). However, it also put me in mind of the famous, almost naive comment on integrity that is sometimes attributed to Mark Twain: "If you tell the truth, you don't have to remember anything." Essentially, Donachie's imaginary portraits embody a deep ambivalence about memory, truth, and their relationship with history. Her female subjects look troubled, encumbered with thought, but also aloof and unattainable. Simply sketched and stylistically loaded with modernist art-historical and literary content, each work seems to harbor referential depths that ominously peek through the surface.

The show was installed in two spaces with a short walk between them, with each grouping of works relying on intimate recall of the other. One gallery—with two walls painted in off-neutral Beaux Arts decorative colors, oxblood and salmon—housed six small paintings and two monotypes. The paintings *Caress of Metaphor* (all works 2024) and *Silence Sings* were by far the most powerful portraits, depicting women whose intense inward gazes somehow evoke sexuality and eroticism, underscored by a sense of both stringency and ease redolent of the British aristocracy in the early twentieth century. We can almost smell damp, decaying stately homes, or the apartments in Bloomsbury that their residents inhabited. Today, with little left of this old class system—only a population striving for status—Donachie adds a healthy dose of contemporary resignation.

Not so much the women they portray as time itself could be the real subject of these paintings. Appearing quickly executed, though in fact reworked over time, they offer seamless travel back and forth between periods separated by a hundred years or more. Donachie has said that she likes the early twentieth century as a "time of flux" with shifting ideas of identity and sexuality. Something similar, of course, can be said of our present moment, but the moral framework they were chafing under back then was stricter; Donachie's aim might be to remind us of how much looser things can still get.

Kaye Donachie, *Caress of Metaphor*, 2024, oil on linen, 24 × 18".



Over at the second gallery space, a single wistful canvas, *Inward Night*, appeared like a mirage on a sober gray wall, hung next to six small monotypes containing portraits, a still life, and a balcony scene that could have been made in minutes. The monotypes in particular remind us of Donachie's connection with Elizabeth Peyton's intense concentration and extreme simplicity. The likenesses appear all eyes and lips, while the work in general recalls historical misfits such as Francis Picabia, whose paintings of women hold a perverse and criminal beauty that finds understated analogies in Donachie's reordering of modernist painting styles.

With their echoes of Vanessa Bell and hints of Matisse, these paintings might seem to dwell on the past in a spirit of melancholy nostalgia, but nothing could be further from the truth. Seemingly made in one breath, their refined surfaces retain as much as they reveal. Donachie's contrary portraits contain implications of a synthesis of energy, illicit idleness, and the mute conceit of secrecy. In essence, as an expression of time's complexity and a critique of aspiration, class, and status, this is disobedience masquerading as decor.

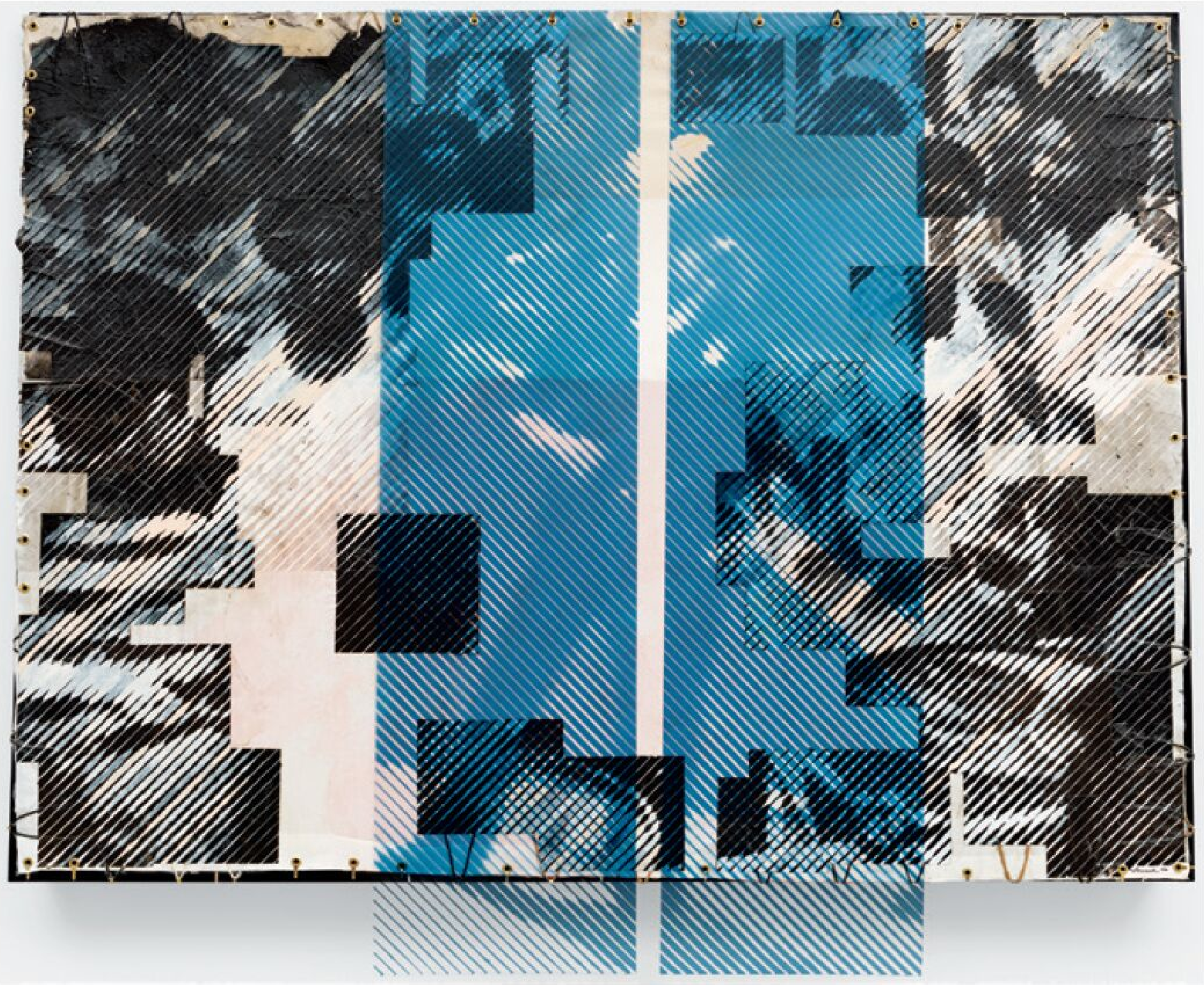
—Andrew Hunt

Tomashi Jackson

PILAR CORRIAS

Tomashi Jackson remembers palm trees burning when she was a child in Los Angeles during the 1992 uprisings. For days, ash rained over the city as thousands of people rose up against police brutality after the acquittal of the LAPD officers who were filmed beating Rodney King. The palm morphed from an emblem of paradise to one of rage, grief, and rebellion. Some three decades later, Jackson has returned to this symbol, blending ash from burned LA palm fronds into paste for her latest group of mixed-media paintings, "Silent Alarm." The ash mingles with materials gathered in London—including houndstooth wool and poplin used for fine men's garments sourced from areas of the city where police violence catalyzed unrest—as well as halftone news stills of pivotal events in both cities, from the 1965 Watts Rebellion to the London riots of 2011. Enmeshing these histories, Jackson has constructed layered sculptural assemblages of cloth, wood, paint, and earthen materials to visualize the cyclic, interconnected character of violence and oppression as well as vibrant legacies of solidarity and resistance.

Though her practice is informed by extensive social and archival research, Jackson conveys first of all an arresting visual experience, using overlapping triangles of deep orange and mustard, strips of turquoise and electric blue, zigzags of red, and delicate tessellating patterns. The works' potency is only intensified by the contrast with their stark titles, which reference specific instances of strife and protest—for example, *After the Dance (Notting Hill Carnival 1976/LAPD raid on Project Blowed Leimert Park 1996)* (all works 2024). Canvas and PVC are stretched tightly over wooden slats and frames and stitched with thick thread and grommets, a technique whose robust physicality conjures taut, vibrating energy, like a drum. News stills of people in the street after a fire in London's New Cross in 1981 or the Chicano student walkouts in Los Angeles in 1968 are cropped and painted in colorful, irregular halftone lines, such that they initially appear as blurred mysterious shapes overlaid with shreds of netting. Only when contemplated slowly, or viewed through a screen or in a photograph, do the patterns resolve into bodies and faces—latent figures flickering in and out of a symbolic landscape. In addition to LA palm ash, Jackson embeds the works with slate and china clay sourced from England as well as marble from the quarry from which material for the Lincoln Memorial was excavated—a nod to the possibilities and failures of politics. And when viewed from the side, several of the paintings sit not flat against the wall but rather tilt outward on triangle-shaped frames, like oversize, slightly open books—the works themselves embodying the form of an archive.



Tomashi Jackson, ***After the Dance (Notting Hill Carnival 1976/LAPD raid on Project Blowed Leimert Park 1996)***, **2024**, acrylic, Los Angeles palm frond ash paste, black paper bags on raw canvas, poplin with brass grommets, PVC vinyl strips, 85 × 104 × 9".

Across the show, the textiles that serve as supports are cut and layered into bold, geometric shapes and swathed in psychedelic hues. In one sense, the colors lend the works a dreamlike quality, evocative of sun-bleached music posters and summertime celebrations. But Jackson also deploys color to articulate bleaker realities, for instance, the street images and abstract patterns of *Policing the Crisis. (Los Angeles Uprising 1992/London Uprising 2011/LAPD raid on Project Blowed Leimert Park 1996)*, are overlaid with a thick vivid-blue line—a stark evocation of the presence of law enforcement.

Color, for Jackson, is a tool for posing questions about how we see the world and for visually asserting the simultaneity of joy and struggle, of destruction and camaraderie—dualities that, of course, define us. She has long been interested in how the language of color theory mirrors that of segregation; she has described how Josef Albers's once-groundbreaking assertion that color is relative, contextual, and responsive continues to be a useful metaphor for critiquing racism. As Jackson says, and her works—at once figurative and abstract, exuberant and riven with fury—demonstrate, "Color is always changing, and, contrary to popular belief, it is not absolute."

—Meara Sharma

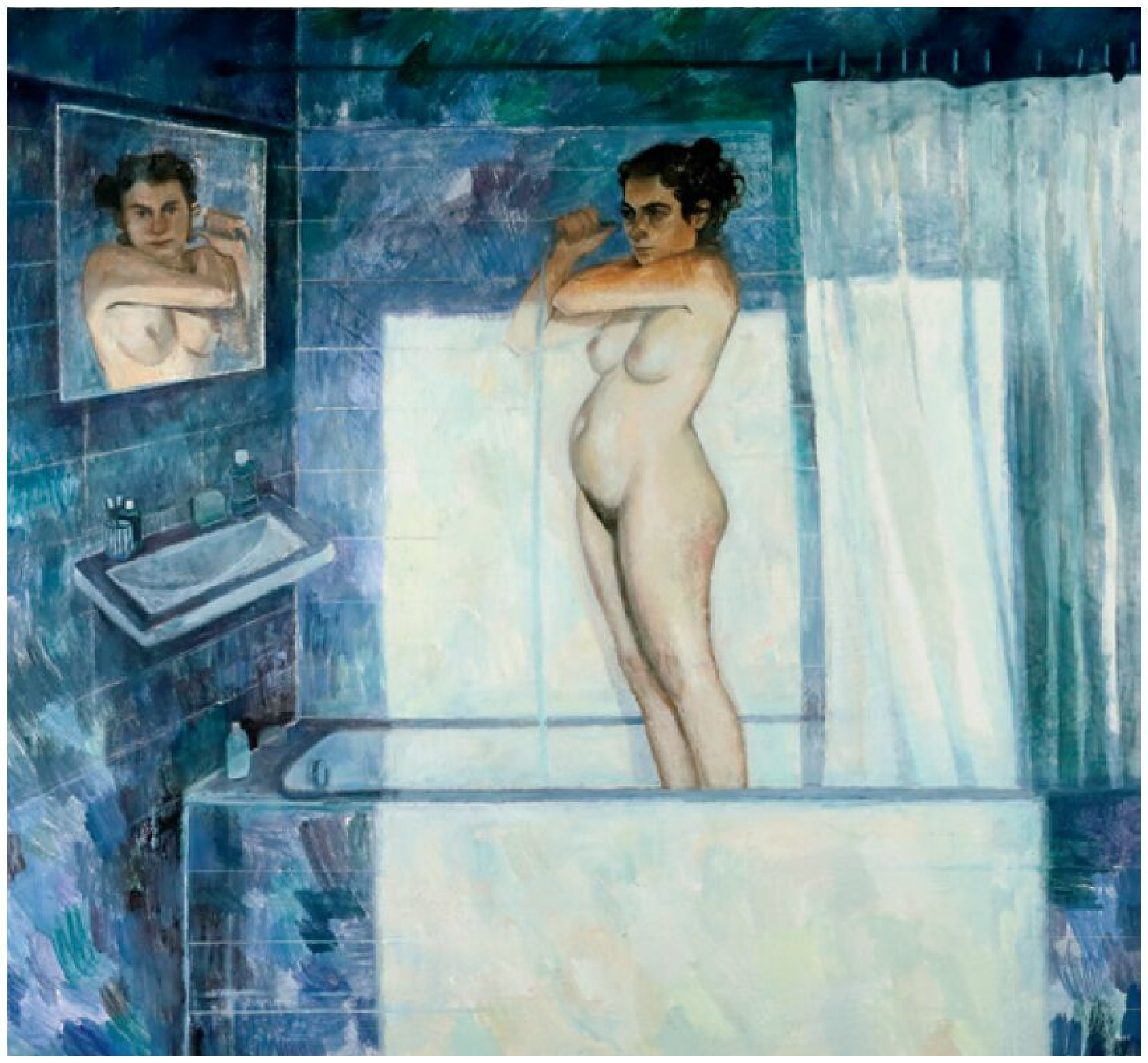
PARIS

Nathanaëlle Herbelin

MUSÉE D'ORSAY

In her 2016 biography of Paula Modersohn-Becker, *Être ici est une splendeur* (Being Here Is Everything), Marie Darrieussecq asserts that the German artist was the first woman in the history of art to paint herself nude and pregnant. Could this painting in question, Modersohn-

Becker's *Self-Portrait on My 6th Wedding Anniversary*, 1906, really be the first time a woman represents her own body, her creativity incarnate, with a brush? Among works canonized in the history of art, this could, astonishingly, be true. French-Israeli painter Nathanaëlle Herbelin's ode to the early Expressionist's self-portrait, *Être ici est une splendeur*, 2022, is likewise a self-portrait and lends its title, taken from Darrieussecq's book, to the exhibition. Herbelin anchors the composition in a delicate rendering of her face, doubled here in a steamed mirror, and a dreamlike accumulation of objects. A translucent shower curtain and a couple of bottles rise at the margins as if afloat. Both artists painted their bodies pregnant before they actually were.



Nathanaëlle Herbelin, *Être ici est une splendeur* (Being Here Is Everything), 2022, oil on canvas, 51⅝ × 55⅛".

Herbelin's work is installed amid the museum's permanent collection, in two rooms dedicated to Pierre Bonnard and the Nabis, Post-Impressionists self-named with the Hebrew word for *prophet*. A conversation emerges in the artists' shared approach to the canvas and concern for the rituals of daily life. Herbelin's *Ma grand-mère à son mariage/funérailles, version 2* (My Grandmother at Her Wedding/Funeral, Version), 2022, pictures the artist's recently deceased maternal grandmother, her likeness surfacing among traces of abandoned compositions, visible layers of doubt. Together they made regular visits to the Orsay when the artist was a child. In this work, Herbelin left much of the canvas apparent—as Bonnard did in a portrait of his friend, dealer Ambroise Vollard, ca. 1904, hanging on an adjacent wall. For both artists, the inclusion of bare canvas is a stylistic decision, but the uncertainty the gesture communicates also speaks to the difficulty of capturing an intimate relation. To hold on to a loved one forever is impossible.

And as it happens sometimes in conversations with our closest friends, Herbelin's *Elené et le bébé* (Elené and the Baby), 2022, knits dreams and realities into a single story. In this painting, the elongated floorboards and tall red curtains in the Tbilisi studio of the artist's close friend, painter Elené Shatberashvili, create a scene where the pair's real and imaginary worlds interact. Elené's gaze is turned downward toward where a baby's form is suggested in translucent silhouette, as if a vision appearing for both the artist and her subject. On a wall opposite, Herbelin's *Allaitement* (Breastfeeding), 2024, presents the artist's own infant in precise detail, the force of her task fully rendered.

On one wall, the exhibition's curators, Nicolas Gausserand and Christophe Leribault, arrayed a dozen small-format works by Nabis painters with eighteen of Herbelin's. There are lots of cats, breakfast tables, moments of quiet. *Elené qui dort* (Elené Sleeping), 2022, hangs close by Édouard Vuillard's *Le sommeil de Madame Vuillard* (The Sleep of Madame Vuillard), 1891–92. In this constellation of works, Herbelin's *Sataf*, 2018, with her male subject's head bobbing up in a stone-lined pond, and *Hayam Hatichon*, 2019–21, a moonlit scene of a young man gliding into the waves, could be imagined as former lovers swimming away. As if to hold onto them in paint, as a writer might attempt with words, these small paintings hold the power of longing.

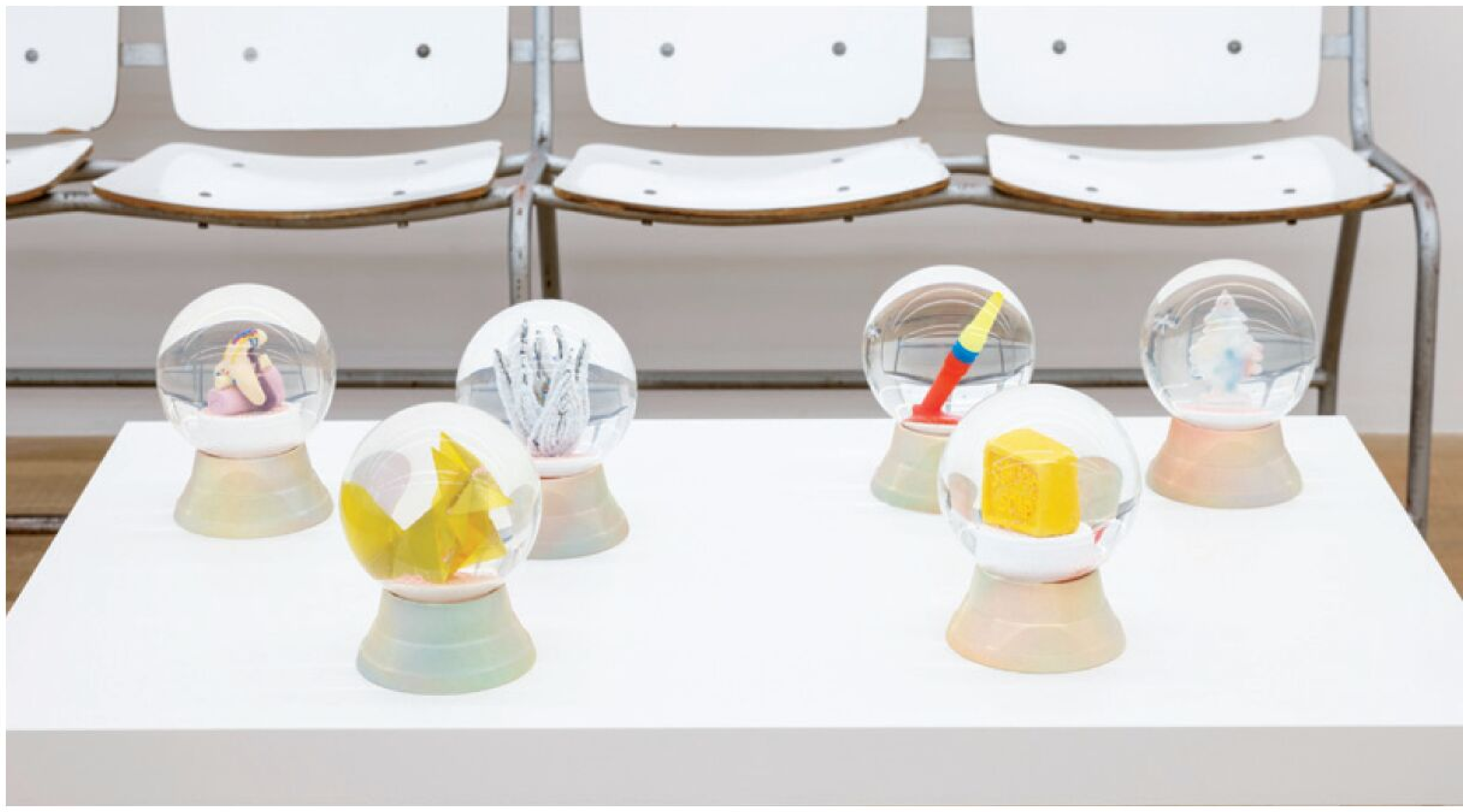
—*Lillian Davies*

Benoît Piéron

SULTANA

Benoît Piéron's first solo show in Paris transformed the gallery into a whimsical hospital-as-studio, complete with waiting-room chairs, IV stands draped with silk scarves featuring psychedelic patterns based on medical imaging, activities to entertain or ward off boredom, and loads of repurposed hospital bedsheets. With a mise-en-scène dominated by pastel hues, soft materials, and mellow party lighting from IV-stand sculptures *Lucie (lampadaire) I* and *II* (Lucie [Floor Lamp] I and II), both 2024, Piéron provided a glimpse into his experience as a perpetual patient—one of the "pyjama people," to use the artist's term for those who, like himself, have been regularly hospitalized since birth. The exhibition's title, "*Poudre de riz*" (Rice Powder), referred to an old-fashioned makeup used to brighten and smooth light-colored skin. It also provided an apt metaphor for Piéron's practice. As if by sprinkling fairy dust, the artist transformed the somber, sterile, solitary hospital ambience into a space that was luminous, sensual, emotional, and communal.

Piéron has long used standard-issue hospital sheets to create patchwork stuffed animals and quilts, whose extreme cuteness is complicated by unnerving phrases such as HOSPITAL USE ONLY crisscrossing their cushy surfaces. The artist's signature cuddly toy, a big-eared, wide-eyed vampire bat named Monike in homage to feminist lesbian theorist and activist Monique Wittig, graced the exhibition in the form of *Béquille Monike* (Monike Crutch), 2024, an oversize bat head atop a crutch leaning against a wall. Nearby, on the floor, *Cairn*, 2024, a pile of



View of "Benoît Piéron: *Poudre de riz*" (Rice Powder), 2024. Photo: Tadzio.

rumpled yellow, blue, and white sheets enlivened with two large porcelain eyeballs, suggested a dirty-laundry version of the poop emoji. Delightful and poignant, this and other works on view evoked Felix Gonzalez-Torres, especially his candy-pile tributes to friends and lovers, many lost to AIDS.

As an inspiration and kindred spirit, Piéron has cited Margarete Steiff, the wheelchair-bound polio survivor credited with making the first stuffed animal (a small elephant, originally marketed as a pincushion) in 1880. *Les câlins* (Hugs), 2024, a plastic basket on a wheeled stand filled with odd-shaped pillows sewn from hospital sheets, epitomizes the hard-to-reconcile mix of comfort and pain known and explored by Piéron and Steiff. The weight and softness of the pillows, filled with millet seeds, in Piéron's laundry bin suggest cushions used to treat anxiety. Their size and shape, however, also evoke eviscerated organs. During his recurrent hospitalizations, Piéron endured countless invasive probes, examinations, and analyses. The self-portrait *Ko.u.r.ê.os*, 2024, a soft mannequin based on Piéron's own measurements, describes a disconnect caused by intense bodily scrutiny. Covered with stitched-together scraps of hospital sheets, the headless and limbless body appears fragmented and vulnerable.

Playful interactive works—such as the collaborative wall drawing *Magic Tree*, 2023, with which Piéron invited visitors to trace a cardboard car air freshener shaped like a pine tree and decorate it with colored pencils, or a series of nine snow globes displayed on a pair of low tables near a set of waiting-room chairs and meant to be handled by the viewer—underscored the importance of community, or positive physical and emotional interactions, to counter the sense of alienation experienced during medical treatments. Requiring two hands to shake, each hefty glass globe encased a different curio (a lighter, another pine tree air freshener, a polymer clay clitoris, an origami-style fox) blanketed by slow-falling fake snow (another allusion to rice powder). Spray-painted in a hazy pastel rainbow of pink, blue, green, and yellow, the bases of these hermetically sealed worlds echoed the color scheme of the hospital sheets. Deceptively cheery, the colors also intentionally mimicked the vivid bruising that occurs when bodies are continually pricked and probed or simply lie still for too long. Although he indulges a fantasy wherein magic powders seem to erase harsh realities of illness and hospitalization, Piéron ultimately emphasizes the importance of real tenderness.

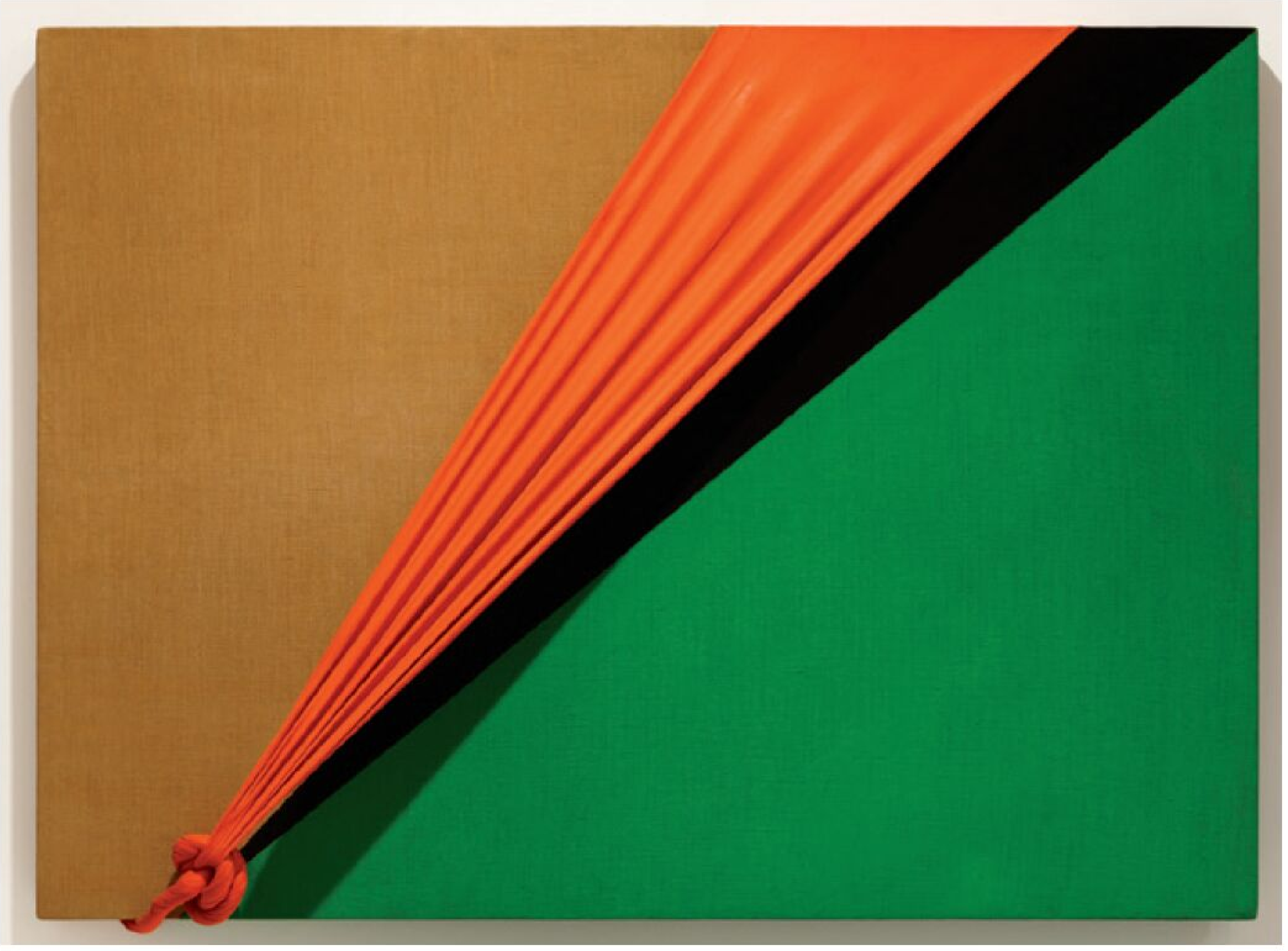
—*Mara Hoberman*

MADRID

Jorge Eielson

TRAVESÍA CUATRO

Jorge Eielson (1924–2006) was an artist, a poet, and a novelist, but in a filmed conversation that accompanied this compact but ambitious exhibition curated by Patrick Charpenel, he refuses to distinguish between written and visual poetry in his work: "I am convinced that poetry is not only a verbal fact. I don't think one should differentiate too much between the two." His great interest was in encrypting and deciphering visual and linguistic codes to effect a synthesis between the Western cultural tradition of his adopted Italy and the pre-Columbian tradition of his native Peru, which he discovered as a student of celebrated Peruvian Indigenist scholar, anthropologist, and writer José María Arguedas; between the performative, the ritual, the written, and the visual; between his work and his life. It's not surprising, then, that Eielson was both seminal to Latin American modernity and fascinatingly difficult to assimilate to it. The major retrospectives at Peru's Museo de Arte de Lima in 2017–18—and at Spain's Es Baluard Museu in Palma de Mallorca in 2022–23 and TEA Tenerife Espacio de las Artes in 2023—marked the "rediscovery" of his work beyond the borders of Italy. This show celebrating the centenary of his birth outlined three possible approaches to this complex and multifaceted figure.



Jorge Eielson, *Quipus VT 1*, 1966–72, acrylic and burlap on frame, 38¼ × 51⅛ × 7½".

The show opened with a section titled "*Línea de 100 nudos*" (Line of 100 Knots), offering a chronology of Eielson's life and artistic trajectory through memorabilia and documents: from photographs with the family of Italian artist Michele Mulas, who would become his life partner; to the filmed conversation I quoted at the beginning; to the letter in which NASA politely declined his proposal to fly one of his works in one of their unmanned aircraft bound for the moon. The works shown here, such as *Quipus 40-T1* and *Quipus 41-T1*, both 1966–71, and *Quipus VT 1*, 1966–72 are samples of the series "Quipus," 1964–2006, and best represent his career. They are works midway between sculpture, image, and textile, in which the brightly colored fabrics knotted and folded on themselves or stretched and twisted on traditional frames allude to the pre-Columbian Andean system of knotted ropes that functioned as narrative and accounting records. The burlap tensed and knotted on the stretcher simultaneously refers to the archaic and almost mythical and to the experiments of pictorial spatial rupture of the canvas carried out by Alberto Burri, Enrico Castellani, Lucio Fontana, and the Arte Povera artists, with whom Eielson came into contact in Italy after moving to Rome in 1951 and later to Milan.

In the basement, a section titled "*El amor sublime*" (Sublime Love) joyfully evoked the intense decades-long relationship (sentimental, amicable, artistic) with Mulas through photographs of both him and Eielson in the splendor and beauty of their youth, as well as sensual and sumptuous works such as *Nodo* (Node), 2001: black, almost carnal velvet knotted on a crystal sphere. Eielson himself made it clear: Here the knots are also the emblem of his spiritual union with Mulas.

Finally, the "*Chamanismo*" (Shamanism) section shows some of Eielson's later canvases, in tones of ocher and sienna, schematically anthropomorphic and figurative, inspired by the pre-Columbian iconography of the cultures of the Peruvian Pacific coast—among them *Suite Paracas*, 1984, and *Ceremonia ancestrale III* (Ancestral Ceremony III), 1986. Charpenel placed them in dialogue with artifacts, ceramics, and textiles from the pre-Columbian Chancay, Proto-Nazca, or Nazca/Huari cultures. This contextualization underscored the shamanic and thaumaturgic dimension of Eielson's work, which finds its mythical representative in the Andean *quipucamayoc* or "keeper of knots": a hermeneut and visionary empowered to decipher and reinterpret the signs of the cosmos and the arcane. After all, in the words of Marcel Broodthaers that come to mind and that Eielson would perhaps not have disapproved of, "the artist is the author of a definition."

—Javier Montes

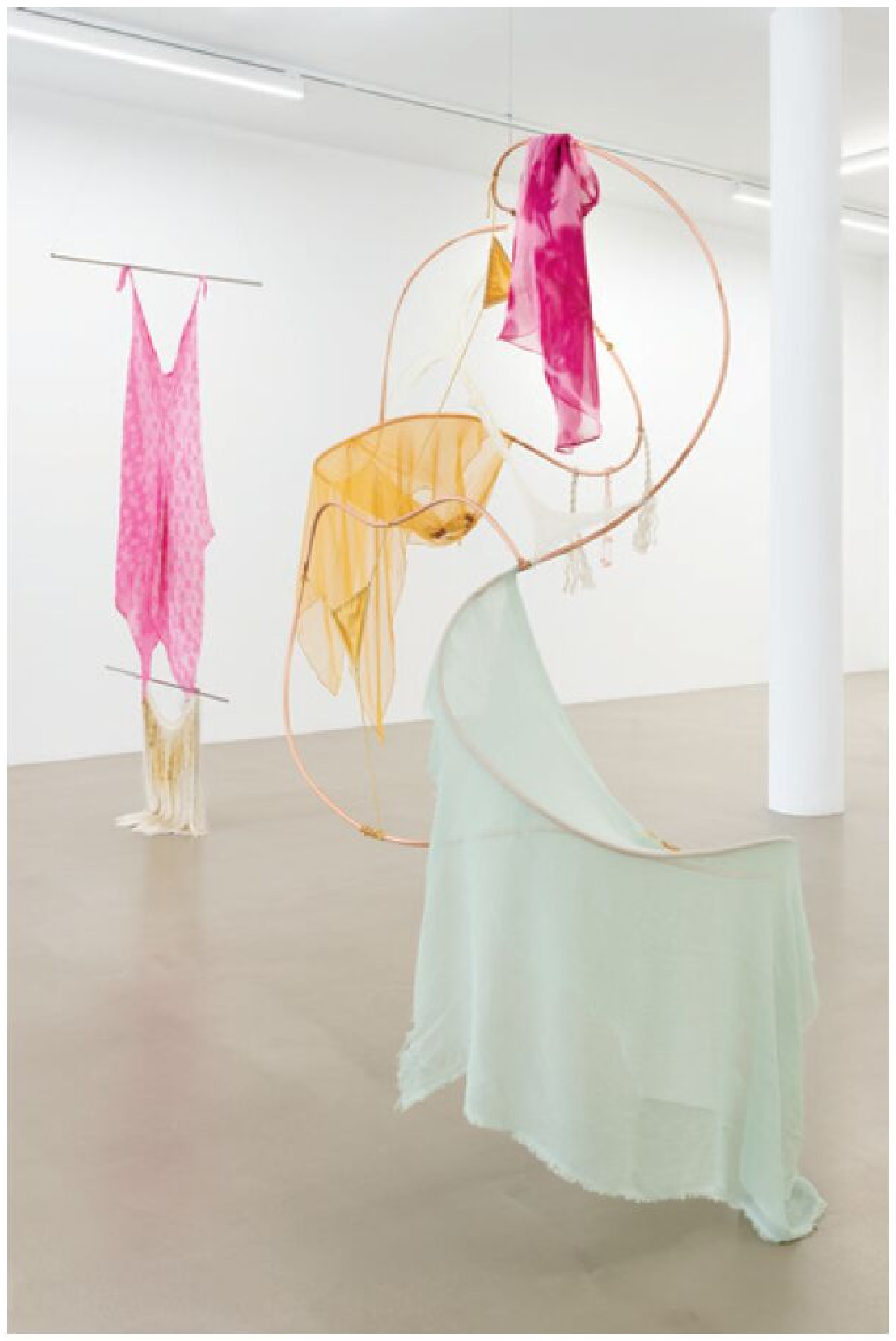
Translated from Spanish by Michèle Faguet.

BARCELONA

Rosa Tharrats

BOMBON PROJECTS

A *thongdrel* is a monumental appliquéd cloth that Tibetan Buddhist monks unfurl for just a few hours each year for collective contemplation and spiritual cleansing. Although it transpired in an unmistakably less serene setting than a monastery—Bombon Projects faces a busy road—the opening night of Rosa Tharrats's exhibition intentionally appealed to comparisons with such sacred displays. A huge chartreuse-and-blue drape shrouded the gallery facade, adorned with bustles of fabric and cut with peekaboo perforations. A slit in *AVOC IVIDRAM* (all works 2024) gave access to the show inside, and at the end of the evening the cloth was unhitched and dropped to the ground, whereupon the remaining crowd folded it away. Not so much a curtain-raiser as a disarming curtain-lowerer, the ritual was evidence of Tharrats's attentiveness to Buddhist traditions as well as of her showmanship and her understanding of textiles—she also works as a costume designer for film and theater. One could have imagined the exhibition inside as much a sanctum for a spiritual retreat for unwinding the mind/body dualism as an outré couture collection without humans, where inscrutable organic divinities dressed for auspiciousness.



View of "Rosa Tharrats: Refugia," 2024. From left, *Dansarosa*, 2024; *Floating tongue*, 2024. Photo: Roberto Ruiz.

Titled "*Refugia*," a feminized version of *refugio* (Spanish for refuge) and in English the plural of *refugium*, a term in population biology for locales that provide resilience to climate change, the exhibition comprised a group of suspended sculptures made from cast-off fabric and clothing fragments adorning serpentine metal structures. Through drapery, tailoring, and texture, as well as the pictorial possibilities of printed fabrics, the pieces evoked communities of beard-like mosses, tentacular jellyfish, or crystalline corals. They also incorporated organic matter in the form of studio-cultivated bio-based polymers. In the largest indoor work, *Floating tongue*, a white gauze flared over a swirl of fused copper pipes. Rope braids and a bikini clung like vines beside a magenta dress, and flirty silks the color of lichens were caked with globs of fungal culture.

Recalling a garlanded branch, *The best part is the shoe* incorporates ribbons and a shirt sleeve, as well as alum crystals, a bell, and a pink bra. *Sponge Flight* comprises just a single flourish of copper and a balancing act: A sponge is poised at one end, and a garish print and tulle bonded with further coagulated bioplastics occupies the other. *Helicó* is a still more reductive combination: a long steel tendril and a glitzy scrap of black gown hung in a corner. The metallic components in the works suggest they might function as mystical antennae, accruing astral energy, picking up atmospheric fashion trends, or adding frills to the fringe theory of electroculture gardening, as if cottons and silks could be shocked back to their botanical or larval origins. Tharrats reincorporates fabrics from one project to another. Whether redyed with algae pigment, recut, or transformed by new relational combinations, her works not only have the character of fragile life-forms, but of living processes, as if cycles of unpicking, stitching, and thrifty adaptation could embody germination, metamorphosis, or symbiosis. Steeped in animistic conviction, the exhibition connects to a mystical, even mediumistic, undercurrent of Catalan art that also runs through the works of Eulàlia Valldosera, Fina Miralles, Josefa Tolrà, and beyond.

Drawing on ecology and systems theory, in *The Clock of the Long Now* (1999) writer Stewart Brand proposed a framework for understanding human society as layered scales of pace, where the frenetic rhythms of fashion sit atop progressively slower and larger substructures, with culture and ultimately nature the deepest and most enduring. Fast change might percolate down and be consolidated, yet slow-motion disruption from below will always shake everything above. With its vertiginous permutations of trend-paced propositions, lively safe spaces, and slow dispositions of Eastern esoteric thought, "*Refugia*" opened up a syncretic sinkhole where seemingly clashing tempos of transformation have dissolved.

—Max Andrews

MILAN

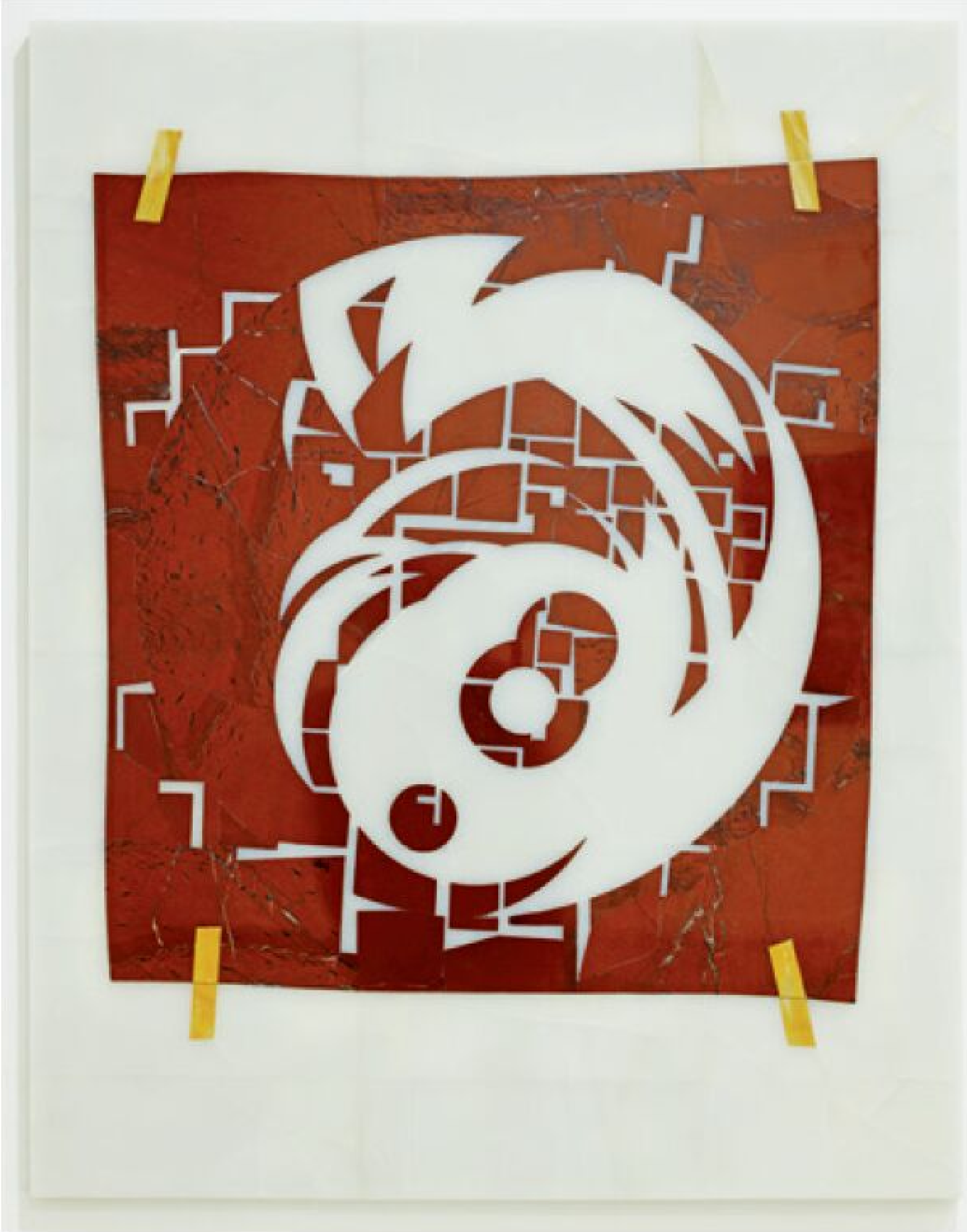
Domenico Bianchi

GALLERIA CHRISTIAN STEIN

Domenico Bianchi showed eight works in this Milanese exhibition, all *Untitled*, 2023–24, and all the same size, about fifty-five by forty-three inches. They were something unusual in his oeuvre, since they are executed in marble inlay. After delineating the composition's dominating central figure on tracing paper, Bianchi draws rectangles of various dimensions, so that their juxtaposition on the plane leaves open interstices. Then, under his supervision, an expert artisan inlays the design on the marble surface; the rectangles are defined in white onyx, while in the interstices and at the center of the composition the artist adds a large number of other marbles and semiprecious stones, selecting a different color for every work so that each one has its own dominant chromatic tone.

Sergio Risaliti, in an accompanying essay, reminds us that the technique of marble inlay dates back to ancient Rome and flowered at various times, from the late Renaissance under Ferdinando de' Medici until the nineteenth-century Arts and Crafts movement. Indeed, for those who know Bianchi's work, and particularly his use of wax as painterly substance, this choice of material might have seemed risky. Did he really need to resort to such a culturally illustrious and technically complex technique to reinterpret his personal formal repertoire?

Bianchi has always constructed his paintings by delineating a geometric structure on the surface, at the center of which a curvilinear shape stands out and invites a direct frontal view on the part of the observer. This center, while present and distinguishable, is never fulfilled; it is always an open form, a circle that seems to fall apart into



Domenico Bianchi, *Untitled*, **2023–24**, onyx, red Laguna marble, yellow marble inlay, 55⅛ × 43¼".

irregular spirals, a formal nucleus that doesn't know if it is coming together or unraveling. More than defining a centrality, the work evokes it without ever realizing it, always subjecting the same visual structure to an infinite variety of formal solutions. As a result, perception constantly becomes, not passive contemplation, but an invitation to research.

The same relationship among repetition, difference, and activation of the gaze was found in this exhibition. Here the red of jasper, the blue of lapis lazuli, the black of Belgian marble, the yellow of Siena marble, or the statuary white of Carrara stud the surfaces and similarly define the multifaceted center that reveals itself in the most diverse relationships between figure and ground. A red core can appear precisely defined but be contaminated by whitish forms within; another figure can break up into fragments or almost disappear into a dark coil against a white backdrop. Shapes can be defined in negative, such as white curvilinear bands within a red square, or can crowd together like a collection of green fragments on white. There is the case of the two extremes of white and black, where the central core seems to illuminate the woven surface of dark squares. Light and color, moreover, have always been the points of orientation for all of Domenico Bianchi's work. Here we also see a touch of irony: Two of the works have on the lower and upper edges two small segments in yellow marble that look like two pieces of masking tape, as if they were holding up a sheet of paper. The impression is deliberate, and it serves to downplay the refined atmosphere that emanates from these surprising works.

—*Giorgio Verzotti*

Translated from Italian by Marguerite Shore.

SUSCH, SWITZERLAND

Anu Põder

MUZEUM SUSCH

What is a body? An autonomous living system controlled by an individual consciousness? Or a node in a network of living and nonliving entities, determined by the prevailing sociopolitical structures? The work of Estonian artist Anu Põder (1947–2013) is a multimaterial and multidisciplinary exploration of such questions spanning several decades. Põder's retrospective "Space for My Body," curated by Cecilia Alemani, the first of its kind outside Estonia, presents sculptural, assemblage, installation, and paper works from both the Soviet and the post-Soviet eras. While official Soviet sculptors specialized in monumental bronzes, Põder experimented with diverse materials, among them plastics and stitched textiles. She did not conceive the body as a heroic unity. For her it could be a headless mannequin covered with technical markings (*Before Performance*, 1981) or a robot-like construction (*With a Trumpet from Lasnamäe [Pink Bird]*, 1988).

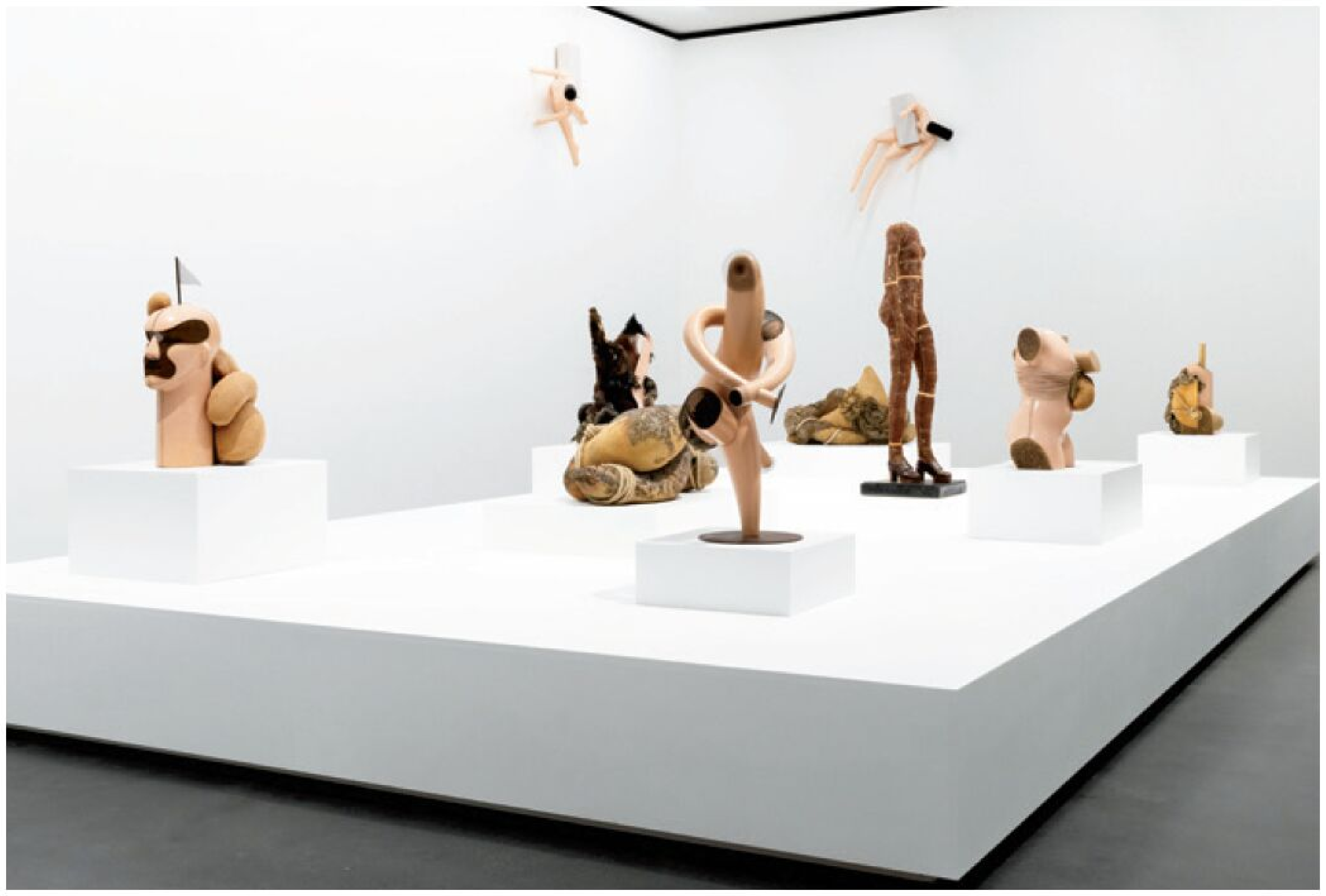
In post-Soviet times, Põder lent different connotations to her materials. *Tested Profit. Rubber Bags*, 1999, shows the silhouettes of bodies sliced into rubber bags, while *Tested Profit. Rubber Dolls*, 1999, presents modified sex dolls. Plastic now appears as the signifier of consumerism, commodification, objectification. A phalanx of Kinder Surprise eggs set in a rugged metal frame of German design seems to testify to the "iron cage" of rationalization (Max Weber) as a condition of the possibility of a cheerful Western consumer culture (*Screen*, 2007).

Although Põder and the context of her work are still largely unknown in the international art world, and she did not become (or want to become) a commissioned artist in the Soviet Union, she was not ignored in her lifetime. Like many artists who did not conform to the aesthetic-political doctrine, but were not open dissenters, either, Põder created a niche for herself within the system. It is precisely this state of in-between that makes her work so interesting and that illuminates the genealogies of Eastern European art in general. For instance, the plaster sculpture *Traveller*, 1978, evokes the feeling of being stuck in a fossilized, deprived utopia. A female figure is shown seated, but there is no chair. She keeps a suitcase on her knees, but she is going nowhere. Many artists in the Soviet Union, particularly in the peripheral republics, found themselves in a similar situation.

The recurrent cyborg imagery, as in *Composition with Man's Head (Man's Head with Flag)*, 1984, made of plastic, metal, wire mesh, and textile, seems to allude to the Soviet vision of the "new man," which was often subverted in colonized Eastern European countries. Today, it's tempting to place the series "Handbags," 1997, into the category of feminist art as it developed in the West. Põder cut open several of these iconic consumer items to make them permeable to view, thus deconstructing the handbag as the carrier of the proverbial "mystery" of women. But it is a mistake to force Põder's work into categories such as "feminist" or "posthumanist," complete with references to Donna Haraway, as Alemani did when she included Põder in "The Milk of Dreams" at the Venice Biennale in 2022. Põder's art deserves to be considered on its own terms. First and foremost, it bespeaks the versatility of Eastern European art and the individual's ability to subvert the boundaries set by institutions and discourses, especially in collectivist systems. The human body can be both a place of restraint and a source of freedom. It is the link between self and world, and the medium of what Helmuth Plessner calls our "eccentric positionality." Põder's art is a rich exploration of the intricacies of this intermediary under Soviet and post-Soviet conditions.

—*Jörg Scheller*

View of "Anu Põder: Space for My Body," **2024**. Photo: Federico Sette.



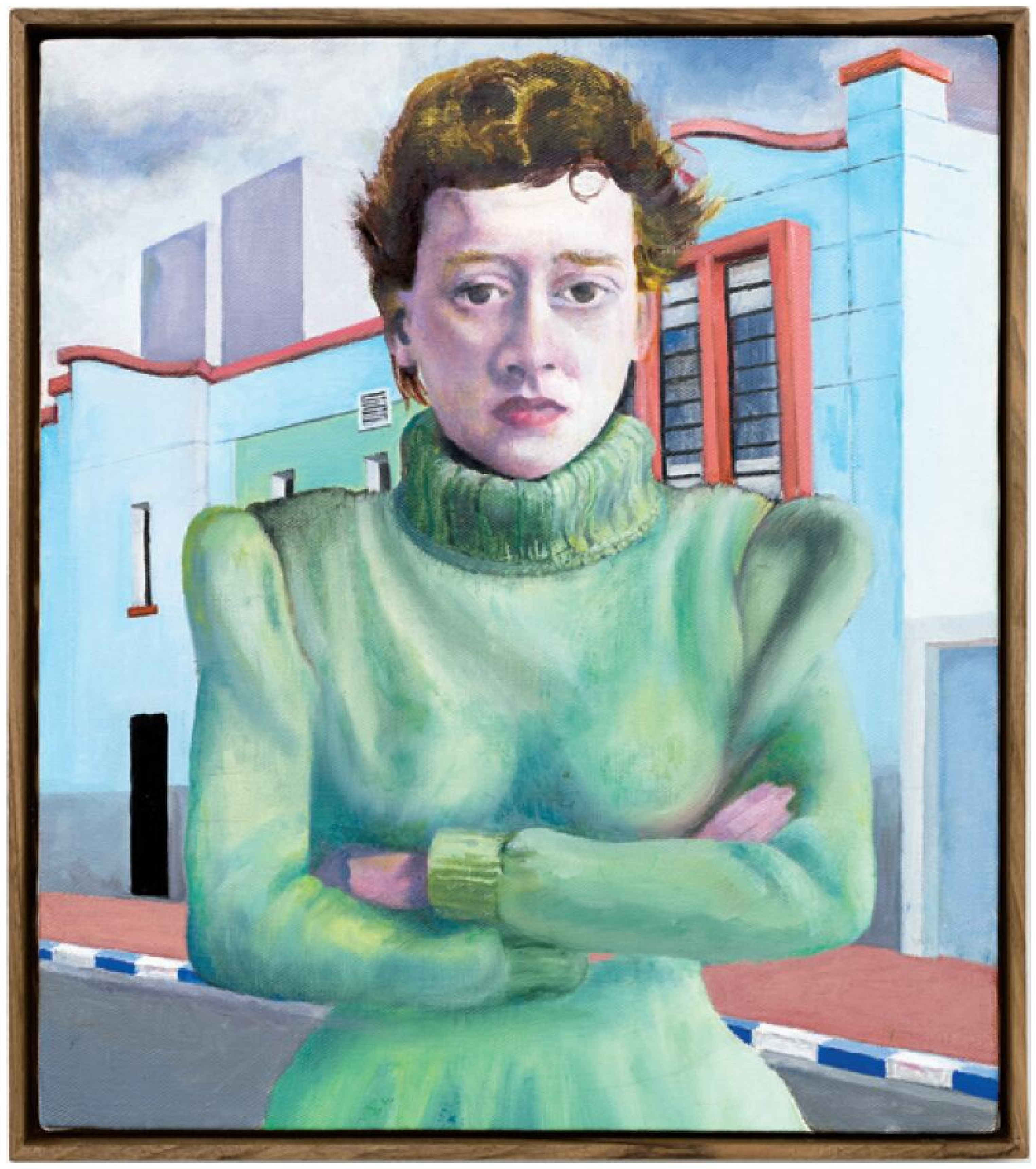
BERLIN

Katharina Wulff

GALERIE NEU

In “*Guten Morgen, du Schöne*” (Good Morning, Beautiful), Marrakech-based German artist Katharina Wulff presented dreamy portraits of women. But whereas her earlier works were fantastical, somewhat in the manner of Leonora Carrington, the eight paintings and one work on paper in this show pair discernibly urban settings with the charged, seeming casualness of street photography.

Hanging in the gallery’s entrance was a small oil on wood panel, *Untitled* (*Salon Ayman)*, 2010/2023. The flatly painted portrait of a short-bobbed blonde, set against a graphic background of interlocked red and green squares, suggests a magazine cover or an ad page, especially with the legend SALON AYMAN POUR FEMME blazoned across the bottom. It served as an apt introduction to the show, in which Wulff drew on her memories of East Berlin before unification—its people, styles, and ambience. The show’s title was borrowed from a 1977 book by Austrian-born East Berlin writer Maxie Wander in which nineteen women, ranging in age from sixteen to ninety-two, dish about sexism, suicide, and mental health. Likewise, Wulff’s paintings, many of them titled with a woman’s name, seem to channel East Berliner women, stripping their sangfroid and sass to essentials, against raw concrete.



Katharina Wulff,
***Frieda*, 2023,**
oil on canvas,
17⅜ × 16⅛".

The women depicted by Wulff are young, sharing a small repertoire of beauty types, dress codes, and cosmopolitan no-BS attitudes. *Guten Morgen, du Schöne*, 2023, for instance, is a close-up of a young brunette, her hair slicked back and parted, gathered in a high ponytail. Her flamboyant eye shadow is very fab disco. Her wan smile borders on the Mona Lisa’s, yet her heavily lined big eyes fix the viewer with a direct, confident gaze.

Flashbacks to the German Democratic Republic at a time when feminism came into its own are clearly charged for Wulff, as evidenced in *Frieda*, 2023, a painting in which a young woman, her arms crossed, meets the viewer’s gaze (the portrait bears a close resemblance to the photograph with the same title, from 1982, by Sibylle Bergemann, a German photographer who documented East Berlin under Communism). Equally important to Wulff are offbeat art-historical quotations, though she keeps them light. The young woman in the small oil painting *Rita*, 2022, for instance, could be the subject of a classical portrait: Her high-arched eyebrows, lash-free eyelids, rouged cheeks offset by alabaster skin, and delicate pouty mouth are as if lifted from a Botticelli. But her fierce carrot crewcut, and her breasts casually jutting above the low, boxy cut of her black dress, one areola showing, spice up the ensemble, suggesting Wulff’s mischievous sensibility.

But this show was more than a frisky foray into portraiture. The artist outfitted the gallery entrance with three *mashrabiyas*, decorative latticework elements of traditional Islamic architecture (all titled *Mashrabiya*, 2024). The gesture was startling at first, even if one kept in mind that she’d been living in Marrakech since 2003. And yet, the closer one looked, the more enigmatic her architectural settings appeared. A keen sense of temporal displacement permeates Wulff’s oeuvre. While the massive residential block in *Guten Morgen, du Schöne*, brings to mind East German *Plattenbau*, the architecture in *Silke*, 2023, is harder to place. In it, a young brunette with an austere fringe, sheltered under an outsize salmon-colored umbrella, gazes out at the viewers. The low two-story structure behind her, flanked by two transmission towers, boasts vaguely gothic, dramatically arched openings. There’s a touch of Bauhaus in the architectural details in some of the paintings, prewar drab or classical harmony in others, pointing to Berlin as a city that contains jarring architectural contrasts, often within the same city block—a landscape that indicates a turbulent past but also scrambles one’s sense of the present.

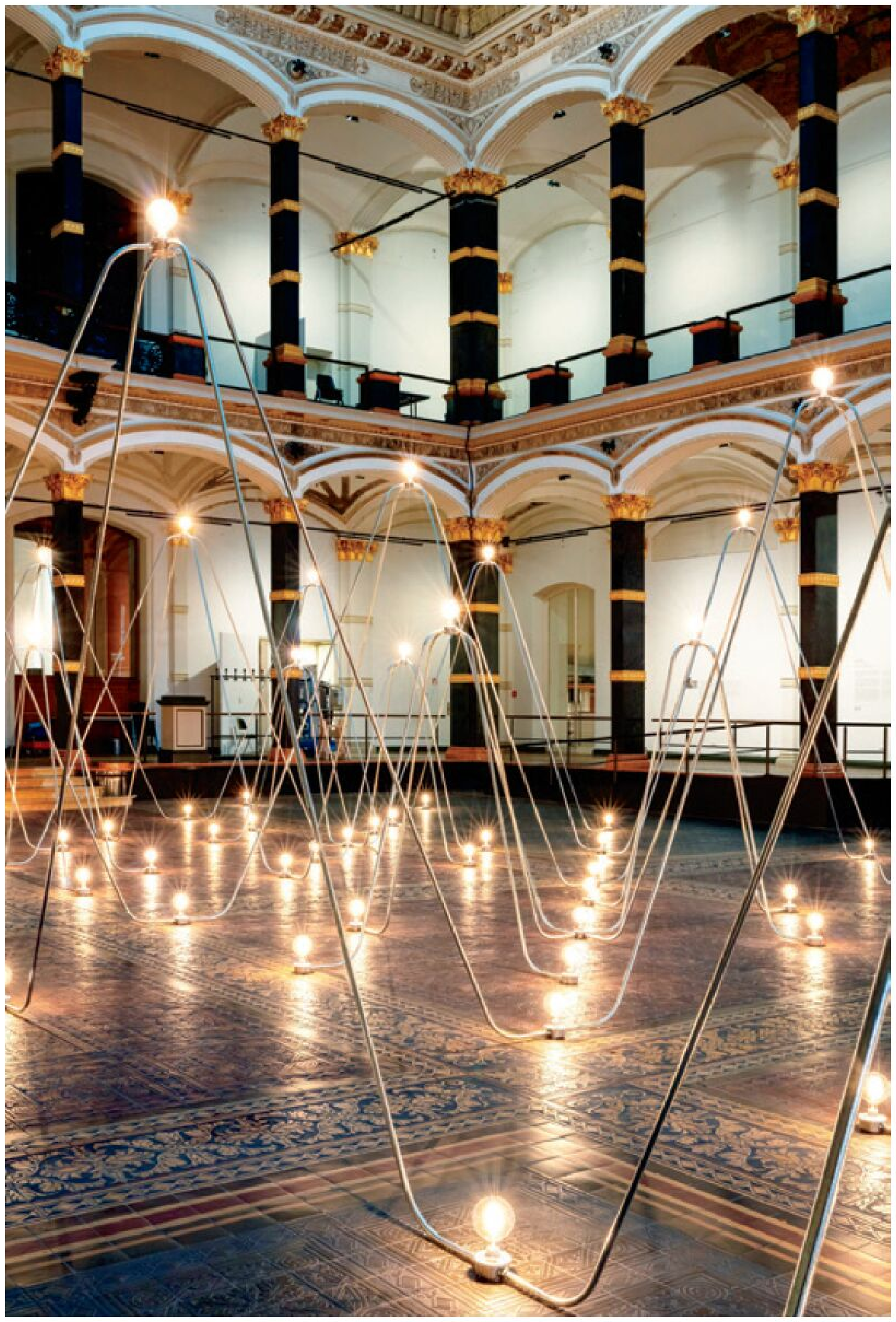
—Ela Bittencourt

Nancy Holt

GROPIUS BAU

“Nancy Holt: Circles of Light” explores works the artist made between 1966 and 1988, focusing on her experimentations with circles, light, and perception. Rather than chronicling the broader arc of Holt’s fifty-year career, during which she produced works ranging from concrete poetry and photography to Land art and films, this narrow scope creates a neat framing for *Sun Tunnels*, 1973–76, Holt’s major work, permanently installed in the desert in Utah. Of course, the question of how to present *Sun Tunnels* in a museum is one every curator of a Holt survey will face. The organizers of this one, Clara Meister of Gropius Bau and Lisa Le Feuvre of the Holt/Smithson Foundation, handled this aspect of the exhibition well, but others felt lacking. *Light and Shadow Photo-Drawings*, 1978, depicting circular shadows made from projected light, and a series of sculptures titled *Locators with Loci*, 1972, made of steel pipes aimed at black circles painted on the wall, primed the viewer to enter a large, darkened gallery screening Holt’s film *Sun Tunnels*, 1978. It shows her directing a team of collaborators as they cast four enormous concrete pipes, cut holes into them, and drive them into the desert, where they place them in the shape of an x that aligns with sunrise and sunset at the summer and winter solstices. The project is also represented by preparatory studies, including lists of quasi-astronomical calculations, and photographs, many of which feature only one pipe and change the work’s appearance.

The extended consideration given to *Sun Tunnels*, fitting because of its significance in Holt’s career, aligns with the exhibition’s emphasis on circles and light. At times, however, the approach feels overly



Nancy Holt, ***Electrical System*, 1982**, steel conduit, lighting and electrical fixtures, light bulbs, electrical wire. Installation view. Photo: Luca Girardini.

formal, minimizing important aspects of Holt's art. In particular, her concrete poetry could have been given further attention. One of her concrete poems, "Vision Fixed," ca. 1972, clearly refers to the exhibition's central theme: "Vision within a circle / Vision without sight patterns set up in depth / Vision within the boundaries of sight." Although this poem is included in the exhibition, the presentation would have benefited if the curators had expanded upon the connections between circles as a geometry and as a poetic trope.

Oddly for an artist best known for her works of Land art, another aspect that feels diminished in the display by the emphasis on circles and light was nature itself. This is despite the fact that the exhibition includes a series of films, such as *Pine Barrens*, 1975, and photographs of various landscapes, from New Jersey forests to the Alaskan subarctic to rural England, to urban and suburban developments, as in *Miami Puddles*, 1969. These works show how Holt studied various environments, while others, such as *California Sun Signs*, 1972, underline the humorous juxtapositions of found phrases Holt made in some of her photographic series, which were related to her exploration of language through poetry. But without a chronological structure, the development of Holt's engagement with her natural surroundings does not come across as clearly as it could have.

Still, within its limits, the exhibition's theme has been developed effectively. For example, *Electrical System*, 1982, installed in the atrium of the Gropius Bau, is the first work visitors encounter, but also the last. Here, the electrical circuits usually embedded in the walls of buildings are made visible and transformed into a sculptural installation, while turning the viewers meandering through this network of steel pipes and light bulbs into elements of the work. But it feels different when you come back to it after experiencing all the other manifestations of circularity and luminosity in the show. While the exhibition does succeed at what it sets out to do, with a more balanced and chronological display Holt's art could have felt even more powerful, more vibrant, and more alive.

—Talia Kwartler

HAMBURG

Silke Otto-Knapp

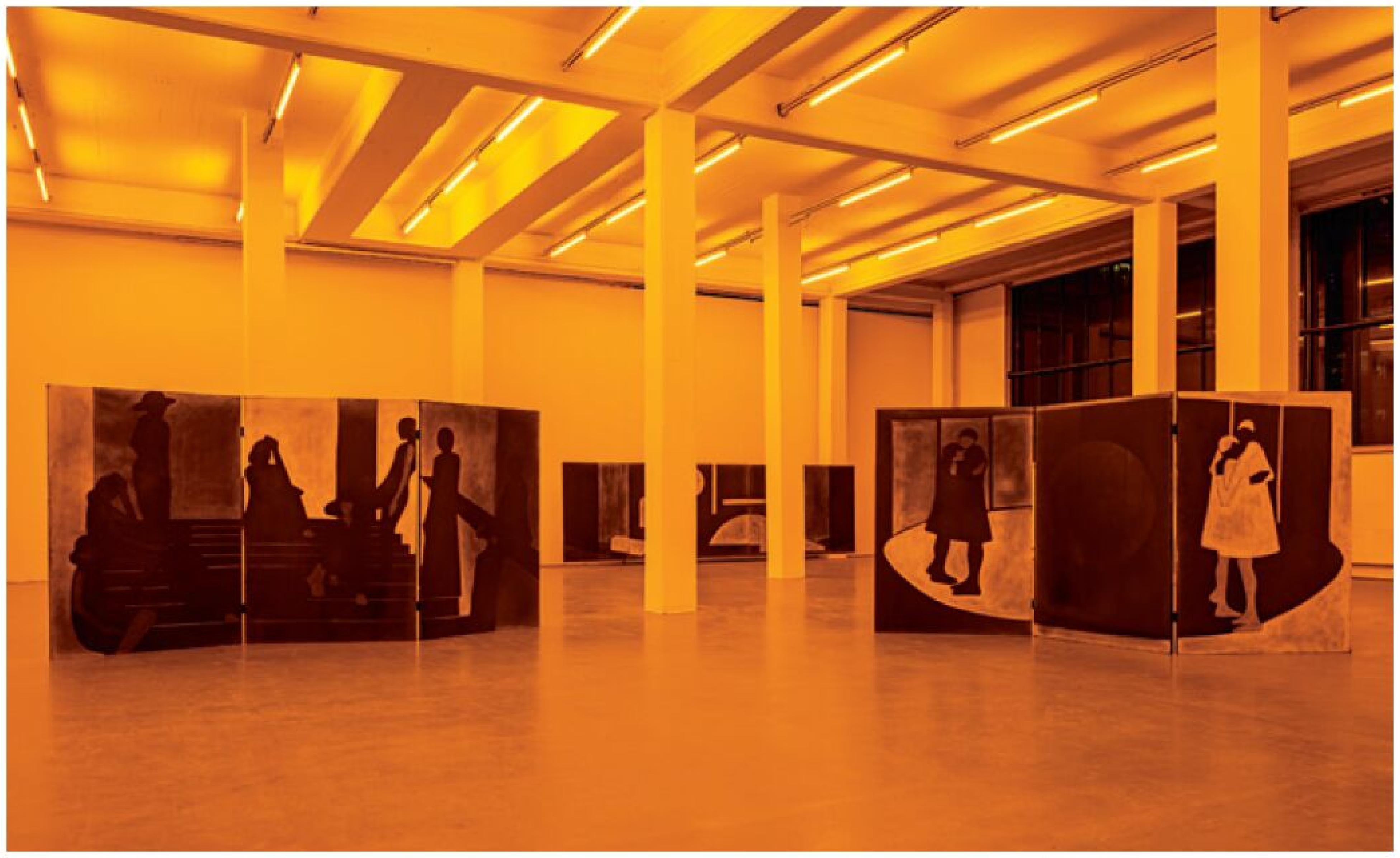
KUNSTVEREIN IN HAMBURG

This exhibition of work by Silke Otto-Knapp was titled "*Bühnenbilder*" (Stage Designs), and one seemed to enter it from backstage. Passing through a vestibule, most of its walls painted black, visitors walked past a ceramic tile mosaic depicting six figures onstage: *Untitled*, 2022, which blocked one's view of the passage leading to the main space.

This dramaturgic opening act anticipated in condensed form the expansive interests and fields of reference that inform Otto-Knapp's oeuvre. The painter, who died in 2022 at the early age of fifty-two, probed the relationship between body and space, primarily by way of the artificial settings of advanced stage cultures—live-art practices such as dance, theater, film, or runway shows, by the likes of Michael Clark, Rainer Werner Fassbinder, Anna Halprin, Yvonne Rainer, Yves Saint Laurent, Xanti Schawinsky, and others. She used the discrepancy between real space and pictorial planarity as a source of energy—in pictures, for instance, that generate an effect of spatial depth not by means of perspective but out of the surfaces of choreographed bodies. She also usually arranged her paintings themselves in three-dimensional constellations so that the interplay between pictures engendered dynamic sight lines.

Otto-Knapp's formal idiom was idiosyncratic and subtly reductive: Tilting and rebalancing her usually large-format canvases, she would spread the runny watercolors over the painting layer after layer, or sometimes work a dark ground with sponges and cloths to build up the diffusely luminous and exceptionally delicate surfaces of her grisailles. The dark body shapes in her lucid pictures are typically contoured out of black grounds—from dark to light: What sounds unconventional in

View of "Silke Otto-Knapp: *Bühnenbilder*" (Stage Designs), 2024. From left, *Untitled (Versammlung II)*, 2022; *Stage (after Kurt Schwitters)*, 2017; *Untitled (Versammlung III)*, 2022. Photo: Fred Dott.



terms of painterly technique makes for a distinctive aesthetic experience with unmistakable metaphysical overtones.

The artist began developing the exhibition four years ago, working in collaboration with Milan Ther, who has been director of the Kunstverein in Hamburg for two years. Although the curator had to finalize the show alone, it reflected Otto-Knapp's ideas concerning the selection of works as well as their arrangement and lighting. Thus, in the Kunstverein's main gallery, intense yellow-orange light tinged the pictures' characteristic warm grays, lending everything an air of artificiality. All the pictures faced the entrance; most were set against pillars or stood in the middle of the room rather than hanging on the walls. Even mock-up pillars were added—thus creating a stage set. Three freestanding large-format tableaux whose parts connect like those of a folding screen, *Untitled (Versammlung I–III)* (Assembly I–III), 2022—the artist left another of these works unfinished—were loosely embedded in a gathering of nineteen other canvases created between 2010 and 2020. In terms of motifs, Otto-Knapp wove a dense referential web: Rainer's choreography can be discerned in the graphic figures acting in isolation in the work *In the midnight hour*, 2016, while the legendary "dance deck" Halprin built into a California forest emerges from the gloomily flickering grayed watercolors of *Stage (North & South)*, 2012. *Untitled (Versammlung II)*, 2022, features figures on a flight of stairs, embodiments of uncertainty and expectation, amid gathering shadows threatening to efface their identities; like the *Untitled* ceramic piece, it is based on a reenactment of Fassbinder's film *Beware of a Holy Whore* (1970) that was put onstage by HAU (Hebbel am Ufer), a theater company in Berlin, in 2017. Two opulently beribboned figures in *Versammlung I* are dressed in costumes by Bauhaus scenographer Schawinsky, and *Stage (after Kurt Schwitters)*, 2017, is a large-format vision of the Constructivist austere "standard stage" that the Dadaist and inventor of the *Merzbau* imagined in the 1920s but probably never realized. One might pursue such contextual clues at length, but Otto-Knapp's figuration is sustained by the nuanced grays of her paintings' surfaces no less than the discourses in which they are steeped. Both are compacted into poetic pictorial fragments concerning the fragility of human space.

—*Jens Asthoff*

Translated from German by Gerrit Jackson.

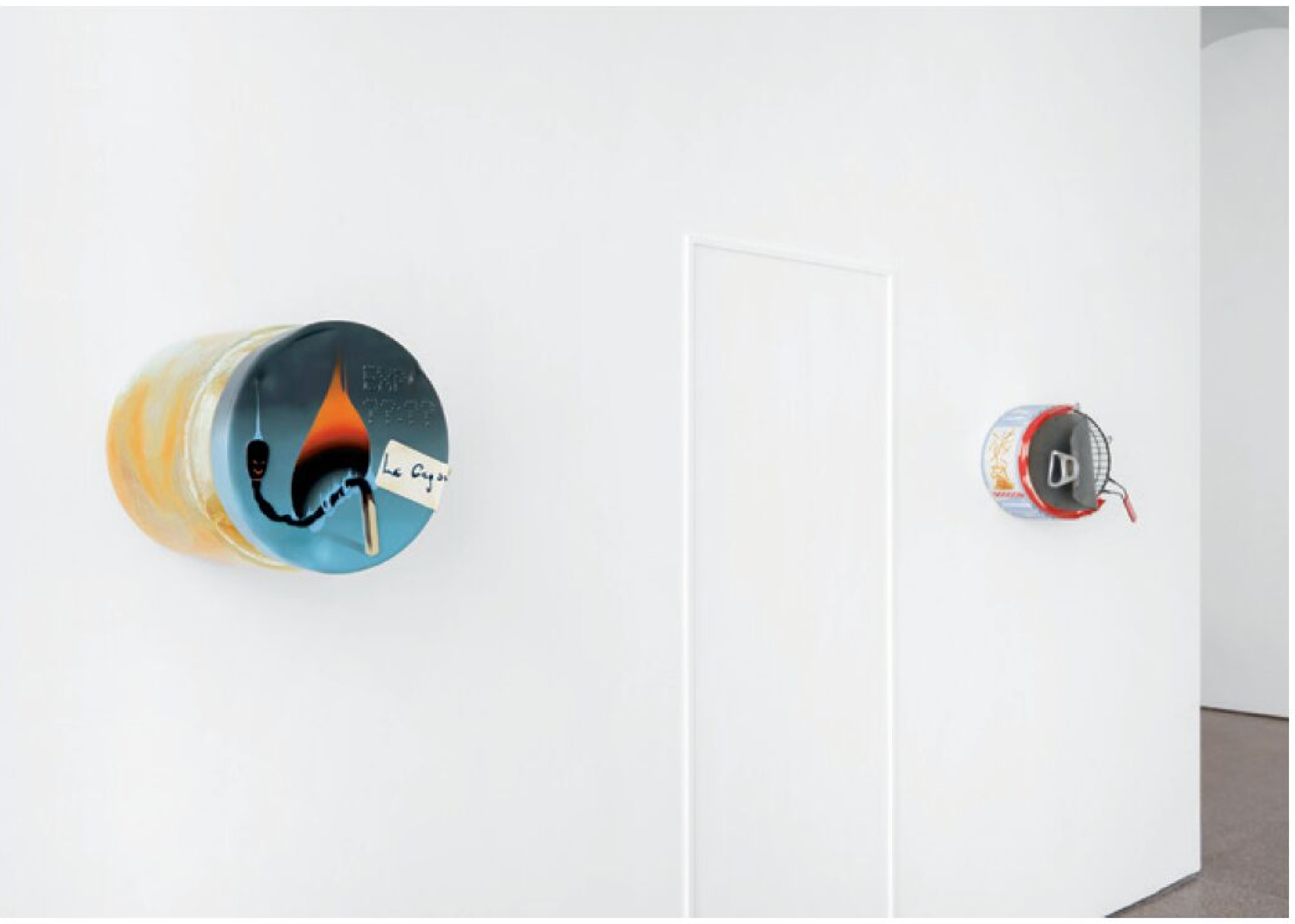
BRUSSELS

Magali Reus

GALERIE GRETA MEERT

Magali Reus's "HOTELS" gathered fourteen works, all made in 2024, from three series—"Clementine," 2023–24, "Merlin," 2024, and "Foundations," 2024—conceived during her 2023 residency at the rural Atelier Calder in Saché, France. Reus typically exposes the research and craft that inform her work, and the online photographs documenting her residency exude the stylized pastoralism of an influencer's countryside jaunt. They feature a white damask–dressed table, place-held with Reus-designed GREETINGS FROM SACHÉ postcards, French baked goods placed in natural settings, experiments with materials and prototypes, and market stalls replete with homemade jams and fish snug in their ice beds.

"HOTELS" consisted of oversize wall-hung imitations of jam jars ("Clementine"), ring-pull tins ("Merlin"), and framed and embellished bakery proofing linens ("Foundations")—sculptural nods to canning, preserving, baking, and table dressing as metaphors for art-production ingredients and processes. Each piece is accompanied by an exhaustive list—typical of Reus's work—of its materials and modes of production. All we are missing are the nutrition facts.



View of "Magali Reus: HOTELS," 2024. From left: *Clementine (Chaperone)*, 2024; *Merlin (Rock and Sole)*, 2024. Photo: Hugard & Vanoverschelde.

Reus baits the viewer both by magnifying objects you feel ought to fit in your hands as well as through the surfeit of detail on the lid of each jar or tin. "Clementine" and "Merlin" resemble homemade traps. The jars feature convincing facsimiles of sweet sticky substances; holes of varying designs have been poked into some of their lids, and some of the jars have been rigged as animal traps. Reus's practice of producing works in series focuses attention on the distinguishing features and moods of each group's members. The wickedly grinning match burning on the embossed face of the lid of *Clementine (Chaperone)*, its nearly empty smeared-orange contents marked with an expiration date of ??:??, beckons like a fun-loving devil on your shoulder, daring you to take a taste. *Merlin (Wish You Were)*, a replica of a sardine tin, gives off a vintage vibe that is amplified by its worn red surface, quaint key opener, and the open woven-wicker trap lining its bottom. *Wish You Were* is labeled with the cute French word BISOUS (kisses) on an azure seascape that follows the curved top edge of the tin and sits just above the curlicue of its rolled-up lid.

The seven "Clementine" and four "Merlin" pieces were interspersed on the gallery walls and invited the viewer to simultaneously linger over their exteriors and peer at their insides. Meanwhile, three works from Reus's "Foundations" series, named for days of the week, were hanging in an adjacent space set up like an office. Poorly lit, the hanging did them no favors. In this funerary atmosphere, shroud-like surfaces of darkened and stained bakery linens bore the horizontal traces of baguettes that once rested upon them and were framed in pale powder-coated metal in forms resembling terra-cotta roof tiles. Reus embroidered these table-size couché cloths with cross-stitch mends and flossy stalks, seeds, grains, and grasses in natural hues, as well as the words THURSDAY, SATURDAY, or SUNDAY. Given the calendar or almanac format of "Foundations," I wondered about Reus's record of or predictions for the remaining days of the week.

Confident I'd seen everything, I left the gallery only to read the press release and realize I had completely overlooked the show's key, an exhibition map mimicking a hotel's emergency evacuation plan indicating doors and numbers to imaginary second-floor hotel rooms and an illogical route to safety. (The "Foundations" pieces don't appear on the map.) In my defense, Reus's illusions of rooms are barely visible. Next to each protruding sculpture, slim white moldings on the equally white walls traced the outlines of doors to hotel rooms, numbered at the baseboard. Returning to the gallery, I wasn't convinced they added much. Yet I have to admit my inattention had caught me in a trap, and so I say to Reus, "Touché! You got me."

—Vivian Sky Rehberg

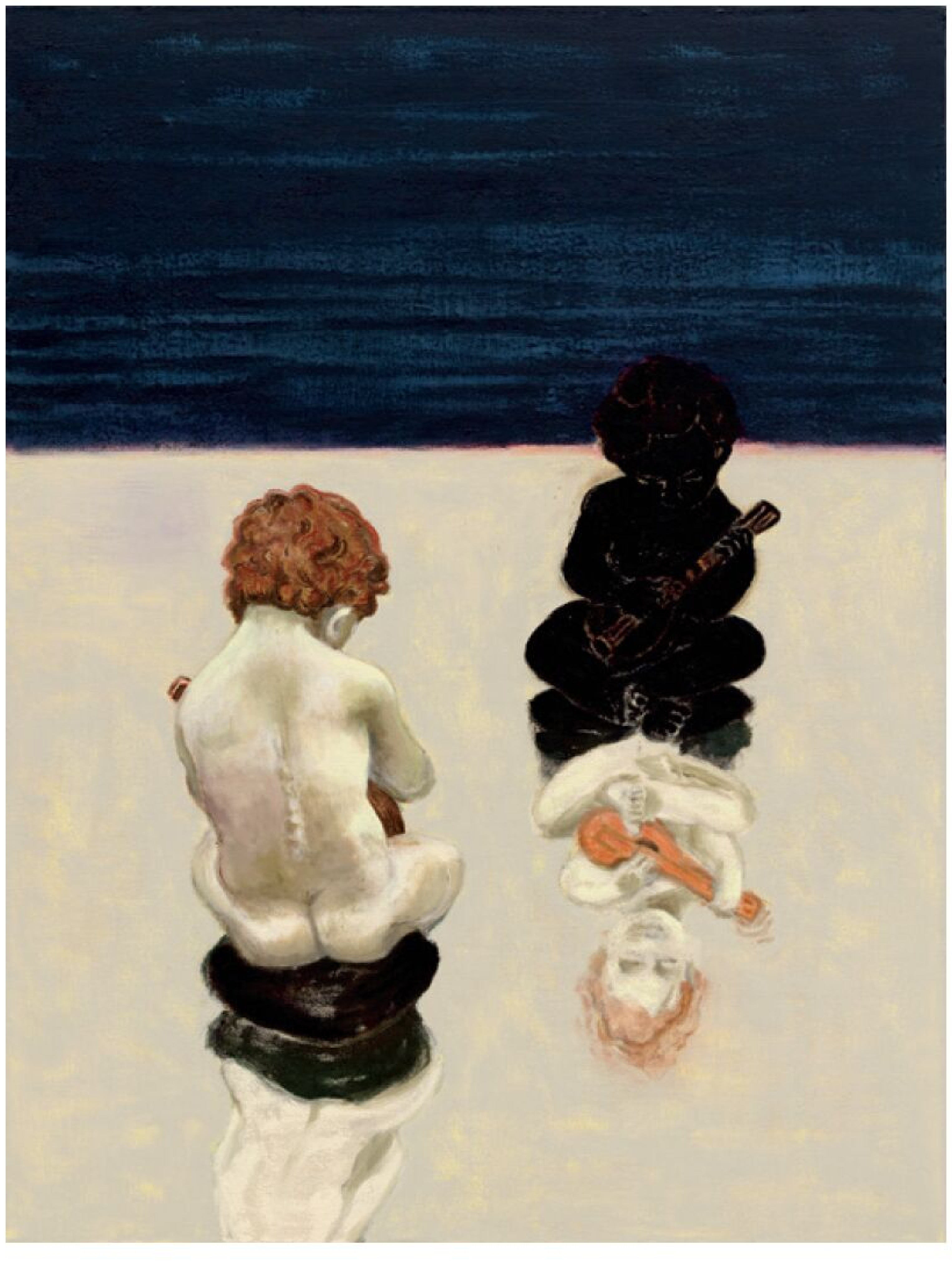
STOCKHOLM

Mamma Andersson

GALLERI MAGNUS KARLSSON

Curzio Malaparte's novel *Kaputt* (1944) opens with an imaginary conversation between the narrator and Prince Eugene, the painter prince of Sweden. In the course of their conversation, they discuss the drawings of Carl Fredrik Hill (1849–1911), the great Swedish painter who created thousands of hallucinatory drawings during his mental illness. Hill, the narrator says, "painted horses as if they were landscapes. There is something strange in Swedish nature, the same sort of madness that is in the nature of horses. There is also the same gentleness, the same morbid sensitiveness, the same free and abstract fancy." Morbid sensitivity, free and abstract fancy—one can detect these traits in the works of Mamma Andersson, and one can imagine Malaparte appreciating these qualities in her works.

And Hill has been very much on Andersson's mind. The works in this exhibition, titled "*Efter Hill*" (After Hill), are from a larger body of paintings that emerged from her engagement with his works. In some of these paintings, the quotation is immediately recognizable. *Vasen* (The Vase), 2022, shows a vividly colored pot on a bare gray desk. The design of the vase suggests a Chinese origin, very much like those ceramics one would find in a turn-of-the-last-century European bourgeois household, like that of the Hills, and the picture on the vase depicts the fire-breathing stag and lion one finds in his drawings. It is as though the creatures from the drawings escaped the confines of the paper, only to get trapped again in Andersson's picture within the picture.



Mamma Andersson, *Rackospel*, 2024, oil on canvas, 41⅜ × 31½".

The stifling atmosphere of the late-nineteenth-century bourgeois interior pervades these paintings. There are recurring figurines, upholstered chairs, and patterned wallpapers—debris from the constricting world of Hill's sickness. While quietude reigns in these scenes, menacing tension is building underneath. *Rackospel*, 2024—the title is a play on words that might mean something like "mischievous game" in Swedish—shows two figurines of mandolin-playing babies facing each other. They are placed on a mirrored surface. Disquietingly, one of them appears completely black even though its reflection shows the pale tone of porcelain. It is as though the dark shadow took possession of the physical reality and its true nature is revealed only in a reflection, a sort of reverse Dorian Gray. Meanwhile, the spine of the other infant is too realistically rendered, too fleshy, for a porcelain statuette, making it uncannily lifelike.

The world Andersson paints is an artificial one. It is populated with statues and masks (a human being appears only once in this exhibition, in *Fadern* (The Father), 2021, depicting a man turning his back to the viewers and holding a mask), and landscape is either just a picture or resembles a stage set. In the extraordinary *Samtal – Fall* (Conversation – Fall), 2022, a brilliantly colored waterfall (another Hill quote) shines through the backrest of an upholstered armchair in a drab room with muffling carpet. Does it say that, when you are trapped in your mind, any surface could become a portal for imagination to project an elsewhere?

The artificiality of these scenes signals the difficulty of fully communing with artworks from the past, especially those by an artist who suffered from mental illness. Attempting to engage with historical works, you soon recognize the opacity of their visual language and the chasm between their time and now. How do you reconcile your fascination with their works with this opacity? Andersson resolves the dilemma by constructing a pictorial world governed by artifice and dreamscapes, implicitly conceding that she sees in Hill's works what she wants to see, not what Hill struggled to draw as his mind slowly disintegrated. She acknowledges that for an artist the past is always going to be a construction, much like the reconstructed antiquity of a Renaissance garden. Strong artists re-create art history through their works, and Andersson does so with confidence and aesthetic acuity.

—Yuki Higashino

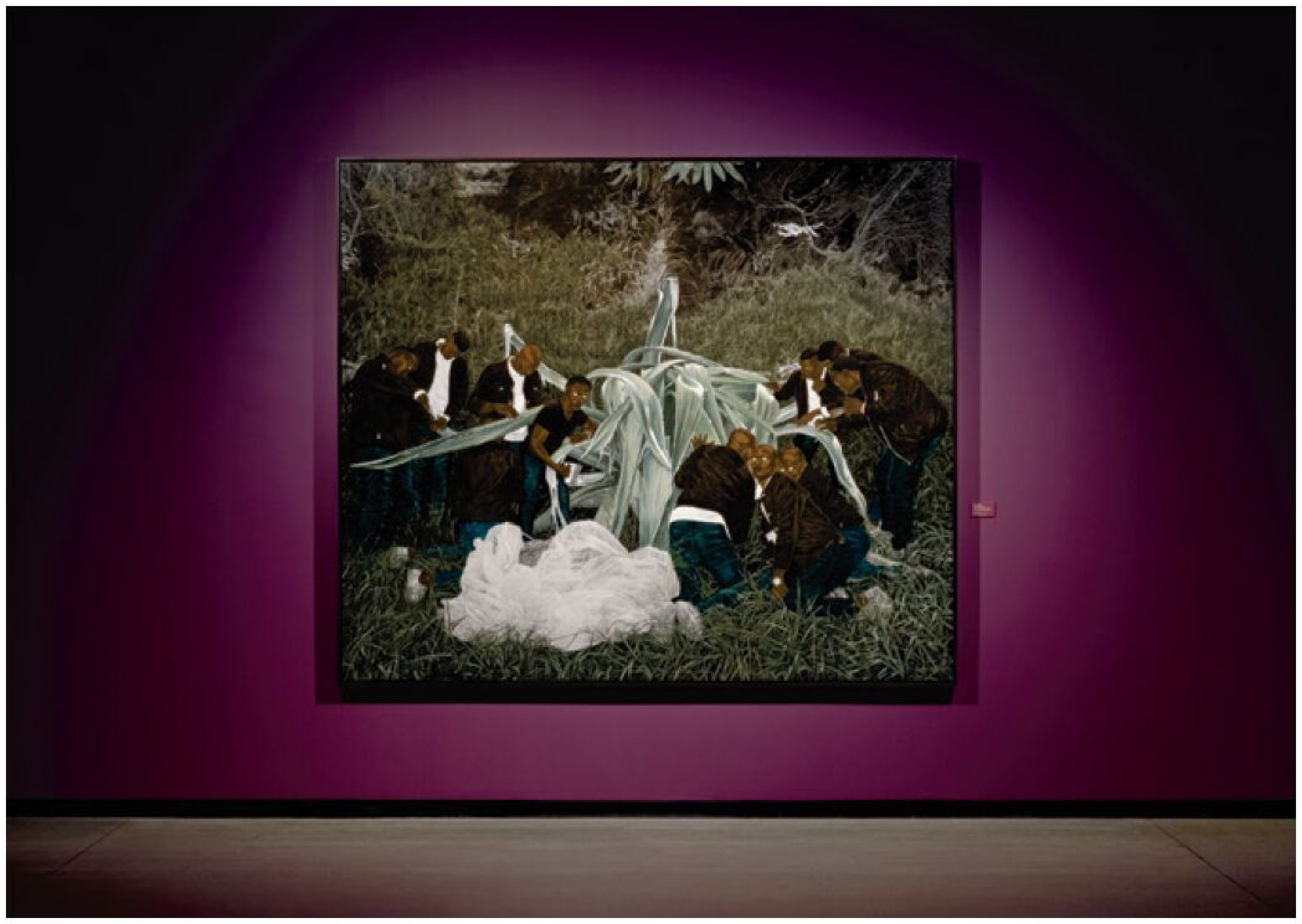
CAPE TOWN

Cinga Samson

NORVAL FOUNDATION

Although best known for his oneiric self-portraits and large group scenes rendered in a murky light, Cinga Samson started out in a different way, working in a neo-expressionist tradition linked to figurative painters such as David Koloane and Xolile Mtakatya, an early mentor. Samson's 2010 show "700 Wives and 300 Concubines" concretized his preference for rendering figures with scraggly lines and vivid colors using acrylic and pastel on paper. "*Ukhe nje wasondela, ndakuphosa kulo mlambo*" (Xhosa for "If you come close, I will throw you into the river"), the artist's first museum survey, wholly ignores the artist's journeyman work from his first decade.

Curated by Heba El Kayal, the presentation of twenty paintings includes a generous selection of oils on canvas from his 2015 solo



Cinga Samson, *Ukuphicothwa kwento xa ingaziwa* (Closely Analyzing an Unknown When Unknown), 2023, oil on canvas. Installation view. Photo: Michael Hall.

exhibition, “Thirty Pieces of Silver.” It thus introduces an artist in the midst of a personal transformation and at a time of market ascendance as he began to look to the Dutch Baroque for inspiration. The exhibition includes three paintings from the series “Bestow: To Confer or Present (an Honor, Right, or Gift),” 2015, two of which show conspiratorial assemblies of cartoonish white men. Number two in the series, loaned by artist Nicholas Hlobo, presents a corpulent man—he has anonymous features, wears a frilled collar, and is seated next to a blue vase with cut flowers—contemplating a ram’s skull. The frontal vantage, decorative precision, theatrical choreography, umber hues, and low lighting in this important transitional work are now hallmarks of Samson’s better-known portraiture.

Elsewhere in the low-lit exhibition space, and presented as a clustered grouping, three works from the series “Lord Forgive Me for My Sins ’Cause Here I Come,” 2015, show Samson exploring the genre of flower still life. There was provocation, however latent, in reworking visual formulas from the Dutch golden age—South Africa’s modern origins are as a Dutch settler colony—but these earlier paintings can read as discontinuous with the reformist agenda of the Fallist student movement of 2015–16, when grievances around public monuments, university fees, and curricula morphed into a wider protest over racial inequality in a majority-Black country. The title of Samson’s still-life series is a quote from Tupac Shakur’s song “So Many Tears” (1995), a stark autobiographical narrative of hardship and thwarted aspiration that suggests affinities between the artist’s struggle and those of other frustrated youths. These ambitious but also formulaic and stiff paintings evoke the struggle involved in reconciling the social and personal self.

The rendering of flowers in Samson’s early paintings was rigid and perfunctory, and the drapery in his work of this period was similarly starched and unconvincing. His ambition to overcome these technical challenges is evident in *Ukuphicothwa kwento xa ingaziwa* (Closely Analyzing an Unknown When Unknown), 2023, a large and enigmatic work dominated by ten similarly dressed men with pupilless eyes tending a luxuriously detailed sisal plant with scrim-like fabric heaped in a soft pile next to it. Such large ensemble compositions, of which two are on display, became a facet of Samson’s output in 2019 and strongly evidence the role of photography—he studied commercial photography in 2009. Thematically, they are closely allied to his formative expressionist exploration of themes of ritual, ceremony, and spirituality.

The darkly romantic figures Samson started painting in 2017 tilted his art toward its current theatricality. The exhibition includes half a dozen examples, shown mostly in pairs. In works like *isibawu 1* and *3* (Old Buddy Fly 1 and 3), both 2019, and *A Presence in the Air 1*, 2019, Samson’s brush acknowledges that we clothe ourselves, not in generic things, but with specific items (gold neck chains, a logo-festooned jacket) that have a history and aspiration attached to them. These self-scrutinizing works are also joyously camp, offering something in excess of the photographic and its now-ritualized assertions of presence.

—Sean O’Toole

SEOUL

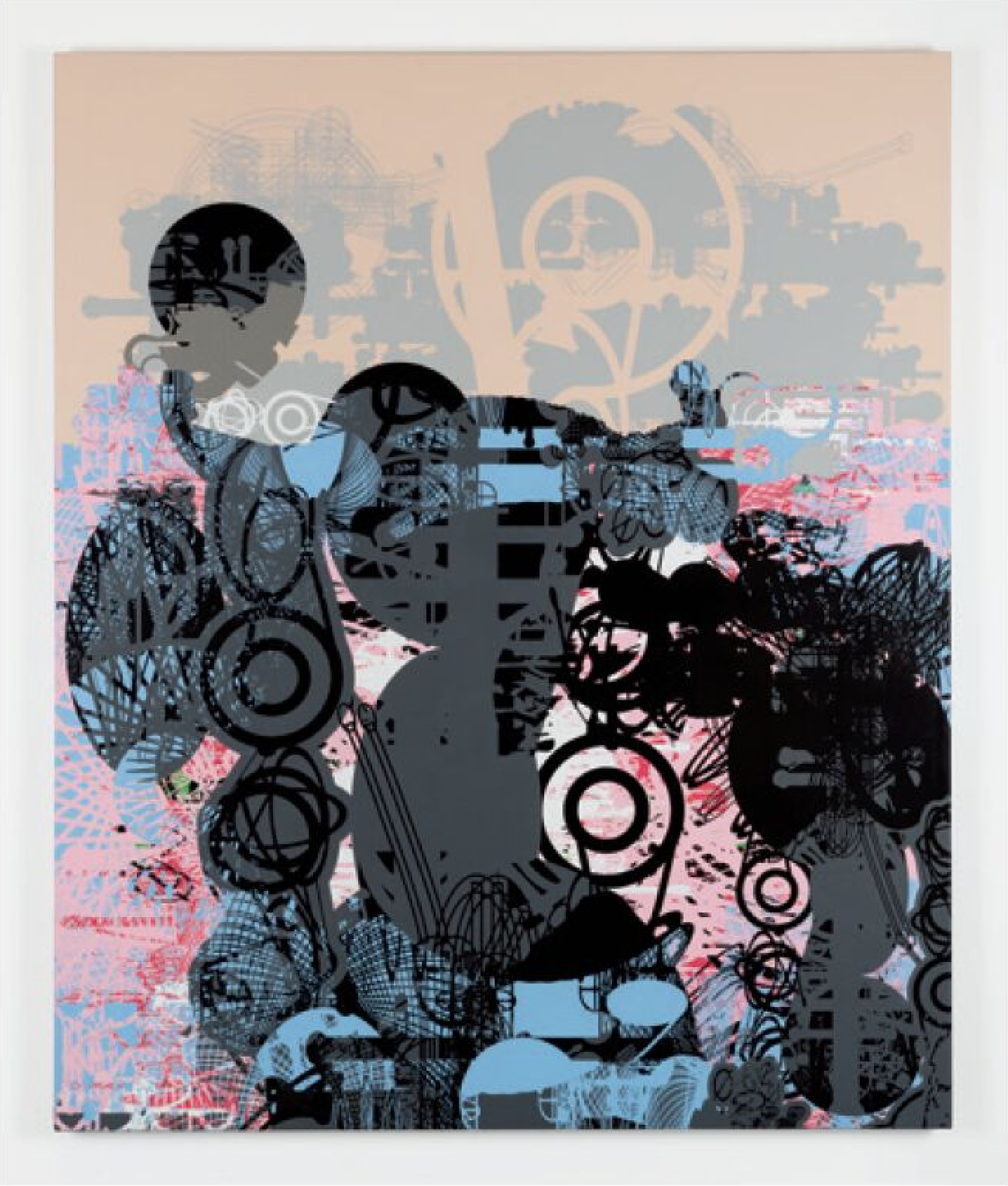
Sang Nam Lee

PERROTIN

Sang Nam Lee’s recent show succinctly put in perspective the paradigmatic transformation in Lee’s paintings over thirty years. Displayed in the gallery window facing the street were early examples of extremely reductive black-and-white canvases from the 1990s; these led viewers into the main room, where quasi-industrial scenes of bustling mechanical icons and sophisticated colors unfolded in the recent series “*Forme d’esprit*” (Form of the Mind), 2014–24. The density of the painted elements and the nature of Lee’s process have changed drastically over the years, yet the captivating intensity of visual experience they offer remains unchanged.

Lee’s intermittent solo shows, mainly in Seoul, have never failed to bring to the scene fresh visual stimulants and new takes on familiar forms, like upgraded releases of a computer game. After having debuted with experimental performances in the ’70s, he has gone, in his painting style, from the monastic calm of the concentric circles in monotone of the ’90s to obsessive rows of simple signs rendered in vector graphics resized and grouped, first in black and white, then with a limited color palette in the 2000s. In the past decade or so, he has combined his previous form vocabulary with complex layers of digitally designed latticed patterns and mechanical images in robust colors. What was made obvious by the juxtaposition of early and recent works here is how his software updates entail leaps in complexity—a little like Frank Stella, who went from the deadpan black paintings of 1958–60 to extravagant polychrome reliefs. With Lee as with Stella, the nonchalant contrast paradoxically reasserts the continuity of abstract painting all the same.

Lee’s recent works are dense with geometric motifs. Wheels, ellipses, propellers, nets, and radiating lines are superimposed in multiple tiers and colors in a palimpsestic buildup. Everything is rendered with machinelike precision, yet Lee has drawn everything by hand, using custom vinyl stickers as stencils. Some parts are sanded down to excavate the marks



Sang Nam Lee, *Forme d’esprit (H32)* (Form of the Mind [H32]), 2023, acrylic on panel, 72 × 60". From the series *“Forme d’esprit”* (Form of the Mind), 2014–24.

buried beneath, visually connecting to or contrasting with the top layer. The effect is comparable to graffiti, where competing artists' tags overlap, combine, and erase each other, fragmented to defy being contextualized. The difference here is that Lee's motifs are rationalized, not simply because there is no evident hand or technical glitch, but mostly because the signs are from well-conventionalized preexisting systems, whether architectural, mathematical, or even textual. Lee collects and decontextualizes multitudes of ideograms, designifying and remythifying the contemporary visuospatial condition. To think that each part of every one of these mandalas once belonged to a denotational system they have completely abandoned, only to linger on like empty shells, is disquieting and perhaps even apocalyptic. These forms persevere so intensely in the effort to resist interpretation that they form a system of silence, something unspeakable or inaudible. Their muteness allows our vision to take over the experience, which is what good abstract painting does sometimes.

—Shinyoung Chung

YOKOHAMA

8th Yokohama Triennale

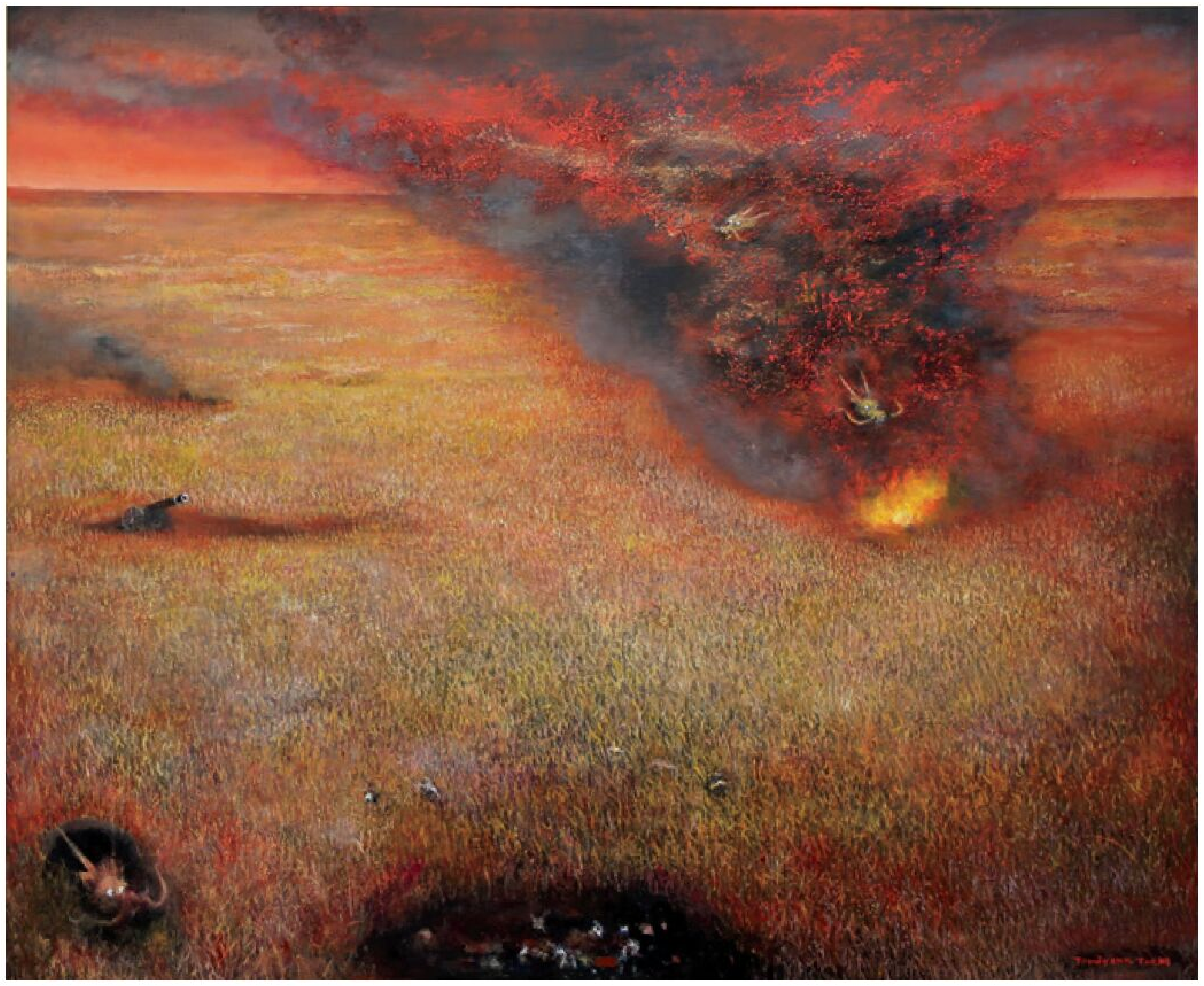
VARIOUS VENUES

It's strange how, years after passing all the tests about Lu Xun in middle and high school, the images and characters in his essays and stories stay stuck in my head. When I visualize these images, they look something like woodcut prints by Käthe Kollwitz, whose work Lu admired: Defined by dark contour lines, with a sharp contrast between shadow and light, they convey a deep sense of the bleakness of living in a hellish world with no easy way out.

So I found it surprising that the Eighth Yokohama Triennale, "Wild Grass: Our Lives," titled after Lu's famous prose-poem collection *Wild Grass* (1927) and with both him and Kollwitz among its participating artists, is neither dark nor bleak. Instead, the exhibition maintained a semblance of hope; the show's artistic directors, Beijing-based curatorial duo Liu Ding and Carol Yinghua Lu, proposed it as an exercise of "humble humanism," where the reaffirmed "agency and power of the individual" form the basis for "self-emancipations" and "international friendships on a personal level."

Upon entering the Grand Gallery of the newly renovated Yokohama Museum of Art, the main venue of the Triennale, we encounter an "expanded camp site" arranged in a symmetrical way. Installation works with an improvised look are scattered on the granite staircases on both sides of the entrance atrium, including Joar Nango's wooden structures resembling dwellings of nomadic people in Northern Europe (*Ávnnastit / Harvesting Material Soul*, 2024), Susan Cianciolo's airy timber café space containing assorted objects and ephemera found and made (*RUN CAFÉ*, 2016–17), and Søren Aagaard's makeshift tent in which two videos of the artist's ruminations about food preservation and crisis preparation are displayed (*Preppers Lab*, 2024). If these pieces offer a communal space to share tool kits for survival and resistance in a catastrophic time, works in the atrium, such as Pippa Garner's wacky mannequin mixing races and genders (*Human Prototype*, 2020) and Sandra Mujinga's colossal textile sculptures that look like skeletons of unknown creatures (*And My Body Carried All of You* and *Unearthed Leaves*, both 2024), imagine the fluidity and hybridity of life-forms with a similar hint at civilizational collapse.

In a way, this part of the exhibition presages what's to come on the upper-floor galleries of the museum and two other venues: life stories in times of hardship from different historical periods and places, woven together by the common thread of resilience and rebellion against social injustice, political coercion, and environmental or emotional deprivation. Many works are displayed as pairs, some more persuasively than others. For example, I can see why Zheng Yefu's woodcut prints depicting a flood along the Yangtze River in 1930s are placed next to Ono Tadashige's print series "Death of Three Generations," 1931, as both represent socially critical subject matter focusing on working-class people. But it's harder to understand the logic behind hanging Norm Clasen's romantic photographs of American cowboys—famously appropriated by Richard Prince—above Treiborlang Lyngdoh Mawlong's modest prints recording contemporary village life in the Khasi Hills in India.



Tomiyama Taeko, ***The First Landscape, Manchuria*, 2016**, oil on canvas, 51 × 63⅜". From the 8th Yokohama Triennale.

Other groupings of works and documents illustrate the story of a single individual, such as Li Pingfan's role in promoting exchange between China and Japan in the field of printmaking in the 1940s and '50s, and the influence of Kobayashi Akio's B-Semi art school in the '60s on Japanese Conceptual art. Most impressive is a mini-retrospective of Tomiyama Taeko (1921–2021). An overtly political painter, best known for her print series supporting South Korea's democratization movement in the '70s, Tomiyama later in life came to produce Surrealist paintings in which Asia appears as a fabulist realm where folk gods and goddesses, fairy-tale figures, and mythical animals gather and wander. But it was the ghostly signs of war and destruction, like the tiny cannon hidden in the red-and-golden rice field in *The First Landscape, Manchuria*, 2016, that captured my eye. The specter of a colonial enterprise is never absent from this part of the world. Lu Xun's message from a hundred years ago remains current: Dwell in the hell and stay in the dark a little longer, for that is probably the only way to see the real.

—Du Keke

CORRECTION: In the April issue, in a review of the work of Jenny Saville [pp. 151–52], the accompanying image was mistakenly identified as *Study for Ekkyklema III*, 2023, when, in fact, the work illustrating the review is *Ekkyklema*, 2023. In the May issue, in a feature article consisting of a conversation between Vaginal Davis and Rick Owens, the caption accompanying the image on the first page [p. 96] mistakenly identified the subject's dress as having been designed by Owens, which is not the case. *Artforum* regrets the errors.

KENT/MUSEUMS from page 127

NOTES

1. Didier Maleuvre, *Museum Memories: History, Technology, Art* (Stanford, CA: Stanford University Press, 1999), 10, 14.

2. Michael Warner, *Publics and Counterpublics* (New York: Zone, 2008), 8, 12. He further explains: "To address a public, or think of oneself as belonging to a public is to be a certain kind of person, to inhabit a certain kind of social world, to have at one's disposal certain media and genres, to be motivated by a certain normative horizon, and to speak within a certain language ideology. . . . The idea of a public has a metacultural dimension; it gives form to a tension between general and particular that makes it difficult to analyze from either perspective alone. It might even be said to be an engine of translatability" (10–11). Alan McKee identifies five common themes in the discourse around the problems of the public sphere: "that it's too trivialized; that it's too commercialized; that it relies too much on spectacle rather than rational argumentation; that it's too fragmented; and that it has caused citizens to become too apathetic about important public issues" (McKee, *The Public Sphere: An Introduction* [Cambridge, England: Cambridge University Press, 2005], 2).

3. "1970: Art and Protest," Museum of Modern Art, May 17, 2024, https://www.moma.org/interactives/moma_through_time/1970/fighting-moma/.

4. Melanie Bühler, "Are Museums Like Parks? The 'Public' in Public Museums," *Mousse*, July 22, 2020, https://www.moussemagazine.it/magazine/are-museums-like-parks-the-public-in-public-museums-melanie-buheler-2020/.

5. Warner, 55.

6. Maleuvre, 6.

7. "On J20 and Beyond: A Declaration of the Arts Beyond Trumpism," E-flux Conversations, Feb. 20, 2017, https://artistsspace.org/media/pages/exhibitions/decolonizethisplace/4283953553-1623172958/e-flux-j20.pdf.

8. John Voiklis and John Fraser, "What Does It Mean to Trust a Museum?," Center for the Future of Museums Blog, American Alliance of Museums, March 1, 2022, https://www.aam-us.org/2022/03/01/what-does-it-mean-to-trust-a-museum/.

9. Hans Haacke, "A Conversation with Hans Haacke," by Yve-Alain Bois, Douglas Crimp, and Rosalind Krauss, *October*, no. 30 (Autumn 1984): 23–48.

10. Hannah Arendt, "Culture and Politics" (1958), in *Thinking Without a Banister* (New York: Shocken, 2018), 178.

11. Arendt, 170. In section IV, Arendt explains Greek suspicion of culture as stemming from the inherent violence of production and the fear that generalizing the standards of producers, and their accompanying ways of thinking, would harm the polis, the public as a political space that must never sacrifice the means for the end. Artists, she explains from the Athenian perspective, produce a table with force whereby "a tree must be felled, and the wood of the felled tree must in turn be violated to emerge in the form of a table." The danger of this utilitarian, means-end production permeating political action is hard to comprehend in our present world, where means justifying ends is commonly argued by our politicians, whereupon we "then try to stave off the worst by means of laws and agreements"; Greek politics—which is to say the politics circumscribed by the polis since certainly their violence beyond their sphere was "so terribly devastating"—rested on discussion and the art of persuasion, not violence (266). Now, in our world of means-end production as political action, the production of culture as a violence can go unnoticed except within environmental or labor discourses.

Caption acknowledgments

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July 27 – September 7
Benjamin Senior: Screening

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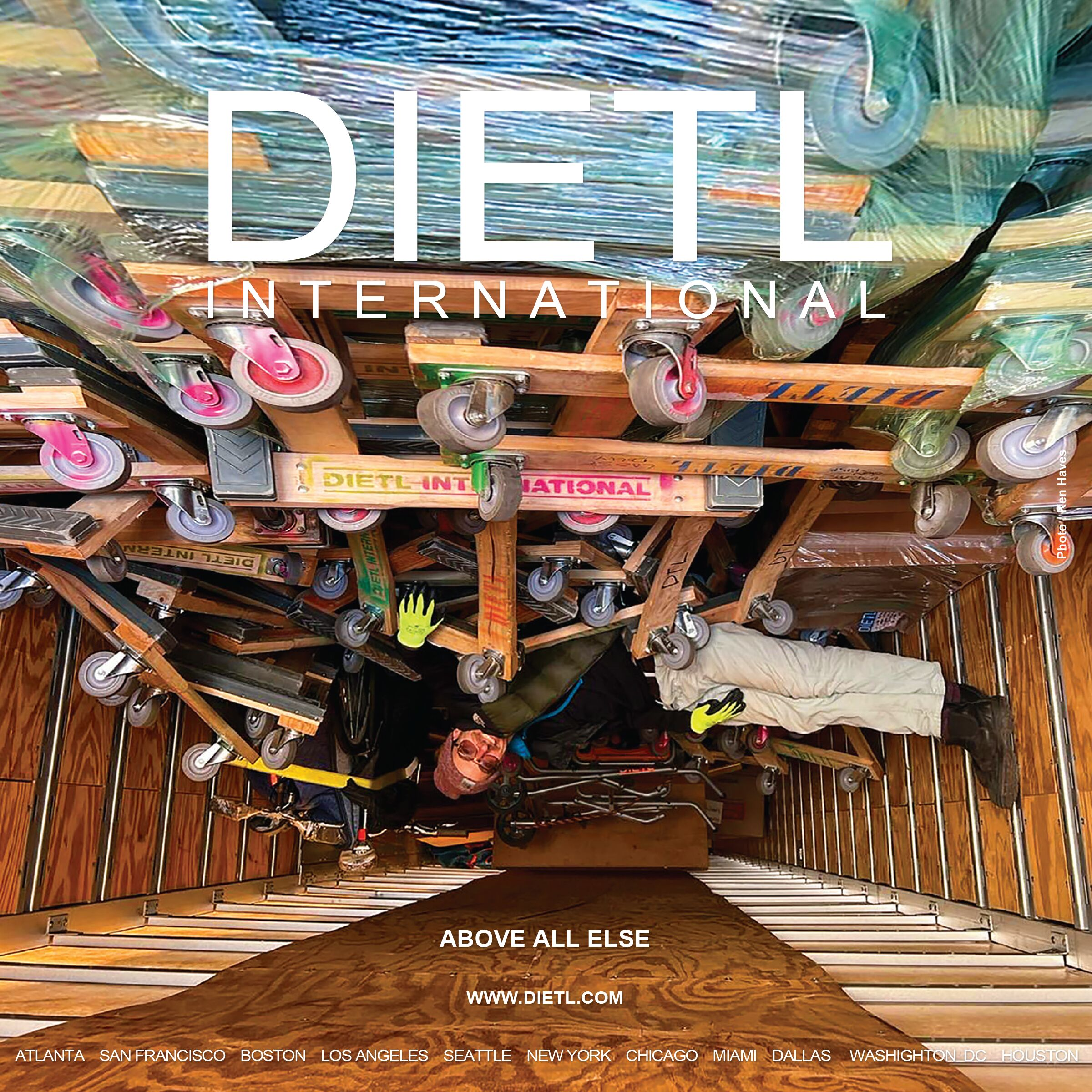
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Web: www.aspenartmuseum.org

Until October 20
The Work of Their Hands
Until February 16, 2025
Thomas Sayre: Four Walls
June 21 – November 10
5: Five Years of Acquisitions

ATLANTA

SCAD FASH Museum of Fashion + Film
1600 Peachtree St NW, Atlanta, GA 30309
Tel: 404 253 3132
Web: www.scadfash.org
Instagram: @scadfash

Until June 2
Cristóbal Balenciaga: Master of Tailoring
Until August 18
Manish Arora: Life is Beautiful

CAMBRIDGE

MIT List Visual Arts Center
20 Ames St, Cambridge, MA 02139
Tel: 617 253 4680
Web: listart.mit.edu

Until June 23
List Projects 29: Brittni Ann Harvey and
Harry Gould Harvey IV
Until July 28
Basel Abbas and Ruanne Abou-Rahme:
Only sounds that tremble through us
Until August 4
Hana Miletić: Soft Services
July 18 – October 6
List Projects 30: Jeremy Couillard

COLD SPRING

Magazzino Italian Art Foundation
2700 Route 9, Cold Spring, NY 10516
Tel: 845 666 7202
Web: www.magazzino.art

Until August 9
Mario Schifano: Germinal
Until August 19
Michelangelo Pistoletto:
Welcome to New York!
Until January 6, 2025
Ettore Spalletti: Parole di colore
September 14 – March 31, 2025
Carlo Scarpa: Timeless Masterpieces
Ongoing
Arte Povera

FORT WORTH

Modern Art Museum of Fort Worth
3200 Darnell St, Fort Worth, TX 76107
Tel: 817 738 9215
Web: www.themodern.org

Until July 28
Surrealism and Us: Caribbean and African
Diasporic Artists since 1940
Until August 25
Rebecca Manson: Barbecue

HOUSTON

Contemporary Arts Museum Houston
5216 Montrose Blvd, Houston, TX 77006
Tel: 713 284 8250
Web: www.camh.org

Until October 20
Theaster Gates: The Gift and The Renege
Until October 27
Olivia Erlanger: If Today Were Tomorrow

MIAMI

The Margulies Collection at the Warehouse
591 NW 27th St, Miami, FL 33127
Tel: 305 576 1051
Web: www.margulieswarehouse.com

October
Small Masterworks: De Kooning, Fontana, Gottlieb, Judd,
Franz Kline, Manzoni, Miró, Noguchi, Pollock, Twombly
October
Big Works: Eric Bainbridge, William Beckman,
Anna Betbeze, John Torreano
October
Foto Colectania Collection, Barcelona, Spain
October
Photography: Jason Schmidt, Alec Soth, Jeff Brouws
October
Large Scale Sculpture: Bladen, Heizer, Kiefer, Noguchi,
Perlman, Serra, Tony Smith, Snelson, Tucker, Franz West

MINNEAPOLIS

Walker Art Center
725 Vineland Pl, Minneapolis, MN 55403
Tel: 612 375 7600
Web: www.walkerart.org

Until July 7
Tetsuya Yamada Listening
Until August 25
Motion Capture: Recent Acquisitions in Media
and Performance
Until September 8
Keith Haring: Art Is for Everybody
June 20 – April 29, 2029
This Must Be the Place: Inside the Walker's Collection
August 8 – December 15
Walter Price: Pearl Lines

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Whitney Museum of American Art
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Web: www.whitney.org

Until September 1
Whitney Biennial 2024: Even Better Than the Real Thing
Until September 22
The Whitney's Collection: Selections from 1900 to 1965
September 25 – February 28
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PHILADELPHIA

Institute of Contemporary Art (ICA), University of Pennsylvania
118 South 36th St, Philadelphia, PA 19104
Web: www.icaphila.org
Instagram: @ICAPhiladelphia

Until June 2
Tomashi Jackson: Across the Universe
Until June 2
Dominique White and Alberta Whittle: Sargasso Sea
Until December 1
Nontsikelelo Mutiti

Philadelphia Museum of Art
Benjamin Franklin Pkwy & 26th St, Philadelphia, PA 19130
Tel: 215 763 8100
Web: www.philamuseum.org

Until July 7
Gee's Bend Quilts from the Collection
Until July 7
In the Right Place: Photographs by Barbara Crane, Melissa Shook, and Carol Taback
Until July 7
Transformations: American Photographs from the 1970s
Until July 15
Jesse Krimes: Rikers Quilt
Until September 8
Mary Cassatt at Work
Until June 1, 2025
Mythical Creatures: China and the World

RENO

Nevada Museum of Art
Donald W. Reynolds Center for the Visual Arts,
E. L. Wiegand Gallery
160 West Liberty St, Reno, NV 89501
Tel: 775 329 3333
Web: www.nevadaart.org

Until June 2
Cannupa Hanska Luger: Speechless
Until July 7
Nick Larsen: Old Haunts, Lower Reaches
Until July 28
Maynard Dixon: Sagebrush and Solitude
June 29 – March 23
Tuan Andrew Nguyen: We Were Lost in Our Country

ST. LOUIS

Contemporary Art Museum St. Louis
3750 Washington Blvd, St Louis, MO 63108
Tel: 314 535 4660
Web: www.camstl.org
Instagram: @camstl

Until August 11
Paul Chan: Breathers

SAVANNAH

SCAD Museum of Art
601 Turner Blvd, Savannah, GA 31401
Tel: 912 525 7191
Web: www.scadmoa.org
Instagram: @scadmoa

Until June 10
Saul Steinberg: Drawing, Looking, Living
Until June 24
Holly Hendry: Watermarks
Until June 24
Cammie Staros: Sunken City
Until July 2
GENDERQUAKE: Liberation, Appropriation, Rejection
Until July 3
Awol Erizku: X
Until July 29
Iván Argote: The Burden of the Invisible
Until July 29
Cao Fei: At the Edge of Superhumanity
Until July 29
Cindy Ji Hye Kim: Silhouettes in Lune

VIRGINIA BEACH

Virginia Museum of Contemporary Art
2200 Parks Ave, Virginia Beach, VA 23451
Tel: 757 425 0000
Web: www.virginiamoca.org
Instagram: @virginiamoca

Until June 9
Mark Dion and Alexis Rockman: Journey to Nature's Underworld
Until June 9
Spencer Tinkham: Witness
Until June 16
Atrium Artists in Residence: Seda Pound, Katie Prock, and Rowena Federico Finn (Satellite Gallery)

WILMINGTON

Cameron Art Museum
3201 South 17th St, Wilmington, NC 28412
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Web: cameronartmuseum.org

Until October 20
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